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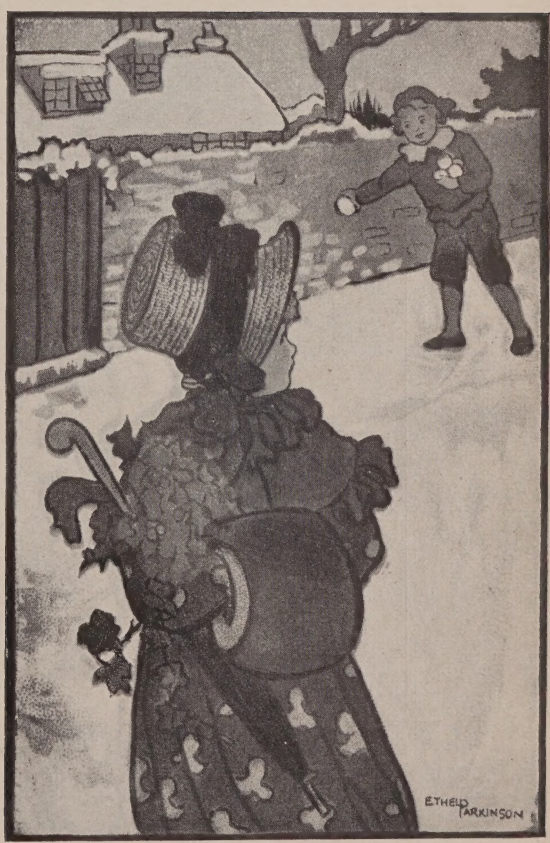

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AN

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Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LVII. JANUARY, 1907 No. 1

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

BY LOUIS G. D'ENTREMONT.

"The time has come to root up from the minds of French children the ancient faith, which has served its purpose, and replace it with the light of free thought. It is time to get rid of the Christian idea. We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the army, the navy, the schools, the hospitals, insane and orphan asylums and law courts, and now we must hunt Him from the state altogether."

This is the boast of M. Briand, minister of public worship, and member of the French Cabinet, who charges the Holy Father with yielding to ultramontane influences, and who asserts that the French government "is not confronted by a revolt of the Catholic conscience, but by an enterprise which is purely political." M. Briand's boast was made at a convention of teachers, at Amiens, to secure their coöperation in carrying out his purpose.

"What would we Americans say if a Cabinet officer were to propose this as the great aim of his administration?" asks His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in his recently published opinion of the crisis in France. Charging France with

having treated her noblest and best citizens with injustice and inhumanity, the Cardinal enlightens the public as to the character of the anti-clericals, and of the spirit actuating the government. In his usual clear, concise manner His Eminence takes up point after point, making a complete analysis of the situation.

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.
Secretary of State.

"Most people over here have little conception of the French anti-clericals. The majority of them have far less love of the republic than they have hatred of religion. I am weighing my words, and I say with deliberate conviction that the leaders of the present French government are actuated by nothing less than hatred of religion.

"We have no spirit akin to theirs in this country. We have here much indifference to religion, but we have no body

of men, no great party that makes it a chief aim to weaken the power of religion, and if possible, utterly destroy it out of the land.

"But in France the Jacobin party is not dead. They hate God, they hate Christ, they hate His religion as much as ever their fathers hated them. But they have learned a more prudent and measured method of attack. They are almost scientific in the means they take to suppress Christianity. And yet the utterances of such men are received as unsuspectingly by many Americans as would be a discourse by Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft, —men who recognize the powerful influence that religion has in promoting the welfare of society.

CARDINAL RICHARD OF PARIS.

"For some reason the sentiments of the anti-clericals are not reproduced by our papers. But let a French statesman utter counsels of moderation and sentiments of liberty when he wishes to check his followers and prevent them from foiling his plans by too great haste and zeal, then his fair words are spread before the eyes of our people. They are taken as the expression of wisdom and fair play.

"For a spinner of beautiful discourses, breathing humanity and justice, the French demagogue cannot be surpassed. These men and those who inherit their spirit can talk more divinely and act more diabolically than any other on earth. They do not of course want bloodshed now, but the spirit of hatred exists in them just as strongly.

"In order to understand the present situation, it must be borne in mind that before the French revolution, all churches, all ecclesiastical lands and all properties belonged to the Church, by as just a title as property is owned in our own country by the Catholic, Methodist or any other religious denomination. At the revolution all buildings, landed properties, funds, etc., were confiscated by

the revolutionists. But the injustice of this was soon recognized, and the constituent assembly publicly and solemnly pledged itself to render some sort of justice to the Church by giving for the support of the clergy and the maintenance of worship an annual budget. This amounted to a little more than one per cent on the values appropriated by the state.

"The present conflict dates back to the year 1880, when a large number of religious houses were closed by order of the government and their occupants dispersed and forced to seek religious liberty in the land of the stranger. From that time scarcely a year has passed without some annoyance to the Church,—a series of petty acts of discrimination that were bound in the long run to call for a protest.

"The protest came in the form of a personal letter from Pope Leo XIII to President Grevy in May, 1883, which was answered courteously enough in deed; but the answer was a mere waste of time and paper, so far as results were concerned. In spite of the pontiff's reasonable objections, the injurious laws were passed. As far as possible, God and religion were banished from the schools and hospitals, the oath deprived of its religious character, and clerics impressed into the military service.

"Next, in 1901, the law of associations was passed,—a law which, as interpreted and executed by Combes, caused untold misery to thousands. By it the schools in charge of religious bodies were forced out of existence. The members of the different religious congregations — not only male, but female as well—were sent forth, cast out upon the world, and obliged either to eke out an existence as best they could in their own native France, or to go into exile. Many of these were old men and women who had spent a lifetime within the convent walls, and were now driven out, no longer able to begin a new career, and with no means of support.

"Finally, in December, 1905, the concordat was dissolved, and separation of Church and state proclaimed.

"It is essential to bear in mind that the concordat was a genuine contract, and that this contract was annulled by one of the parties, the French government, with no regard to the wishes of the other party. The Sovereign Pontiff was in no wise consulted, and utterly ignored in every stage of the proceedings.

"Perhaps the feature of the situation that will surprise us most, and call for our just indignation, as Americans, is the French government's absolute disregard for the property rights of the Church. She has been despoiled of the salaries granted to the ministers of religion as a compensation for the funds which the Church relinquished under that express condition. We say it not in the heat of passion, not as partisans, but simply as lovers of justice. What should we think if our own government had seized on the friar lands in the Philippines without giving any compensation, or, after having pledged solemnly a compensation, should afterward refuse to keep its part of the contract?

"In addition, the provisions of the new law (law of separation) entirely ignore the constitution and laws of the Church, —a situation that has no parallel in our American method of keeping Church and state separate. Here there is due recognition of the laws governing every lawful society, while under the recent French law provisions are made for organizing Catholic worship without any proper reference to the duly authorized officers of the Church,—the bishops and priests.

"This is the point to which the Holy Father has objected most strenuously. The provision for associations of wor-

SAYING FAREWELL.

ship opens the way for schismatical organizations, which have, in fact, in a few cases, been already attempted. It places the Church at the mercy of the judgment of the council of state, whose decisions in these matters are final.

"Should the Church accept the present law, she has before her the very likely prospect of gradual extinction by due process of law. She has learned by long and sad experience to place no trust in the promises of the French government. She knows the spirit that animates it.

"The law of separation, if accepted, will inevitably lead to the destruction of religious congregations.

"If the separation of Church and state in France meant just what it means in

FRENCHWOMEN DISCUSSING RELIEF OF SISTERS.

TEMPORARILY TAKING CHARGE OF A CLASS TAUGHT BY A SISTER WHO HAD BEEN EXPELLED.

the United States, there would have been no such hue and cry raised against it. Very likely to many it would have been by no means undesirable. But the situations are not at all analogous; in proof of this, we have only to point to the fact that on several occasions some of the leading French Catholic deputies bluntly put the question, 'Why do you not give us separation of Church and state such as exists in America?'

"It is not separation alone, therefore, that the Holy Father is repudiating, but tyranny in the guise of separation. Hence it was imperative upon him to resist. For the past twenty years or more the policy of the Holy See and the French hierarchy has been one of patience and conciliation. It was with the deepest regret that only after all his conciliatory measures had failed, that the Pontiff at length found himself driven to a course of passive resistance.

"In choosing this course, the Holy Father did not run counter to the opinions and wishes of the French episcopate. A canvass of the situation has shown that the vast majority of the bishops were with him, and all, without a single exception, have respected and obeyed his decision. Nor were the French clergy at all behind their leaders in manifesting their loyalty.

"This feeling has not been by any means confined to France. The bishops of England, Canada, Italy and other countries are in full sympathy with their brothers in France, and have not hesitated to give strong expression to their disapproval of the unjust law.

"For myself, I have too much confidence in the good sense of the French clergy, in their high-mindedness, their zeal, their courage, their readiness to suffer, and sacrifice themselves, to believe that they will tamely allow religion to be strangled in France; and I have too much confidence in the French nation to believe now that they can see and realize the meaning of the measures taken and the animus of those behind them, that the natural feelings of justice and humanity and the love of liberty will not arise in their hearts and lead them to reject the leaders who in seeking to destroy religion are bringing disgrace upon the name of France.

"And I have too much confidence in God and His protection of the Church, not to feel encouraged to look for a renewal of faith and religion in France."

At the time to which the Cardinal refers, when the Combes' administration inflicted such suffering on the Religious, the press published many instances of cruel treatment, particularly of the helpless women, who were driven from their convents. In an article on the work of the "Ligue des Femmes Françaises" (published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, October, 1903), the writer, who had lived among the people whose wrongs she describes, relates some cases that came under her personal observation; as illustrations of petty tyranny, they cannot be surpassed.

It is not so much the closing of the Sisters' schools that has aroused the people's indignation, as the insults and petty persecutions to which these noble women are subjected. Each day the papers recount some act of injustice perpetrated against them by the government officials in the small towns of France. In one case the daughter of a postman, who had been driven from her convent, returned to her father's home. He was immediately informed that he would lose his place if he harbored a secularized religious. The poor man could not see his other children starve, and so was obliged to turn this daughter from his door. A baker taking pity on a poor Sister, who had no home nor any means of support, hired her to deliver his bread. The officials declared that he had engaged her to teach his children. In spite of his protestations he was arrested, and compelled to dismiss her. Four Sisters were engaged as domestics by a wealthy lady. She was notified that secularized religious were not permitted to live together as they thus formed *a congregation*. Being rich she was able to

carry the matter to a higher court, where it is still pending. The Duchess d'Uzés is engaged in a similar law-suit. When the King of England was in Paris she was invited to dine with him, but was obliged to decline, as she had been summoned to court to answer to the grievous charge of harboring the Sisters who had been turned out of their home in the small village of Epernay.

While the Mother-houses in France have not been suppressed as yet, it is impossible for many of them to accommodate the hundreds of their Sisters rendered homeless by the closing of the schools and asylums. At Chambery five hundred are crowded into one small house, their provisions are giving out, and the poor Sisters are compelled to go without food every other day. They are divided into battalions; those who eat to-day, go hungry to-morrow. In many convents they have the same rules for sleeping; those having beds to-night sit in chairs or lie on bare floors to-morrow night. Thousands have left France or returned to their homes. I have heard of some very sad cases where relatives object to being burdened with their support, especially when threatened with loss of work. The unhappy Sisters are even urged to break their vows and marry, in order to obtain a home. The League is endeavoring to assist these persecuted women by obtaining situations for them or collecting money for the Mother-houses. Thousands of dollars have been subscribed, but much more is needed. In France, where church and state have been so closely connected, many of the Sisters' schools and hospitals have belonged to the Commune. Closing more than *four thousand* of these institutions means rendering homeless many more thousands of Sisters. So bitter is the war waged against them that even when secularized, wearing the costume of a woman of the world, almost every avenue of labor is closed to them.

This religious persecution in France is not confined to the religious. Many Catholics holding governmental positions are under constant espionage. I knew a young woman who taught school in a village several miles from her home. Every Saturday she returned to her mother's house and on Sunday played the organ in a poor little church where the choir was composed of half a dozen small boys. She received notice that her position would be forfeited if she continued to act as organist in her village. The good old Curé is now trying to teach one of the boys a few chords on the organ, that his little choir may continue their music during Mass. Hundreds of such instances could be cited, yet it is only fair to the French Government to say that such persecution is carried on by individual officials, usually in small towns where they can take advantage of the present bad laws to expend their personal animosity against all who believe in God.

It sounds monstrous to say that there are many men in France who would gladly exterminate every vestige of religion, who hate all Christians. Yet the police of Paris have recently been obliged to protect Catholics against this class of ruffians; and strange as it may seem, we have been compelled for many weeks to attend Mass, in a Catholic country, under guard of the gendarmes. Even the children assembling for their First Communion have been attacked and in one of the Corpus Christi processions the Blessed Sacrament was torn from the priest and trampled in the street. It is against this profanation of all that we hold most sacred that the women of France have raised their standard.

One hundred and thirty thousand of those defenceless women had been driven out of their convents, and not all were fortunate enough to get a meal even every second day. In his review of the French situation, the Rev. M. I. Fallon, O.M.I., rector of the Church of the Holy Angels, Buffalo, gave some figures that show the motive for the confiscation of the property of the orders. The *Buffalo Union and Times* prints the statement:

"Property of the Franciscan Fathers at St. Brieuc, valued at $140,000, sold for $13,800; expenses of sale $4,200; fee of auctioneer $4,500.

"Property of the Ursulines at Tregnier, valued at $80,000, sold for $11,000.

"Property of the Sisters at Limoges sold for $5,320—one-tenth of its value. Expenses of sale, $2,707; auctioneer's fee, $2,600.

"How much of this went to the pension fund? Just $13."

Other instances were shown in values and proceeds as follows: $850,000 sold for $80,000; $60,000 for $5,000; $179,000 for $10,000; $213,000 for $6,000; 25,000 for $2,200; $218,000 for $64,425; $220,000 for $63,925. After providing for expenses of sale and fees of lawyers and auctioneers there was a bagatelle for the "pension fund."

Father Fallon characterized this as a colossal theft which threatened not only the Catholic Church but every form of religion and every kind of property. It was the putting into action of the doctrines of the apostle of infidelity, Vivani, who made the proud boast, "We have torn all faith from the human conscience."

His Grace, Archbishop Farley, discussing the attitude of the French government towards the Church, says:

"The clergy of France are fighting the battle of Christendom, and should have the sympathy of every Christian church, no matter what its denomination, which owns property and endowments to be used for divine worship and for the dispensation of charity according to its own lights.

"Here in America, where no attempt is made by the State to interfere with the various religious denominations, the people at large are naturally disposed to condemn clergymen, who, by declining to comply with the behests of the Government, expose themselves to a charge of rebellion against the authorities of the land. But in order to understand the refusal of the Catholic clergy of France to fulfill the requirements of the new law of separation, it must be explained that the provisions of the statute in question demand the consent of the church, and of its ministers to the alienation of all the property that has been bequeathed and donated them to be held in trust for religious and philanthropic purposes. It is property which they do not derive from the Government, but from the munificence of the pious and of which they are merely the trustees.

THE LAW OF SEPARATION.

"The situation created by the new Law of Separation, which is the cause of the present crisis in France, is as if, for instance, the Legislature of New York were to enact laws compelling the trustees of the Trinity Church Corporation, under the penalty of confiscation, to give their consent to the alienation of all its vast property to other uses than those for which it was intended, and to transfer its administration and control to people who might either belong to rival denominations or even profess atheism. It is as if the Legislature of New York were to enact a statute requiring the Catholic Church, under the penalty of confiscation of its property of one kind or another, to consent to the transfer of the management and control of its sacred edifices, seminaries, rectories, hospitals, protectories and other educational and charitable institutions, to associations in which not merely avowed foes of Catholicism among the Protestant denominations, but also agnostics and scheming politicians, indifferent to any kind of religious belief, were in the majority.

THE CONFISCATED PROPERTY.

"The property at stake consists of about 30,000 churches (of which less than three hundred have been built with the aid of the State or municipality) and the property accumulated by means of endowments and legacies during the last hundred years, since the last confiscation of church property at the time of the great revolution, and amounting to considerably over $100,000,000. Only a portion of this vast property is destined for purely ecclesiastical purposes, the great majority of the funds being designed and used for purposes of charity and philanthropy. Of this property the clergy are the trustees by virtue of the conditions under which it was donated and bequeathed. Their acceptance of the new law and their transfer of this property of the trust to the 'associations cultuelles' would alienate forever the estate of the church in deference to an iniquitous law which may be repealed by another Parliament.

"Aristide Briand, the Minister of Education in France and the author and executor of this iniquitous law, has solemnly declared that without the written consent of the clergy to the establishment of these boards, or 'associations cultuelles,' and without the transfer by the clergy of the property of the church to these bodies, there could not only be no public exercise of divine worship, but there would also follow the confiscation of the sacred edifices, the rectories and the other ecclesiastical property by the State. This Minister, Aristide Briand, is the statesman who, addressing a congress of teachers at Amiens the other day, told them that the time had come to root out from the minds of French children the ancient faith, which had served its time, and to replace it with the light of free thought, winding up his discourse with the words: 'We must do away with all the Christian ideas.'

"There is no question, therefore, of differences between the various religious denominations. The Pope and the Roman Catholic Church in France to-day are fighting with far better justification and much greater moderation the very war that Chalmers and the other founders of the Free Kirk waged in Scotland sixty years ago for 'The Crown Rights of Christ.'"

Some months ago Canon Keatinge, addressing his people at Tunbridge Wells, England, on France and Christianity, recalled this chapter in the history of British legislation:

Some seventy years ago the British Government, influenced by the spirit of Macaulay, Brougham and the Edinburgh reviewers, attempted to interfere in the management and government of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The result was an

object lesson for the Government and the House of Commons which has never been forgotten. Rather than suffer such interference, 470 ministers of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, on May 18, 1843, threw up their livings, and with their wives and families turned out of their manses, encamped on the wayside and founded the Free Kirk of Scotland. Men whose fathers had done so can hardly blame the Pope for his action. Mr. Gladstone profited by the lesson, and when he disestablished the Irish Church he left it free. That is all the Pope asks for the Church in France—to be free of external control in its worship of God."

Condemning the injustice of placing a lay power above the hierarchy in the control of church property, the Canon used this happy illustration:

"You and I have great respect for the worthy aldermen and Town Council of Tunbridge Wells, but we should strongly object to any law which gave them power to decide whether St. Augustine's was to be henceforth a Catholic Church or a Salvation Army barracks."

The work of confiscation goes steadily on; and despoiled of their property, the prelates, priests and religious communities are obliged to seek shelter with the charitably disposed, who by harboring these victims of persecution expose themselves to the wrath of the authorities.

Among the dispossessed is the Bishop of Nancy, whose spirited reply to M. Combes in 1903 was in itself sufficient to make the Bishop a marked man. The prime minister having issued a circular ordering the Bishop not to permit a priest who had ever belonged to an order to preach in his diocese, the Bishop, to test the legality of the command, requested the Abbe Ravenez to preach, and three days later received a letter from M. Combes severely censuring his act, and informing him that his salary was forfeited.

"I, sir," wrote the Bishop, in reply, "am one of those who have unbounded love for the army, for the flag and for France. I am not of those who outrage them. I am of those who serve their country with limitless devotion. I am not of those who divide it and enfeeble and expose it to become the prey of its enemies by bringing upon it anarchy and ruin. * * * I have always been a Bishop for all and have exercised my apostleship and pastorship for all without distinction. If, in the conscientious performance of my duty as a Bishop I have protested against certain laws and certain decrees, I have never antagonized the political institutions of the country. You, sir, are aware of this. What I did in my Cathedral on Sunday, April 19, I did as a citizen of a free country and as a Catholic Bishop. * * * You inform me that you have stopped the payment of my salary. I never set much store on honors or money. I place a higher value upon duty and my honor. You threaten me with having recourse to other measures. Do so. I have never wantonly defied any man, but neither have I ever shown fear of any man. I am not going to begin with you."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims was equally firm in resisting the encroachment of the civil authorities on the rights of the hierarchy:

"I cannot recognize any civil power as vested with the right to tell me what preachers shall or shall not give religious instruction in the churches under my jurisdiction to the faithful who have been confided to my spiritual charge."

The unscrupulous act of the government in the later confiscation of Church property is thus commented on by the *Osservatore Romano:*

"The circular of Mr. Briand puts the priests in an intolerable position. Although it had been previously decided that the ecclesiastical properties should remain in the hands of the clergy for one year, he has declared that they are now in charge of the civil authorities, who are to offer them for rent. In fact, the circular of the French minister shows a profound contempt for the law which it professes to enforce. It announces that while the churches are to be left at the disposition of the priests, the rectories and other buildings will be let to any one who chooses to pay rent for them. As for the seminaries, they are taken away from the clergy without even giving them the option of renting them. Now this three-fold discrimination is not to be found in any French statute. The whole business shows how utterly unscrupulous the French Government is at this beginning of the twentieth century in dealing with law and justice."

(Continued on page 109.)

LIFE INSURANCE FOR WAGE-EARNERS.

BY LOUIS D. BRANDEIS.

Massachusetts recognized early its obligation to encourage thrift among its citizens. Just ninety years ago, on Dec. 13, 1816, our General Court granted a charter to the Provident Institution for Savings in the town of Boston, of which Mr. Henry Lee said some years ago:

"This old charity was founded by a few public-spirited citizens in response to an appeal from good Bishop Cheverus in behalf of his poor flock, whose petty savings were being wasted for want of a place of deposit.

"Established in the face of ridicule and incredulity, the steady growth of this old institution and the propagation of the system through the length and breadth of the land attest the benefit conferred upon the otherwise helpless wage-earners, while the history of its management is a memorial of the wisdom and fidelity of its trustees.

"Stone by stone, layer by layer this institution, hallowed by the prayers of the saintly bishop, and by the pious labors of good men, has grown to be a monument of the disinterestedness of its founders and their successors, to the present day."

Massachusetts, inspired by the appeal of this noble bishop, chartered the first savings bank in the English-speaking world, and laid the foundation for the great system of savings institutions which has done such honor to and so greatly advanced the prosperity of our people,—prosperity not only to the wage-earner, not only to those who deposit their funds in our savings institutions, but prosperity to the rest of the community through the accumulation of these funds to be used in advancing our great industries.

No small part of the prosperity which Massachusetts has enjoyed for the last fifty years is due to the accumulations of capital thus made available to provide homes for our people, and capital for our merchants and manufacturers. For the simple institution chartered in 1816 has been followed by 188 others. Growing from year to year, the number of accounts in our savings institutions is now 1,829,487, and the aggregate deposits are $662,808,312.87. During the year ending Oct. 31, 1905, there were deposited in our savings banks, in all, $116,026,890.90.

The manner in which these institutions have been conducted is even more noteworthy than the growth in numbers of depositors or amount of deposits. The affairs of these 189 savings banks are managed by trustees, aggregating in number about 3,000,—men who have given their services without pay, and who have managed the institutions so well that the depositors have received in addition to their principal, through a long series of years, interest at the rate of nearly 4 per cent per annum. This fortunate result to the depositors, to which the constant growth of deposits is in so large a measure due, has been possible only because of the extraordinary economies practiced under the direction of these trustees in the management of savings. For the year ending Oct. 31, 1905, the expense of managing these huge funds, exclusive of taxes, was less than ¼ of 1 per cent of the aggregate deposits.

Obviously for most people of small means two forms of savings investment are desirable:

First: That furnished by the savings banks as now conducted, in which men may deposit small amounts and draw from them from time to time as need presents itself.

Second: An insurance provision by which, in case of death, particularly of the bread-winner, funds may be provided for the survivors, or at least sufficient to pay the necessary expenses of the last illness and of a decent burial.

Every one who takes out life insurance should have a savings-bank deposit. Most of the people who have savings-bank deposits have need of life insurance.

Our commonwealth has provided, through its savings banks, for one of these institutions. There is great need that the functions of these savings banks be extended so as to provide also for life insurance.

The world was shocked by the revelations which attended the investigation of the Equitable, the New York Life and the Mutual Life of New York. But greater wrongs in life-insurance companies have been done to policy-holders in other companies, which the Armstrong Committee lacked the time to investigate fully.

When it appeared that the officials of the Equitable, the New York Life and the Mutual were taking from their policy-holders each year, for necessary and unnecessary expenses, or to satisfy official greed, nearly 25 per cent of every dollar paid in premiums, the protest was loud. But there were then outstanding in the Metropolitan, the Prudential and the John Hancock companies, 14,731,463 policies, from the holders of which the officials of the companies were taking each year, for necessary and unnecessary expenses, and for dividends, nearly 50 per cent out of every dollar paid in in premiums, and the premiums on which, for each hundred dollars of insurance, were about twice as much as was charged for the same amount of insurance in the Equitable, the New York Life or the Mutual of New York. In other words, the holders of these 14,731,463 policies were made to pay for each hundred dollars of insurance four times as much for expenses and dividends as was paid by policy-holders in the much-criticised Equitable, New York Life or Mutual Life companies.

The policy-holders thus sacrificed were the wage-earners. For it is the workingman whom the Metropolitan, the Prudential and the John Hancock supply with industrial insurance, while the New York Life, the Equitable and the Mutual Life supply insurance to persons of larger means.

Those 14,731,463 policies of the wage-earners averaged only $140, a modest provision for the expenses of a last illness and a decent burial. Thus, those who can least afford to pay, are made to pay at least double.

In most policies, for the first six months, the workingman pays eight times as much as the ordinary life policy-holder for the same amount of insurance; for the second three months, the workingman pays four times as much; for the third three months, he pays three times as much; and forever after that, while he remains a policy-holder, his legal obligation is to pay twice as much as the ordinary life policy-holder.

Such is the scheme upon which alone life insurance is offered to the workingmen in this commonwealth. Note how much heavier the workingman's burden has been than that of the ordinary life policy-holder.

According to our 1905 census, the population of Massachusetts was 3,003,680 persons. On the first day of January, 1905, 1,080,003 persons in Massachusetts held industrial policies, and 352,189 more policy-holders were added during the year. Of the 408,131 policies written in Massachusetts during the year 1905, 86.3 per cent were industrial policies, and only 13.7 per cent were ordinary life policies.

For the period of fifteen years, ending Dec. 31, 1905, the workingmen of Massachusetts paid in to the industrial-insurance companies in premiums an aggregate of 61,294,887, and received back during the fifteen years an aggregate of 21,819,606, or 35.59 per cent, and there remains a reserve in the possession of the companies applicable to these policies.

amounting to about $9,838,000. If this $61,294,887 had been deposited in our Massachusetts savings banks, and the depositors had withdrawn each year the same amounts that were paid to policyholders by the insurance companies, there would have remained on deposit on Jan. 1, 1906, for the original depositors $49,931,548.35; although there would have been paid to the commonwealth, as taxes on these deposits, amounts aggregating more than four times what was actually paid into the commonwealth by the insurance companies as taxes on account of the industrial insurance written.

Now, what is the explanation of this terrible sacrifice of our workingmen's earnings?

In the Prudential and Metropolitan companies, which provide 90 per cent of this wage-earners' insurance, excessive dividends have been paid to the stockholders. In the Prudential—that Rock of Gibraltar—the amount taken from the workingmen to pay dividends to the stockholders exceeds in each year 219 per cent on the amount of cash actually paid in on the capital stock.

But this abstraction of the wage-earners' money, however flagrant, is not the main cause of his loss. The main cause is the extraordinary wastefulness of the system under which this so-called industrial insurance is conducted.

Industrial insurance is simply life insurance in small amounts. The peculiar features of industrial, as distinguished from ordinary life insurance are:

1. That the premiums are fixed for all ages at 5 per cent or multiples thereof, the variations for different ages being in the amount of insurance so purchased; whereas, in ordinary life insurance, the variation is in the amount of the premium.

2. That the premium is payable weekly, whereas in ordinary life insurance the premium is payable annually, semi-annually or quarterly.

3. That the premium is collected from house to house, whereas in ordinary life insurance the payments of premiums are commonly remitted by mail, or are made at the office of the company or its agent.

The appalling cost of this insurance is due mainly to three causes:

First: The initial expense of soliciting the insurance, which is from ten to twenty times the amount of the first weekly premium.

Second: The fee for collecting each subsequent premium, which is about one-fifth or one-sixth of each premium collected; and

Third: The large number of policies which lapse.

Of those who take out such insurance, few carry it long enough to get anything back in money from the company, because their policies lapse before death. Thus, in the year 1905, in the Metropolitan and the Prudential, eleven policies lapsed for every one on which there was a death payment. Or, to put it in another way, the Metropolitan Company had outstanding on Jan. 1, 1905, of industrial policies, 7,614,729, and added, during the year, of new policies, 1,940,721, making a total of 9,555,450. But, while there were of these terminated by death only 116,725, the number lapsed during the year was 1,318,916. In other words, during that single year, and excluding altogether the death losses, the Metropolitan Company had to write three policies in order to add one to the number of outstanding policies.

The operation of these lapses becomes clearer when we deal with smaller figures, such as are presented by the record of the Columbian National Life Insurance Company, another company seeking the rich harvests of industrial insurance.

The Columbian had outstanding on Jan. 1, 1905, 40,397 industrial policies. It wrote, during the year, 103,466, mak-

ing in all 143,863. Only 699 policies terminated by death during the year, 79,598 lapsed; so that at the end of the year it had in all only 63,497 policies in force.

In other words, it lost by lapses more than four policies to every one that it added to the number outstanding.

Now, every lapsed policy involves serious losses. The holder of the policy loses (except for temporary protection) every cent he paid in as premium. The company—that is, the other policy-holders—lose generally very much more; for the cost in commissions, medical fees and other expenses of writing a policy are large.

A majority of all policies in all the industrial companies lapse within the first year, and the expense of writing the policy lapsed before the end of the third year brings loss to the remaining policy-holders.

The result of this system, consequently, is that the policy-holder who persists loses, on the average, half the money he pays into the company, and the policy-holder who lets his policy lapse loses all.

Now, what is the remedy? It is to let the savings banks provide this insurance. For, while the industrial-insurance company takes from the wage-earner nearly half of his principal, and gives back or reserves for his benefit only the remaining half, the savings banks are so conducted that the wage-earner gets back all of his principal, besides a fair rate of interest on the principal.

Compare these results:

The average expectancy of life, in the United States, of a man twenty-one years old, is, according to Meech's Table of Mortality, 40.25 years. In other words, take any large number of men who are twenty-one years old, and the average age which they will reach is 61¼ years.

If a man, beginning with his twenty-first birthday, pays throughout life fifty cents a week into a Massachusetts savings bank, and allows these deposits to accumulate for his family, the survivors will, in case of his death at this average age of 61¼ years, inherit 2,265.90 if an interest rate of 3½ per cent a year is maintained.

If this same man should, beginning at age twenty-one, pay throughout his life the fifty cents a week to the Prudential Insurance Company as premiums on a so-called "industrial" life policy for the benefit of his family, the survivors would be legally entitled to receive upon his death at the age of 61¼ years only $820.

The cause of these startlingly different results is this:

While the expenses and dividends of the great industrial companies consume nearly 50 per cent of the year's premiums, the expenses of the savings banks amount to less than 1½ per cent of the year's deposits. They have the principal intact and let it increase by nearly 4 per cent yearly interest on the average. And yet, industrial insurance is merely a form of savings investment. The savings banks manage the aggregate funds, made up of many small deposits, until such time as they shall be demanded by the depositor,—the insurance company ordinarily until the depositor's death. The savings bank pays back to the depositor his deposit with interest, less the necessary expense of management. The insurance company in theory does the same, the difference being merely that the savings bank undertakes to repay to each individual depositor the whole of his deposit, with interest; while the insurance company undertakes to pay to each member of a class the average amount (regarding the chances of life and death), so that those who do not reach the average age get more than they have deposited, including interest, and those who exceed the average age, less than they have deposited, including interest.

The life-insurance company is in theory, and should be in practice, just as much a savings institution as the savings bank, and as such should be run as economically, and solely for the benefit of the policy-holder. To attain that result, the extension of the powers of the savings bank to include the granting of insurance in small amounts is the readiest means.

The officials and agents and stockholders of these industrial-insurance companies say that this plan is impracticable, because people won't take out insurance unless they are personally solicited at the present great expense. But what advantage is it to the wage-earner to have him take out insurance if its terms are so burdensome that he will not keep it up?

In the year 1904, the Columbian National Life Insurance Company wrote 71,142 industrial policies. By the end of 1905, more than four-fifths of these had already lapsed, although the policy-holders were urged to keep on by the weekly visit of the collectors.

The companies say that those who allowed their policies to lapse lacked thrift. But perhaps it was that they simply possessed intelligence, and dropped their policies when they realized that the companies' officials consumed for expenses and dividends nearly one-half of all the savings paid into the companies.

On the other hand, how easy would it be for the Massachusetts savings banks to lead the holders of their 1,829,487 deposit accounts to devote a part of their savings to securing desirable life insurance! No huge commission to solicitors would reduce their hard-earned savings. No huge collection fee would be required. A single order on the bank to apply a part of the savings to paying the premium would be sufficient. When wage-earners can get safe insurance, at half its present cost, applications will be numerous, and lapses few.

Bryan and Hearst, President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge, have in their divergent views one point of agreement; namely, that government ownership is to be a leading issue in the immediate future. By government ownership is to be understood not merely the question of whether the government shall own the railroads, but whether our governments, national, state and municipal, shall enter upon the domain now reserved to private business, shall own and operate railroads, the street railways, the gas or the electric-lighting companies, or engage in the business of coal mining, insurance or other business. Those who oppose such an extension of governmental functions insist that public ownership will prove less economical or satisfactory than private, and picture with eloquence the evils which would result if in America the activities of our state and city governments should be extended to ordinary business relations.

Such arguments will have no effect in staying the movement towards government ownership. The American people are optimists. They believe that where there is a wrong there is a remedy, and if some remedy is not soon provided for the cruel injustice of the present system of industrial insurance, the demand for government life insurance will be irresistible.

It is fitting that Massachusetts, having chartered the first savings bank, should take the lead in demanding industrial insurance that will truly benefit the wage-earner. A plan for requesting legislation to give the requisite authority to savings banks has been submitted to the Recess Insurance Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, and the Massachusetts Savings-Insurance League has been organized, with headquarters at 2A Park Street, Boston, Mass. It is making an aggressive campaign to secure the necessary legislation. Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, president of the Union Institution for Savings, is one of the officers.

ACTUAL CONDITIONS IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

BY THE REV. A. A. NOTEBAERT.

II.

The article on the Congo question, which appeared in the November issue, was the substance of two lectures which I delivered before the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y.

Since then British feeling against the Congo has been intensified. It is an open secret that England is bound to take possession of the Congo. Various newspapers in England contained avowals devoid of artifice. Prominent among them is the new *Castle Chronicle,* in which, in the issue of May 16, appears the following:

"What has taken place between Great Britain and the Congo State concerning the Bahr-El-Ghazal may be regarded as strengthening the argument in support of the contention often put forward in these columns, —that the Congo should have been a British possession."

The debate in the English Parliament of July 5, 1906, plainly indicates the desire of England in that direction.

In that debate Sir Edwards Grey states that he is going to wait until the reforms are carried out, but he says, beforehand, that he has no confidence whatever in their good effect. This unfairness on the part of a high official of the government simply indicates an over-anxiety to redress imaginary wrongs, for selfish motives. Sir Edwards Grey adds that England will kindly consent to submit the alleged dispute to the Hague Court of Arbitration. This is based on England's claim to intervene in the internal affairs of the Free State. But the Hague Court of Arbitration has not been instituted to decide the internal affairs of nations, but to settle the essential exterior disputes. Moreover it is fallacy to contend that the Free State owes its origin to a convention of the powers. The *Belgian Press* has pointed out a declaration of Lord Kimberley, Secretary of State of the Foreign Office, drawn from the British Blue Book in 1898. The late British minister stated in this blue book that "the Congo Free State was not constituted by a conventional act," and his opinion is based on the stipulation of the act of Berlin, 1885. This statement is most interesting, coming as it does at the time when the white book just issued in England demonstrates that the government of the Congo energetically defends its contentions; *viz.,* that no power has a right to intervene in the internal affairs of the Free State, a Sovereign State. This contention is, moreover, irrefutable, and no British diplomat would attempt to dispute it if it concerned Germany or France, whose possessions in the basin of the Congo are subjected to the same stipulations as the territories of the Belgian Congo. The question of right must remain independent of the question of force, and England, the supposed cradle of right, cannot afford to overlook this fact.

The decrees of June 3, 1906, whose efficacy is questioned by Sir Edwards Gray, cover all the points on which the administration has been criticised. They provide, among other things, for the extension of the judicial system, for additional grants of lands to natives; above all, they regulate the labor tax, and abolish the use of capitas, or armed native sentries.

It is a large undertaking to put these

reforms into operation in a country which occupies an area of about one-third the size of the United States. Nevertheless, the work has been pushed forward rapidly. Instructions in regard to disarming the native sentries were issued by the Vice-Governor-General, Aug. 3.

The instructions in regard to the labor tax appeared on the date of Sept. 8, and compel the companies to have recourse exclusively to voluntary and paid labor for the working of the property of concession. There can be no doubt that these reforms will be carried out thoroughly and in good faith. They are of a nature to satisfy the native, the government, and, in fact, any well-meaning person.

The so-called reformers seem to be the only ones who dread the carrying out of the promised reforms: first, because then they could no longer continue, under cover of humanity and Christianity, their bitter and unjust attacks; and second, because it would expose their cold-blooded conspiracy to hand over to the rapacity and the religious bigotry of England the Congo Free State, whose wealth and possibilities have been made known to the world through the perspicacity, the untiring energy, and the unbounded generosity of King Leopold.

Their wicked purpose is made manifest by their very dishonest warfare. They take up acts of cruelty of ten and fifteen years' standing, and, by cautiously omitting the date, induce readers to believe that these acts are of very recent date.

In a magazine, December, 1906, appeared an article by the Secretary of the Congo Reform Association, in reference to an incident reported by Mr. Sjoblom. Whatever truth there may be in the story it is supposed to have occurred nine years ago, but the reader is made to believe that the horrible act just took place. In the same breath the scrupulous writer speaks with indignation of an act of cannibalism, supposed to be recently committed, but which in reality took place ten years ago.

A story of an alleged atrocity was published in a New York paper last June, over the signature of Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau, who was said to have preached in the Congo for forty-five years, and who relates the fact as something within his personal knowledge. The Consul-General of the Congo Free State, at Baltimore, has in his possession a written acknowledgment from Rev. Dr. Nassau, stating that he never was in the Congo, and that he simply read the story in a book written by Captain Burrows, and which was already suppressed by an English judge, in London, after the author had been sentenced for libel.

Another instance of recent date is that of Rev. Mr. Stannard, who was fined a thousand francs for libel. The reverend gentleman, in a letter to E. D. Morel, that was afterwards published in the *West African Mail,* charges Commandant Hagstrom with acts of great cruelty. The English public was horrified at the shameful conduct of the public officials, and the Congo administration was severely censured. Rev. Mr. Stannard was brought into court to justify his charges. From a certified copy of the court's proceedings, which I have in my possession, it appears that Reverend Stannard admits having made wilful mis-statements on various occasions, with malicious intent, against Mr. Hagstrom.

Now that Rev. Mr. Stannard has returned to England, and is far away from his judges, he bravely characterizes as a conspiracy a judicial proceeding in which the British Vice-Consul Armstrong found nothing to criticise. It also appears, from this official document, that Rev. Mr. Harris, the supposed honest champion of the Congo natives, who made a hurried anti-Congolese lec-

ture trip through the United States, is a man whose statements are not reliable, but often found in contradiction with existing facts. Yet, the reverend preacher is the star witness of the Congo Reform Association, and has been invited by that troublesome body to spread slander, for the sole purpose of furthering English interests, which seem to be identified with their own personal interests.

Rev. Herbert Johnson, an American missionary from Boston, during a tour of lectures, in an interview with the reporter of the *Detroit Journal,* April 9, 1906, is quoted as follows:

"The report of the Commission of Inquiry sets forth that in six months six thousand right hands were cut off from subjects, whom King Leopold compelled to work for him without remuneration."

When asked to explain, Mr. Johnson writes to the *New York Tribune,* April 30, 1906: "I have NEVER said that 6,000 right hands were cut off from native subjects of the King."

This self-contradicted witness was sent to Washington, Dec. 10, 1906, to urge Secretary Root to intervene with the government against King Leopold, in behalf of the Congo natives.

The Congo Reform Association is rather unfortunate in the selection of its reverend friends.

The Commission of Inquiry has fearlessly pointed out shortcomings and abuses covering a period of twenty-five years, and the Congo Reform Association, with its usual honesty and fairness, intentionally crowds these acts into the year just past, for the purpose of antagonizing public opinion against the sovereign of the Congo Free State. Such questionable methods cannot meet with the approval of fair-minded people, and are open to most severe and just criticisms.

The Congo Reform Association unduly claims that it is supported in its contentions by the missionaries of the Congo Free State. Out of a hundred Protestant missionaries, fifty-two have signed an appeal against the administration of the Congo. Sixteen of the fifty-two were wives of missionaries, and thirty-five attend missions near the coast, and when they speak of what happens in the interior of the country,—hundreds of miles away,—they are simply telling what they have read or what they have heard. Rev. Mr. Hensey, more zealous than his reverend brethren, signed, nineteen days after his arrival (intelligently of course), an appeal condemning the administration. Conclusion: The weight of our fifty-two signers, male and female, is reduced to 0. Thus the Congo Reform Association and its disinterested friends start on nothing. It reminds one of the monkey exhibiting stereopticon views to the other animals, who exclaimed in great amazement, "We see something, but we don't distinguish very well." The monkey had made only one mistake; he forgot to light a lamp.

The forty-eight remaining Protestant ministers labor earnestly in the field assigned them in dark Africa. They feel pleased and grateful for the treatment they receive at the hands of the administration.

As for the four hundred Catholic missionaries of the Congo, no Christian, of whatever creed he may be, can for a moment think that these noble men, who are laying down their lives for the salvation of Africa, condone "atrocities," or uphold and defend a corrupt administration.

Public opinion in Belgium upholds and approves King Leopold's administration of the Congo Free State, from the most distinguished statesman to the small shop-keeper. The few exceptions are socialists and malcontents, such as Daens, who, although represented by our

adversaries as a Christian Democrat, is not only a Socialist, but an ultra-Radical. At the last election of May 27, he received only 8,631 votes out of a total of 279,206 votes, and the main reason of his defeat was his hostile attitude to the Congo administration. The Socialistic party has always been anti-colonial, and is ever ready to assert its hostility against the King and his projects. They have some followers who think and speak as they do, but the great majority of the Belgians are loyal to their King; they express admiration for the great work of Christian civilization in Africa, and do not hesitate to pronounce the work accomplished in the Congo by King Leopold to be far superior to that of any other colonial undertaking in Africa. These sentiments are voiced by all the papers in Belgium, regardless of party politics, with the exception, of course, of the socialistic organs. The best expression of public opinion is unquestionably that given by the press at large.

In an interview of King Leopold by a reporter of the Publishers' Press, on Dec. 10, 1906, King Leopold said:

"It is absolutely false that I am financially interested in the Congo, and that I have made a huge fortune yearly. I am the ruler of the Congo, but the prosperity of the country no more effects me financially than the prosperity of America increases the amounts of President Roosevelt. I have not one cent invested in Congo industries, and I have not received any salary as Congo Executive in the past twenty-five years.

"In no shape or form have I bettered myself financially through my relationship with the Congo. On the contrary, I have spent large sums of my own in developing the country, sums amounting in the aggregate to millions. I am poorer and not richer because of the Congo. The betterment of the country and improvement of the condition of the natives are the objects of my efforts."

This is decidedly a very frank statement, which cannot fail to impress all who are conversant with the peculiar condition of the internal affairs of the Congo.

Two large areas of the Congo are exclusive reservations. They are called "Domaine de la Couronne," or "Crown Land," and the "Domaine National." The meaning of the former is obvious in the light of history. King Leopold has founded that state with his own private means, and has developed it with the help of Belgian subsidies alone, in addition to his own, and would thus have been entitled to reserve for himself personal properties, which he has not done, although every creator has a right to the fruit of his work.

The "Domaine de la Couronne" constitutes a foundation. The King does not derive a farthing of personal profit from the revenue of his domain. This foundation is administered by a Committee of Managers. It is this Committee of Managers who dispose of the funds of the domain and employ them to carry out the economic, scientific and philanthropic program laid down by the founder, who might have legitimately appropriated to his own use the property of the foundation. He preferred to devote it to general interests. The "Domaine de la Couronne" has in this way participated in the execution of public works in the Congo and in Belgium. The "Domaine de la Couronne" also participates in the expenses of the up-keep of the donation of property in Belgium made to the country by the King; in the expenses of scientific questions; and in the practical education of the staff. This is the general use of the revenue of the "Domaine de la Couronne." Thus the "Domaine de la Couronne," unjustly described as a monstrosity, stands as an act of wisdom and generosity on the part of King Leopold.

The "Domaine National" is another reservation which is maintained in the interest of the nation and of the Belgium tax-payers, who would otherwise have to bear the burden of the squandering. The

"Domaine National," contrary to the idea prevailing in both houses of the English parliament, has never brought in a farthing to the Sovereign. The entire revenue, the figures of which are to be found in the annual estimate of receipts and expenditures, under the heading of "Produit du Domaine," amounts to about sixteen million francs. Without this "Domaine National," the estimates would show a deficit to this amount. And the policy of the King has always been to leave the Congo to Belgium, not only without fear of loss, but with the bright prospect of immense profits to the country. The Independent Congo has no mother-country. It has to support itself, and this it can easily do. The King only wishes Belgium to promise him that she will keep all the benefits of his legacy and prevent waste, in order that, in conformity with royal pledges, the Belgium tax-payers should not be burdened.

Whenever the Free State grants portions of this domain, it sets aside part of the revenues of the concession for the public treasury, simply in the general interest, and not for the personal interest of the Sovereign, who receives no dividends of the shares of the concessionary companies; and the revenue the state derives from them is indicated in the yearly estimates, under the heading of "Produit du portefeuille."

This will be the case with the concession made to Thomas Ryan, the American multi-millionaire, representing the Congo-American Company. This concession, granted Nov. 5, 1906, authorizes the new company during a period of sixty years to collect rubber and other vegetable products in an area covering two million acres. Besides, the state leases to the company ten thousand acres for a term of two years, with the privilege of renewal, for experimental purposes in planting rubber and other products by mechanical and chemical processes. Moreover, the state gives to the company an option of ten years wherein to buy land from the Congo Free State, not to exceed a million acres.

If the Free State did not set aside part of the revenues of this concession for the public treasury, it could rightly be charged with squandering. At all events, none of the profits derived therefrom will become the personal property of the King.

As a matter of fact, the British-chartered companies are granted much more extensive powers than the Congolese companies have ever enjoyed; and the Rand shares have been quoted exceedingly high, without giving rise to criticism in the House of Lords, and without causing lords who possess these shares to be questioned on the subject. Both the concessionary and non-concessionary companies have contributed towards the development of the Congo. In all parts of the country where there are no companies, or where the state does not work the domain, nothing is done, and the land remains untouched. No commercial monopolies are granted to the companies, nor claimed by the state. Both enjoy the same right of ownership as the civilized countries, where this right is one of the most solid bases of social organization.

Before bringing this article to a close, I wish to mention "The Bowdoin-Clark Debate," which was held at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., this year. Following is the resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the United States Government should inaugurate a Movement to Bring About Reforms in the Congo Free State."

The judges were Dr. Thomas Nixon Carver, professor of economics at Harvard University; Hon. Herbert J. Parker, ex-attorney-general of Massachusetts; Gen. Charles W. Bartlett, candidate for governor of Massachusetts. The judges rendered a unanimous decision

for the negative, as supported by Bowdoin College. The speakers for Bowdoin College were Harry Edward Mitchell; Roscoe Henderson Hupper; Fulton Jarvis Redman, with Charles Wilbert Snow as alternate. The order of the rebuttal speeches was—Mr. Hupper, Mr. Redman, Mr. Mitchell. Gold medals were awarded to these men.

In view of the fact that Senator Lodge introduced in the Senate on Dec. 10, 1906, a resolution providing for an international inquiry into the alleged atrocities in the Congo Free State, the decisions of this debate are both timely and interesting.

Now, to conclude, a careful analysis of all the speeches this evening on both sides shows that the decision in this debate must be made on five distinct issues:

CONCLUSIONS:

First—Does the evidence of evils demand our intervention?

Second—Does the Congo Government itself give reasonable assurance of reforms?

Third—Does the Congo situation as a whole warrant our intervention?

Fourth—Could we legally inaugurate this movement?

Fifth—Would it be expedient?

In the first place, the affirmative, lacking first-hand evidence of our own government, has submitted second-hand evidence. This we have shown to be insufficient, unreliable and contradictory.

In the second place, the affirmative contend that the Congo State will not institute the necessary reforms, as history demonstrates. But we showed that the King proved himself sincere by the appointment of a Commission whose report was characterized even by the anti-Congolese as an "honest judgment." We proved that the reforms proposed are ample and comprehensive; and the new commission includes men who are best qualified to institute the reforms, and furthermore that Leopold's reform method is an exact counterpart of the French method against which our opponents make no complaint. The Congo Government then gives reasonable assurance of reform.

In the third place the affirmative tried to show that we are warranted in intervening because the Congo has violated international obligations, and because we have been instrumental in forming the Congo Free State. But we proved that the Free State has not violated any international obligation, concerning trade or the natives, and that the United States, having positively refused to sign the Berlin Act, has in the words of her minister to that conference, John A. Kasson, and in the judgment of her Secretary of State, Mr. Root, positively refused to accept the right to interfere. So we are not warranted in interfering.

Fourth, our opponents have maintained that we can legally interfere because of international law, as interpreted by several good authorities. But we showed that both the principle of international law as defined by Wharton, Hall and Lawrence and its consistent practice by this government renders the legality of our intervention at least doubtful.

Finally, the negative has proved such action inexpedient because utterly opposed to the avowed policy of this country because it would retard domestic reforms and injure our position as protector in the new world.

To sum up: We maintain that their plan is at present indefensible because their evidence is insufficient, second-hand and contradictory, because the Congo Government gives assurance of the necessary reforms, because we have no special responsibility whatever and no legal right to interfere, and because it would be inexpedient. We should, therefore, confine our energies to the western half of the world, whose guardian we are, and whose extensive interest we have for a hundred years advanced and protected.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, openly avows his confidence in the Belgian King, in his reply to the assertion of the Rev. H. Guiness Grattan of London, England, who charged the Cardinal with using his influence to prevent joint action between England and the United States in the suppression of alleged cruelties, to the natives, by England. The opportunities to gain inside information afforded the Cardinal by the reports of the missionaries must convince the fair-minded that his opinion is based on actual knowledge of conditions in the Congo.

"I have observed in the papers that an emissary of the Congo reform association has made a personal attack on me for my attitude in defending King Leopold's Congo administration against those unjustifiable attacks, and I feel very grateful to the rev-

erend gentlemen who were good enough, on that occasion, to get up and defend me. I note, however, that even my defenders excused me on the ground of my ignorance of the question. My position on the matter has always been very clear. I have naturally means of keeping in close touch with the situation through our missionaries who are on the spot.

"There has been a great amount of exaggeration in those stories of mal-administration. The king is a wise as well as a humane ruler, and we hear through missionary sources that whenever cases of cruelty have occurred—as such things will occur under every human government—the king has been prompt to redress such abuses and to punish the offenders. His recent decrees granting the natives additional lands and ameliorating the condition of the native laborers are added evidence of his desire to do everything possible for the good of his native subjects. I understand that these new laws are now being put in operation as rapidly as possible throughout the Congo state.

"I fear this agitation against King Leopold's administration is animated partly by religious jealousy and partly by commercial rivalry. It is to be hoped that the individuals who are carrying it on will not be successful in their efforts to induce the great powers of the earth to interfere in the affairs of a small nation. The Belgian nation is a small nation, but the Belgians are a brave people, and, as indicated by the action of their parliament recently, they stand solidly by their king in supporting his African regime. In our schoolboy days the most odious and contemptible creature we used to encounter was the bully who played the tyrant toward the weak. But still more intolerable is a bullying nation that picks a quarrel with a feeble nation with the base intent of seizing her possessions, playing the rôle that King Ahab enacted toward Naboth.

"With the attitude of the American government I do not concern myself. As I said before, I have means of information through the missionaries in the field, and I have no doubt the American government will be fully informed of the situation through its consul general out there, who, I am told, has only recently arrived at the Congo and has not yet had time to send in a report. He will no doubt soon set at rest these false accusations against King Leopold's administration, which has brought civilization and Christianity in central Africa.

"I may add that in defending the Belgian administration of the Congo, I have no personal or selfish motives to subserve, but am actuated solely by a sense of justice and fair play. My zeal is quickened by the very consideration that the assault is made upon a weaker power. I would willingly take the same stand in behalf of Holland, Sweden, Denmark or any of the weaker powers if circumstances demanded."

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

BY D. J. MCDONOUGH.

St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, was consecrated, October 24th, a great assembly of prelates and priests taking part in the ceremonies, which were of a most impressive and solemn nature.

The Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, was consecrator of the cathedral and the main altar. He was assisted by the Bishop of Pittsburgh, Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin. Four other altars were consecrated. Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, consecrated the Sacred Heart altar; Bishop Haid, of North Carolina, the altar of the Blessed Virgin; Bishop Prendergast, of Philadelphia, St. Joseph's altar; Bishop Garvey, of Altoona, altar of the Holy Souls.

The Solemn Pontifical Mass began at the conclusion of the consecration services. Four thousand persons were present in the great basilica, and the procession of priests and prelates which prefaced the Mass and filled the spacious sanctuary was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in this country. There were scores of dignitaries, archbishops, bishops and monsignori, and 300 priests from the Pittsburgh diocese alone, to say nothing of the large number of visiting clergy. Cardinal Gibbons was the celebrant of the Mass, and the Very Rev. Fidelis Kent Stone, Provincial of the Passionists, and one of the most distinguished converts in the American Church, preached the consecration sermon.

St. Paul's Cathedral occupies a com-

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DETAIL OF WEST TRANSEPT WINDOW.
PETER AND PAUL IN PRISON.

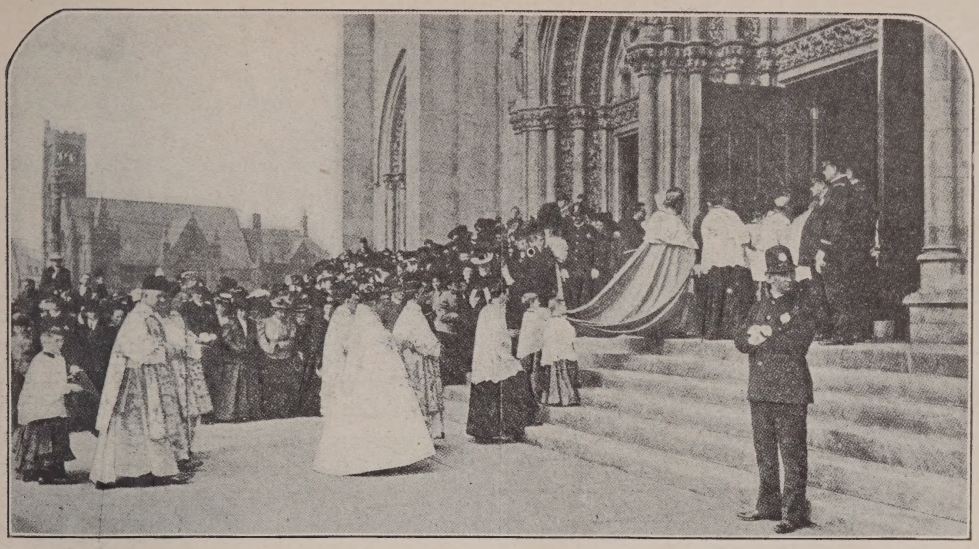
Designed by William Willet.

manding site in the future centre of the city. Built in pure fourteenth century Gothic it is a most impressively dignified example of ecclesiastical architecture, repose and strength being expressed in every line of the great pile and beautiful towers. The structure, externally, is of finely chiselled Bedford stone, from the base course to the summit and cross surmounting each spire. Even the numerous and elaborate windows are wrought in stone.

The richly carved entrances on Fifth Avenue extend, in the name of the Trinity, a welcome to all the nations of the earth, as the cathedral bears the name of the great missionary apostle, and this thought is presented in the story told by the statues and magnificent windows. The clerestory windows, twenty-eight in number, illustrate the spirit of Christianity, from Abraham, David, Malachias, and St. Stephen the martyr, down through the centuries to St. Alphonsus Ligouri and St. Paul of the Cross. The treatment of the designs reflects the true note of the mediæval French glass workers, the clear and sparkling tints admitting an abundance of sunlight which falls in a constantly changing glory over the majestic arches and exquisite grey stone carvings of the interior.

Beneath are the lower clerestory windows, gems of primitive coloring, depicting emblems of the Old Law, of the Passion, and scenes from the Rosary.

The aisle windows form a series of scenes from the Scriptures—Jacob's dream, Moses presenting the Law to the people, the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, Jesus in the Temple, The Sermon on the Mount, the Resurrection, and ending with the Assumption of the Virgin. In the lower portion of the Assumption window is a quaintly interesting picture of the First Mass in Pittsburgh, in 1745, in the

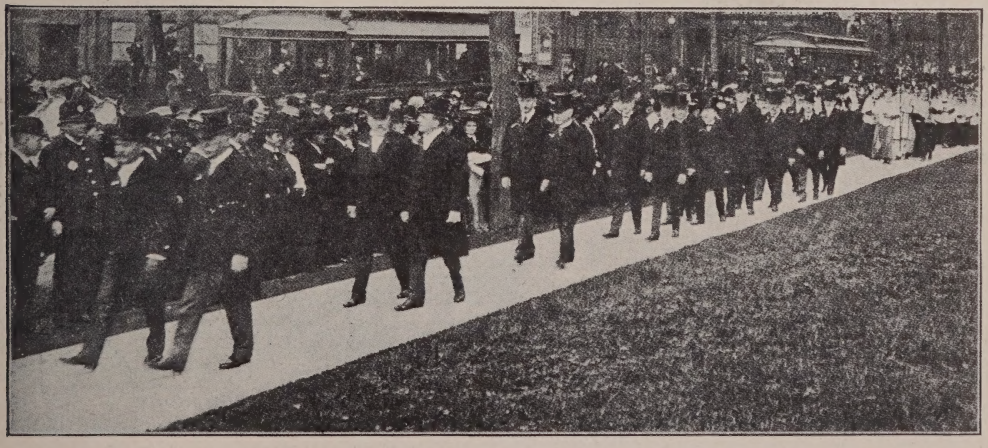


PAPAL DELEGATE FALCONIO AND CARDINAL GIBBONS ENTERING THE CATHEDRAL BEFORE MASS.

Chapel of Fort Duquesne, dedicated under the title of "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River."

These aisle windows are made by Meyer of Munich, and, by many, are considered the finest work ever produced by this ancient firm, who for a hundred years have been embellishing churches both in this country and in Europe.

The transepts, of majestic proportions, are lighted each by an unusually large traceried window, simply but exquisitely built of stone throughout, being divided into four vertical openings, separated by strongly moulded mullions which support a well designed and graceful tracery. The glass in these two windows, as well as that in the front window and the clerestories, is the work of the Willet Stained Glass Company, and the designs were chosen in a competition with forty-five other firms, submitting mostly European work. Mr. Willet designed the windows, the Bishop selecting the subjects, and inspecting the drawings before they were made up in the glass. The designs were exhibited at the New York Architectural Exhibition and also



A BODY OF TWENTY-FIVE CATHOLIC LAYMEN, WHO CONSTITUTED THE BUILDING COMMITTEE.

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EAST TRANSEPT WINDOW. CONVERSION OF PETER, AND PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Designed by William Willet.

in the Water Color Exhibition in Philadelphia. The transepts are dedicated to St. Paul, and illustrate the four principal epochs in his earthly career: His Conversion, Ministry, Imprisonment and Martyrdom. In the conversion of Paul, east transept, the brilliancy of the scene is admirably and cleverly executed. The artist has here drawn on Peter Paul Rubens for some of his figures. As Saul lies blinded upon the ground, he attempts to raise his prostrate form to the appearing Christ, a most dignified and impressive figure in a corona of light bearing the verse, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" In the accompanying panel the Angel of the Old Law is typified, emphasizing the Scripture, "That we are now dead unto the law, but alive unto Christ."

In the next scene Paul stands chained before Agrippa, reasoning of justice, righteousness, and temperance. The aged monarch, stricken with a sense of his sins, crouches, with bowed head, upon his throne of gold. Bernice and the nobles and philosophers of his court surround him, while in the foreground is shown the populace crowding the hall, thus giving a varied setting for the noble figure of the apostle, the simple dignity of his brown cloak and chained hands in contrast to the rich clothing of his hearers and the gold and porphyry pillars of the interior.

The west transept has, at its apex,

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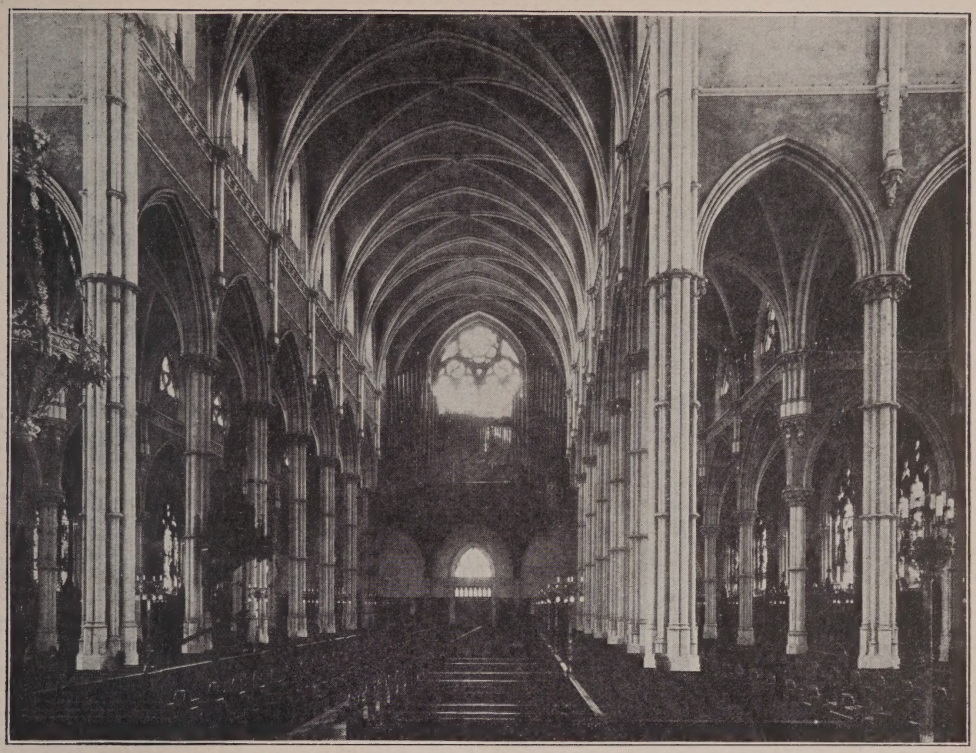
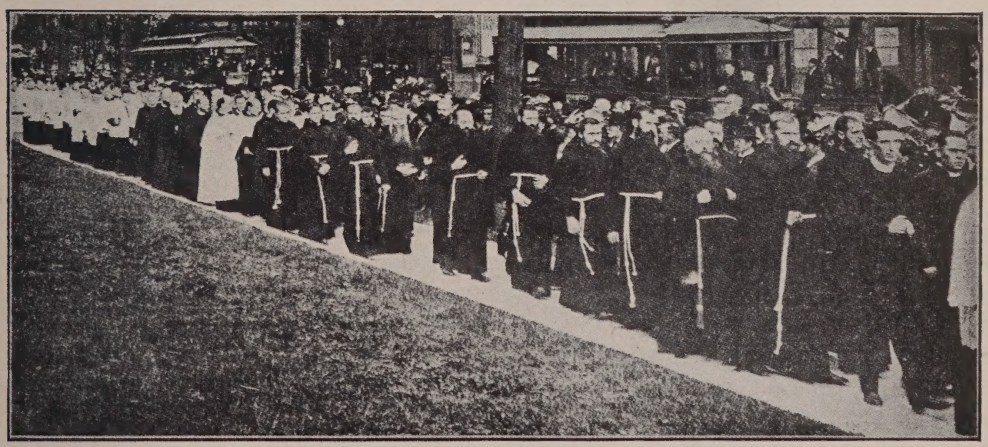
WEST TRANSEPT WINDOW. SS. PETER AND PAUL IN PRISON, AND DEATH OF ST. PAUL.

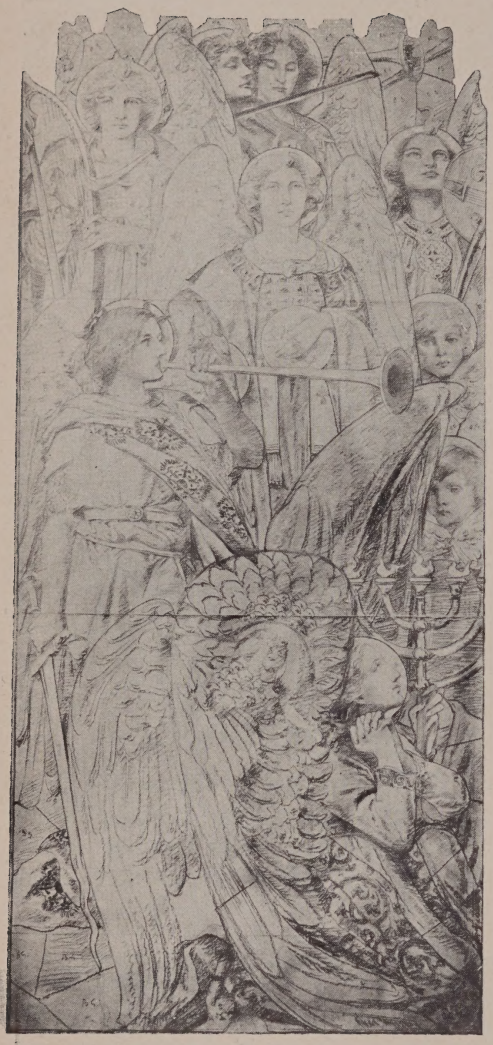


INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Christ Enthroned, seated with the world as His footstool. Beneath are Paul and Peter in prison, and the death of Paul. The scene in the underground dungeon is perhaps the finest example of the artist's skill. Chained to his Roman guard, St. Paul is baptizing a group of prisoners of all conditions, while St. Peter bestows the blessing. The face of St. Paul in this window is one of singular beauty, which will linger in the memory of all who see it.



PROCESSION OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS: HOLY GHOST, PASSIONIST, REDEMPTORIST, CAPUCHIN, CARMELITE AND BENEDICTINE, AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



SECTION OF WORSHIP OF PRAISE WINDOW.
Designed by William Willet.

In the death of Paul, we have as a setting an evening landscape of the country without the walls of the city of Rome. Paul is led by the Roman guard to the place of execution, the headsman stands ready with the sword, a weeping band of disciples, tearful and helpless, mingles with the jeering mob that clamors for his death. But there is only joy in the face of the martyr. He sees neither friend nor foe, his eyes are fixed on a vision of Christ nailed to the cross, surrounded by the angelic host. "I am now ready to be offered, I have fought the fight; I have finished the course. Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" is the text of this window. The bases and canopied portions are light and clear in tone, while the picture portions are rich, brilliant and superb, being unusually devoid of garishness and agitation, Tintorettos in a setting of light and glory. Throughout these windows strong and masterly draftsmanship and delicate drawing are noticeable in all details; the spirit of the twentieth century has been combined with the supposedly lost arts of the mediæval glass artist, but the wonderful beauty and refinement of color is perhaps the chief charm. The richest hues are used, but the juxtaposition of color is so handled that the harmony is complete. The delicate mosaic treatment is in the style of the mediæval glass-workers, as exemplified in the cathedrals of Amiens and Sans-Chapelle.

Beneath the transepts, at the sides of the entrances, are eight lancet windows, bearing the shields of the Popes—Leo XIII. and Pius IX., the Papal Legates, and the Bishops of Pittsburg. These are beautiful examples of heraldry work on glass, while across the golden-hued background, by a trick of the deft artist, leaf shadows seem to wave.

We thus approach the sanctuary with its five magnificent altars of exquisite design and rarely beautiful sculpture. These are from the drawings of the architects. The high altar, rising to a height of thirty-seven feet from the sanctuary floor, is from the studios of V. A. Fucignas of New York. The reredos has four beautifully sculptured panels in high relief, most fittingly and touchingly representing the scenes from our Lord's Passion, the Agony in the Garden, the scene

before Pilate, the scourging of Christ, and, beneath the altar table, The Last Supper.

The side altars at either side of the main altar are devoted to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, while the two end altars are commemorative of the Sacred Heart and the Souls in Purgatory. The latter are the work of Mr. Joseph Sibbel, and his sculptured group of the Purgatory is such as to command the attention and approval of all who are interested in the highest ecclesiastical sculpture.

Over the centre altar hangs the painting, The Crucifixion, by the celebrated Italian, Gagliardi, made by him in 1857 for the altar-piece of the old Cathedral, from whence it was removed, and carefully restored, with a reverent desire to depart in no wise from the original coloring, but simply to make those portions which had become darkened by the dust of the city visible to the eye once more. This delicate work was accomplished by Mr. William Willet, the artist of the two transepts and front gable windows.

As we turn to leave the altar, we face the front gable window of the Cathedral, over the Fifth Avenue entrance, "The Worship of Praise," depicting the joyful aspect of the Christian Life. In the centre of the Gothic tracery at the apex is the Lamb of God, surrounded by the symbol of the Trinity, towards Whom the hundreds of faces throughout the great window turn in adoring ecstasy.

The middle portion of the window shows the Human Family, the father and mother lifting their children towards the Heavenly Vision, while behind them press the laboring man, his garments brown with the soil; the scholar with his book and ink horn; soldiers, kings and rulers of earth, surrounded by the holy women, monks, deacons, priests, popes, and bishops, in their sacred vestments;

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WEST TRANSEPT WINDOW. ST. PAUL BAPTIZING IN PRISON.

Designed by William Willet.

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THREE SECTIONS OF THE WORSHIP OF PRAISE WINDOW.
Designed by William Willet.

all in attitude of adoration, gazing heavenward toward the Lamb of God, their faces radiant with the light of God.

At the extreme top of the vertical sections are St. Stephen, with arms uplifted toward the celestial vision; Mary Magdalen in the outer panel; St. Joseph and St. John the Baptist on the extreme left; on the right is the Virgin, lifting her head in prayer and adoration while the sword that pierced her heart descends.

The lower sections of the window represent the armies of heaven, the angelic host ever about us, though unseen; they stand with trumpets, and with flaming swords for our protection, while others encourage us during our warfare, with strains of music from the choirs of heaven. The expression of spiritual ecstasy in the faces and figures is sublime, the very bodies seem to be lifted upward by the power of the love of God, which illumines their faces.

In the Gothic tracery surrounding "The Lamb slain from the foundations of the earth," is a halo of happy cherub faces, while four cherub boys hold aloft the Scriptures on which are inscribed the words of the Angel's song, "Holy, Holy, Holy." Seraphs with musical instruments, figures of the sun, moon and stars, fill the various openings, and complete the symbolism of all created things praising God.

This window is the special idea of the Bishop—who gave the most minute oversight to all the glass work—and was drawn and executed by the Willet Stained Glass Company of Pittsburgh. The glorious color of the window is only the color of the glass itself. The shading or drawing is all done with the costliest stains, produced from the ashes of gold and silver, and burnt into the glass by such intense heats that they are completely fused and made a part of it, after the manner of Albrecht Durer and other ancient artists in glass, whose work has stood for centuries undimmed and perfect. None of the enamels and paints introduced in the early part of the passing century for producing effects pleasing to the eye by a cheaper and less tedious process, and which have come into regrettably common use, sure to fade and corrode in time, have been used. Hence, these windows are a notable and permanent expression of that form of art, which is itself a symbol of our Christian hope; dull and meaningless to the outside world, but to those who enter all glorious; tinged with the tints of the rainbow by the light of the Sun of Heaven Himself; and in the dark nights made visible and beautiful to the world by the light from within the church.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY ORTEXIMIUS.

He who goes through life keenly observing conditions around him and noting the outcome of laborious endeavors is surprised to find so many failures among those who have tried hard to succeed. Ill success attending earnest efforts impresses him most when he becomes aware of the many failures that are met with in the training of the young, for in this sphere of human exertion he is appalled to find industrious, honest and religious parents rear children who are slothful, who scorn law, pervert order, and by their immoral actions bring premature gray hairs to their fathers and mothers, furrow their faces with lines of care, and bring them to an early grave.

The cause of many commercial and moral failures is not always to be found in lack of effort, but is often traceable to an unwillingness to be directed in those very things on which hinges success or failure. Those who make no progress are the ones who rush impetuously onward, seeking the aid of no counsellor, and hearkening to no advice. They think themselves complete masters of the situation; they are unable to realize that there is any wisdom outside of what they possess; and they fail to profit by learning the ways of the leaders. In consequence, they fail miserably.

Where men and women most need the help of others, where they can derive the greatest profit from relying on people wiser than they, and where they should be most thankful for advice, is in the care and training of children. And yet, strange to say, this is where people rely least on others; where many refuse to learn; and any suggestion intended as an aid to parents, is often the cause of subsequent unfriendliness. If you speak to a mother about the many mistakes made by her neighbors and the need of greater care and stricter discipline in the training of their children, you are listened to with the deepest interest. She agrees with everything you say, and may treat you as a second Solomon; but should you speak to her about the imperfections of her own children, and the advisability of her improving her method of training them, she at once becomes antagonistic; and should you be so interested in the future of her boys and girls as to touch upon some evident fault in a child, or some vital point in its rearing, you put yourself forever outside the circle of her friends. He whose avocation is that of an educator cannot educate in the family circle. All attempts to assist people along those important lines must be of a general nature. He cannot speak with advantage to one mother or father, and general talks, no matter how practical, fail to reach the erring ones and are often devoid of fruit.

Let us consider the obstacles in the way of the clergy and other educators whose best efforts are directed towards the betterment of the young, and we shall at the same time learn the cause of failures at home.

The first great fault we find in parents —especially in mothers—is this: They look upon their children as angels. Being firm believers in the doctrine of heredity, and with a much exaggerated notion of their own moral worth, they feel that their own virtues must infallibly descend to their sons and daughters. Their attention is often called to the effects of environment, but, believing that their home is without fault, they see no need of any special watchfulness over

their children, and are certain that with good birth and ideal home surroundings, those whom God has committed to their charge must grow up into ideal types of manhood and womanhood. The doting parents think their child so good that the usual training is needless, and correction altogether foreign to its bringing up. When, at times, the son or daughter does not diffuse sunshine and joy through the home, the departure from angelic sweetness is not attributed to any moral perversion, but to some physical malady, or neglect on the part of some one to humor childish tendencies. The evil results of parental adoration soon appear. The child is not many years old until it is head of the household. It is humored, pampered, idolized. Like the Pharisees of old, it occupies the first place at public gatherings and wishes to be called by the coveted name of "Rabbi" (master). It exacts a slavish fealty from nurse, friend and parent. It is the despot of the home. Its will is law. Its wishes must be carried out. The fond, doting parents are cringing servitors. The mother wears out her strength humoring her spoiled child, and the once manly, courageous individual who is its father, puts on a martyr's look and cannot exert enough manliness to mingle a little salutary correction with parental kindness.

There are many people who are totally blind to the faults of their children, and the teacher, civil authority, or clergyman, who earnestly strives to check their law-breaking tendencies, earns the everlasting enmity of the foolish parents. Talk with any school teacher and you will find confirmation of the claims above made. You will learn from the experienced ones that they cannot depend on the parents to assist in reforming the bad boy. When sometimes a teacher seeks out the parents to consult with them about the misdemeanors of children, it is found that the father and mother will not admit that their child is on the erring list, and of course will not assist in the work of correcting him. Some time ago a teacher told me about a boy in her class who exhibited—and sometimes gave—to his companions articles that he could not afford to buy. The teacher knew he was stealing them, and decided it was her duty to see his parents. She found the boy's mother, and tactfully approached the delicate subject, but instead of receiving thanks for her solicitous interest in the youth, she aroused a tigress nature in the foolish mother. The teacher was told emphatically that this boy had honest parents, and as nothing wrong was ever done at home, the child could not do anything that would disgrace them. After listening to a torrent of abuse, the teacher withdrew — to abide the time when the law would come to her assistance. The very next day this boy—who was such an angel of goodness in the eyes of his parents — was arrested for stealing in a down-town store, found guilty, and punished in a manner that must have made the mother wish she had assisted the teacher in bringing about his reform through school and home training.

The Juvenile Court has become very popular, and is doing a great deal of good, because it deals with erring children outside of the strict formality of the law, and corrects the parents as well as reforms their boys and girls. By the correction of parents, we mean here the opening of their eyes to the faults of their children, and convincing them that grave mistakes have been made in their training. The Juvenile Court judge insists on the presence of parents in court. Before they leave, they have learned a salutary lesson, and ofttimes receive advice from the Bench that they cannot

ignore or readily forget. Even though convincing revelations are made to the parents of supposed angelic children, it is very difficult to remove from their minds false notions regarding the faultlessness of their offspring. To-day, in our Juvenile Court, after a boy was found guilty of stealing, his mother was asked if she had anything to say. She had a great deal to say. She became eloquent on the many shining virtues of her son, and declared in the most emphatic way that "he is the best boy in the city."

That grand, beautiful character, who from a legal position is doing more for erring youth than any man I know of,—that prince of all juvenile-court judges, Lindsay,—tells us that the most difficult persons to deal with are the parents of children who come under his jurisdiction. One of the cases he tells us about is that of a man who came to him to complain of a gang of young thieves who were operating in his locality. He said to Judge Lindsay that he had kept his boy at home so that he would not come in contact with the bad boys of the neighborhood; and when, later on, the judge found out that this boy—who was supposed to be kept in at night—was the worst of the gang, he had very much difficulty in convincing the surprised father that it would be better for him to know the character of his own son instead of the neighboring lads.

On one occasion, not being willing to expose a well-to-do family, Judge Lindsay sent for the mother of a boy who had been charged with committing a serious offence. The invitation of the judge, and a statement of the reason of his sending for her, brought on the scene a very indignant and irate mamma. "I would have you to understand," she said, excitedly, "that my boy is no thief; he never did anything wrong in his life." She blamed her mean neighbors for trumping up such a story and trying to hurt her child's good name. When she expressed herself strongly regarding the lack of foundation for such a charge, the judge told her that he had his information from the boy himself. When the tirade had become warmest, the saintly little boy entered. He hung his head on meeting with his mother, but when requested by his kind superior to tell all, he did so plainly. The mother had learned a lesson she would never forget.

The machinery of the law would work much more smoothly, and the legal confraternity could accomplish much more good, were parents able to look upon their own children as they do on their neighbors. When the court has discovered crime in youth, and set about to punish it, there is often the blind fury of parents to be met with. Not long ago, in this city, a young man, the son of respected parents, was arrested and found guilty of a serious charge. The news shortly reached the doting mother, who frantically rushed to the courthouse, sought out the presiding judge in his private chambers, and at once proceeded to tell all the virtues of her son. This she quickly followed up by a scathing denunciation of every one who had part in bringing such disgrace upon her home. She told the judge that her son was an ideal youth. "How could he be otherwise? Did any one ever hear aught dishonorable about his parents? Would any one say that he wasn't brought up properly? No! No one could say the least thing against their unsullied name! The boy's training was the very best! She knew how to rear her boy. He never had an opportunity of learning anything bad. What an insult to her and her husband to have their son arraigned in court, and condemned to suffer for a crime he had never committed." Her

discourse increased in bitterness, and finally the judge said: "Madame, please return to my office at four o'clock today." When she returned she found herself in the presence of that son whom she had declared to be absolutely faultless. The judge asked the young man some pointed questions, and under the piercing eye of his interrogator, the youth broke down, and in the presence of his mother confessed to having committed the crime attributed to him. In order to make the lesson most salutary, the judge went further and made the boy confess to lawbreaking and depravity that had not been mentioned in court. At last the mother's eyes were opened. From the lips of her idolized son she learned of his crimes, his hypocrisy and immorality, and—to add to her humiliation—in the presence of a man whom she had so shamefully abused for doing his duty. Her heart was broken. She bowed her head, meekly asked pardon of the judge, and went sorrowfully away.

The priest has even greater difficulties in this line than the upholders of the law. He knows the salvation of his own soul depends on his efforts to guide his charge in the path of right. He is aware that most good should result from his watchfulness over the boys and girls of his congregation, but he likewise knows that without the assistance of parents, his efforts on behalf of children will be in vain. It is sometimes necessary to call parents' attention to the faults of their children, and then his knowledge of peculiarities in the human family is widened.

Many grave mistakes are certainly made in the training of the young. A large per cent of those on whom devolves this most important duty err in the way stated above, and also follow peculiar ideas regarding character development. In many cases, while encouraging the practice of some admirable virtues, there is allowed to develop some vice which in mature life puts an insurmountable obstacle in the way of the fruition of the most sanguine hopes. For example, a good mother earnestly prays God to grant her the boon of having a son enter the ranks of the priesthood. From his infancy she has been most watchful over him. As soon as he was able to use his voice, she taught him to speak reverently the holy name of God. In his boyhood she strove to cultivate the practice of soul-beautifying virtues and to nurture in him a love of sacred things. From his lips is never heard a profanation of a sacred name, and as he passes through boyhood's state he appears to the fond parents to be the possessor of all the qualities that give evidence of a vocation for the priesthood. He goes from school to college, and the calculations are that he will pass from thence to the seminary. But the high hopes of the parents will never be fulfilled. The reason is not on account of lack of effort in the training of the boy, but in not knowing how to round out his character. Through very earnest efforts the mother has succeeded in developing some good qualities, but unfortunately she has failed to suppress some bad ones. Her great mistake is that she has allowed the ugly vice of selfishness to unfold itself. She does not see it, or should she discern a tendency in this direction, she sees no reason to stamp it out. Instead, she develops it by a deplorable practice of favoritism.

The son whom she intends for the priesthood is the recipient of the most acceptable family favors. He is pampered, clothed better, and receives more marks of parental regard than his brothers and sisters. He is excused more readily from helping at home, and in many ways pride is fostered, as well as

selfishness. This may go so far that the chosen one becomes objectionable to all, except his parents. When he goes to college, he finds himself in a far different atmosphere. In order that colleges may be training-grounds for the priesthood, they must uproot incipient vices, broaden character, and undo the mistakes made at home. This pulling of moral weeds and the removal of fungus growths is not agreeable to the one whose future is being safeguarded. Mamma's goody boy finds that the students, as well as prefects and professors, take a hand in this. It is at the table instead of in the chapel that vocations to the priesthood are discovered. A boy may pray in the most earnest manner, and seemingly delight the angels, but if he makes himself objectionable to his table companions by his selfishness, he certainly will not enter the ranks of God's true ministers. When he appropriates to himself at table more than his share of the frugal fare, or on special occasions, when the meal is more elaborate, if he is seen to act the "hog," as the boys say, his associates will "turn him down"; he will be shut out from the circle of unselfish, happy, rollicking students. He will soon begin to tire of his college surroundings and sigh for the flesh-pots of indulgent home.

Those in charge of an institution for the fostering of vocations for the priesthood do not arrive at a favorable conclusion as quickly as the fond parents. They receive boys who give evidence of a mother's gentle care. They note that in the performance of religious exercises he exhibits piety, but even then they do not at once place him among the number of the elect. The boy's early training may be one-sided. Parents do not realize that self-denial is a more evident mark of a vocation to the priesthood than the pious performances of religious duties. Piety can be developed in college, but self-denial never can. This must come from the home, and if that is lacking when the boy leaves the paternal roof,—if selfishness has been developed at home,—then God will never call the youth to minister at His altar.

Besides selfishness, the parents may also have encouraged indolence in their pet boy. This is another great drawback in making steady progress over the road that leads from the home to the sanctuary. Indolence can be partly eradicated in college, but when it is joined to selfishness we find the boy soon tires of college work, as well as college surroundings, and alas! in a short time there reaches the mother a letter which gives her the impression that college boys are ungentlemanly and unkind to her darling and that the professors are prone to insist on the doing of far too much work.

Later on, a whining, pitiful letter tells of poor fare, rough treatment, severe college rules, and the tender mother, at some inconvenience and sacrifice, turns her footsteps towards the college, loaded down with fruit, pie, cake and many useless things for her child. Instead of urging him to "toe the mark" and "hustle," she lavishes on him an over-dose of maternal fondness. She calls on the president and asks him to break college rules in regard to her son, to permit him to visit home frequently, and sometimes to go see his "auntie," who resides nearer the college. Instead of allowing the mistakes of home to be undone by healthy college discipline, she adds more to the obstacles in the way of the consummation of her dearest hopes.

When we come to consider that nearly all who labor zealously in the Lord's vineyard belong to the less wealthy class, then we can realize what evil effects home indulgence produces. The gratification of the appetite in childhood's days has an enervating effect, and makes it

very improbable that the super-eminent virtue of self-denial will blossom forth in later years. In drink, as well as in food, the parents make grave mistakes. The trend of things, social and religious, makes it very evident that the time is not far distant when the virtue of total abstinence, which has been nurtured at home, will be one of the strict requirements for entrance into a seminary.

To you, my readers, who have been disappointed in the future of your son, I wish to say that I do not want you to understand that in all cases it is your fault. Unhappily, however, your way of rearing your boys has been faulty to the degree here outlined. In such cases it is your fault. Do you come under the catalogue of indulgent, doting mothers? Have you thought your children to be angels, and never corrected misdemeanors which later on led to sins? Have you pampered the boy in whom you had great hopes? If so, you did not know the first principles of training children. Subsequent years, and the most exact training, cannot eradicate vices which you allowed to be deeply rooted in childhood, and you now feel, were you to begin over again, you would do differently.

I trust that you parents who yet hold your little ones on your knee will find here something to your advantage. What is said here is for you, not for your neighbor. Inasmuch as I have spoken of the young, it means your child, not the boy or girl of your neighbor. What you do now shapes the future. Your power is unlimited, for "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Where willows are swinging, its flight it is winging,
From flower to flower in light and perfume,
Or down in the clover, the pilfering rover,
Sips dew from the cup of each exquisite bloom.
Then off and away it goes airily flying
To buttercups, daisies and sweet violets,
In woodland retreats, where the rivulet, sighing,
Runs hurriedly on, as it murmurs and frets.

The butterfly sometimes is seen in the city,
In mansions colonial, rich to behold,
She's beautiful, charming, enchanting and witty,
And revels in velvet, fine purple and gold.
She dotes upon novelettes, dainties and flowers,
On theatre parties and festivals gay,
She drives in her carriage, or loiters in bowers,
And lives like the butterfly, just for the day.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VIII.

With the note clutched in her little hand, Sarah rode home between her uncle and the lynx-eyed Alice, and still holding it, she entered the house. The ordeal of undressing was before her, and while she would gladly be relieved of the starched frock, she knew the sleeve would not slip over her closed fist, and to unclose her hand was to discover the note. As she was lifted from the surrey by Mr. Kenny, Rover, yelping with joy over the return of his family, came bounding down the walk and rushed first to Sarah. Returning his welcome gave her an opportunity to fall behind her aunt and cousins, as they hastened to the house.

"I don't know what to do, Rover," she confided. "The gentleman went to a great deal of trouble, I am sure, to get the fairies to write it, and if any one but Cousin Grace gets it, we won't find our pretty ship. And I do want a ship so badly."

"Sarah! Let that dog alone and come in until I take off your dress," commanded Alice, pausing on the doorstep.

"Yes, Cousin Alice," said the dutiful child, but her heart sank. There was no hiding from Alice. She went to the house at a snail's pace, Rover following with drooped tail and quieted demeanor, perceiving that the spirits of his playfellow had fallen. As Sarah entered the hall, Alice leisurely ascended the stairs. The parlor door was ajar, and the swift thought occurred to the little girl that the dim, cool room would offer a hiding-place. She darted into it and then stopped still, smitten by the sight of Grace crouching on the floor, with her face buried in the couch. The ample blue silk skirts were spread around her, and the broad-brimmed hat with its flowers and ribbons was flung aside. This picture of a woman's despair was so new to Sarah, that it paralyzed her, until she heard her name again called by the impatient Alice. She tip-toed to the side of the weeping girl, and dropping on her knees, whispered:

"Cousin Grace, the fairies sent you this note. Please take it before Cousin Alice comes back to look for me."

Grace lifted her head quickly, and anger burned its way through the moisture of her eyes; but when she beheld the crumpled note lying on the pink palm, she snatched the child to her for a kiss and then bade her run off to Alice. In view of Grace's engagement to drive with Mr. Anderson, an arrangement that suited both Alice and her mother, Grace was released from her share of the work following the dinner, and though this concession meant longer service in the kitchen, Nettie forebore complaining. She was shrewd enough to realize that the presence of two unmarried sisters was a serious detriment to her social aspirations, and devoutly she wished they would hasten to fulfill their manifest destiny and give her her desired freedom.

"Don't you want to come and see the pretty dress I am going to wear this afternoon, Sarah?" asked Grace gaily, as they were rising from the table. It had been Sarah's intention to run over to the little lake to see her ship, which she knew was waiting for her, but the invitation of her cousin was not to be refused.

"Where did you get the note from the

fairies?" cried Grace, laughing as she spoke. They were in Grace's room, with the door shut between them and the ears of the profane, and Sarah told of the meeting in the churchyard with the strange man. She wondered why Grace's cheeks should grow pinker and her eyes sparkle.

"Well! well! well!" cried the girl. "That is the most wonderful thing I have ever heard. And do you know, Sarah, the fairies said in the note that before they would give you the ship, I would have to write to them and tell them if you are a good little girl, for of course fairies never want to give things to bad little girls."

"Then I reckon I won't get the ship, after all," said Sarah, and the little hands fell to her sides. The paths of loneliness always hung about the child, and when it was more pronounced, as now, it touched the finer soul of Grace like a cold-steel point.

"Of course you will, Sarah!" she exclaimed, "for you are a very good child, the best child I have ever seen. And so I have written a note telling them how much we all think of you, and now while Nettie and Alice are busy in the kitchen, you must run over with it to the hedge near the lake. Behind the big oak tree there is an opening in the hedge; you are to go through that, and you will see a white, smooth stone. Lift that, and put the note under it, and the fairies will get it. But for goodness' sake, don't let any one see you. We should both be ruined."

"But Cousin Grace, suppose that man is behind the hedge?" said Sarah, recalling his sudden appearance when the supposed danger threatened Rover.

"Oh, well, you can give the note to him instead," said Grace, blushing prettily. "He is on good terms with the fairies, you know. Now run along, for when Nettie is through she will want you."

Sarah crept down the stairs, and, as she had been directed by Grace, took the orchard path to the pond. Rover trotted by her side. As they drew near the hedge, the hairs along the dog's neck began to bristle, and he growled threateningly. Undisturbed by these signs of his mental perturbation, Sarah fearlessly slipped behind the oak and passed through the hedge; then the familiar cry, "O Lord!" escaped her, at sight of the man seated beside the stone, busily engaged in manufacturing a ship.

"Ho, ho!" he laughed, turning and meeting the astonished face from under the blue sunbonnet. "Did the fairies send you here to oversee the work? The fairies are a queer set of people. After promising to give you the ship, they turned around and said I should have to make it, as they don't work on Sunday. What do you think of that, Sarah?"

"I am sorry you have to work on this nice day," said Sarah gravely, "but it was not necessary for my Cousin Grace to write a note, as they were—"

"Are you the bearer of a note from your Cousin Grace?" demanded the man, and she saw that his eyes were now shining as Grace's had done. "Give it to me, child."

"It is for the fairies," said Sarah, as she offered it to him. He took it quickly, and to Sarah's surprise, opened the envelope and read the missive. At first his face darkened, but presently the cloud cleared, and as he gazed dreamily at the lines, the smile crept to his lips and played softly there. Presently, becoming aware of Sarah's gaze, he turned to her, and seeing her grave little face, laughed. It was a pleasant laugh to hear, one whose music lingered on the ears. The seldom laugh of the child answered it, and he said:

"You strange bit of a mortal, where did you come from, anyhow? No wonder the fairies love you. You are one of themselves."

"Do you really think they like me?" asked Sarah, the marvel of it growing in her eyes.

"I know it. They told me so, and that is why they commissioned me to make this ship for you to-day. They want it to be ready for you to play with to-morrow."

"What do fairies look like?" asked Sarah.

"You ought to know better than I, who have lived among them," he answered, with another long look at the demure maid.

"Indeed I never saw one!"

"Honest Injun?" he cried. "I'll tell you, then. The fairy I know best is something over a yard tall; she has long brown curls and the solemnest, deepest, bluest eyes,—that would drive a man distracted, if she were ten years older and a little taller. You would think her feet scarcely touch the ground when she walks, and her laugh, when she does laugh, is like leaves stirring in a midnight forest. What do you think of my fairy?"

"I don't believe I'd like her very much if I were you," said Sarah, slowly.

"Why not?" he demanded, smiling as he worked on the little ship.

"I'd be afraid she wasn't a fairy at all, but a witch," she answered, shivering in the warm sunshine. "My Aunt Dilly says witches are awful bad. They put poison in folk's food and carry off little girls."

"I believe I'd rather have witches than fairies. Witches are human, you see. Your Cousin Grace is a witch."

"She's not! she's not!" cried Sarah, anger darting into the blue eyes, and she stamped her little foot. "And you are a wicked man to say that. I don't like you a bit now."

"Why, when I call her a witch she laughs," exclaimed the man. "Now isn't she a witch when she is able by just smiling at him to make a man her slave? If that isn't witchcraft, I wish your wise Aunt Dilly would tell me what is."

"I never saw any man a slave," observed Sarah.

"Did you never see—Mr. Ben Anderson?" asked the man, looking at her with a queer smile in his eyes.

"I saw him to-day, but he isn't a slave. He is white, and my Aunt Dilly always said the slaves were black."

"O my child! the color of a man's skin doesn't count with your witches. What they are after is the heart of a man. When that is theirs—you'll know it all some day."

Again the old thought of all she would have to learn broke upon Sarah with appalling force.

"I don't want to know," she cried.

"That doesn't make any difference," he rejoined. "It's part of the lesson life has set for you. What are you going to name your ship?"

"I reckon I ought to name it after the fairy," replied Sarah, slowly,—not very enthusiastic over the duty.

"Fairies have no names," he hastened to say.

"Then I'd like to name it after you," said she, impulsively. Something like a flush showed on the tanned young face, as he said, with his whimsical smile:

"All right! Let us go and christen it."

They pushed their way through the hedge, and going down to the back of the pond, the man dropped the graceful, white-sailed plaything into the water.

"Here goes the Godfrey," he cried, gaily.

As the breeze carried it around, Sarah clasped her hands in joy, and when the light cord towed it back to them, she saw in a vision the pleasure that lay before her. Then over the summer stillness came the sound of wheels, the rhythmic fall of horses' feet. The man suddenly stood erect, and looking up at him, Sarah saw his face had grown pale.

"It's Ben Anderson coming for her," he said, half-aloud, and hauling in the ship, he gave it to Sarah, and hastening up the bank, disappeared behind the hedge.

CHAPTER IX.

Despair filled the heart of Sarah as the Monday morning dawned which was to send her to school. The misery appeared to crush all feeling out of her heart, and she lay on the bed, with wide staring eyes, unable to rise. The appearance of Alice, with the new dress and apron in her arms, followed by her command to get up, brought back sufficient life to enable Sarah to obey, although her knees seemed to be failing her, as she stood through the ordeal of the hasty toilet. Her lips were white and dumb, and there was a look in her eyes that one of the women should have understood, had there been one to take notice of her. At half-past seven o'clock Sarah was sent forth in company with Nettie, to take the long white way leading to the school-house.

Nettie, rejoicing at the liberty from domestic work, chatted gaily, but her remarks drew only monosyllables from her little cousin. When a turn in the road brought them in sight of the school-house, the failing will-power completely forsook Sarah, and she stopped.

"What are you stopping for?" demanded Nettie, surveying the child. "Come on, or we won't get good seats. I want to get the middle seat this year, for you can have more fun. You can hide behind the girls in front. Come on, Sarah!"

But Sarah neither moved nor spoke, only stood staring at the little gray building under the sheltering trees.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" cried Nettie, fascinated by the picture of utter despair the child made. When no reply was vouchsafed to her anxious inquiry, she grew alarmed. Sarah did look queer, she thought. Fear and anger started a conflict in Nettie's breast. Finding that words were unavailing, she caught the child roughly by the arm, and starting forward, dragged her along. Sarah suffered herself to be thus led until the little wooden bridge under the sycamore was reached; then the lethargy of despair was broken, and somewhere out of the young nature rose up the dumb acceptance of life.

The endless minutes dragged on. The picture the interior of the school presented wrought itself out in dull coloring, on her mind. On either side of the aisle were six long desks of heavy, roughly planed wood. In the centre of the room, running from wall to wall, and separating the desks into groups of three, was the space reserved for the teacher and the formation of the classes for recitation, seats running around it. On one side of this space was a blackboard, and as one after another of the larger pupils was called upon to stand before it and work out examples by means of the incomprehensible figures, the dull misery of the child increased. She would have to work out these problems when she was as big as those boys and girls, and she knew she would never be able to evolve other figures out of her head.

"Sarah Kenny, study your lesson!"

The sharp command fell like a blow on the ears of the child, and when she felt the eyes of the other pupils fixed on

her, she cowered in shame. Wrath and indignation followed, and for the first time hate of any living creature came into the heart of the child. After a while she found courage to lift her eyes to regard the woman who was to steep her childish soul in bitterness. She saw a sharp-faced young woman with hair the shade of sand, and seeming to possess its coarseness. This character of the hair was an outward expression of the young woman's nature, and instinctively Sarah knew that antagonism between them was morally certain to ensue; and further knowing that her superiority in years and her position would ever give the teacher the advantage, the child shrank from the inevitable conflict. Chancing to look up, and finding the solemn young eyes fixed on her, the teacher again uttered her sharp command, and as Sarah's eyes sought the meaningless words in the page before her, she thought:

"She doesn't like me, and I don't like her."

The recreation that followed was even more dreary than the time spent in the school-room, and as Sarah watched the flying children, as she tried to eat the piece of bread and jam which Nettie had thrust into her hand, she wondered how they could romp and laugh, with the prospect of the afternoon before them. In the spelling class Sarah went speedily to the foot, but in reading she acquitted herself creditably. When she was leaving at the close of the day, the teacher told her she must bring an arithmetic in the morning. Arithmetic, as this young woman attempted to teach it, was Sarah's undoing, and, in after years, when the understanding of moral worth was sharply hers, and she strove to fashion her life by her knowledge, she found the deflection went back to those first days when she was driven to wrong by the merciless temper and craftiness of her teacher. She passed through addition without the teacher discovering her utter lack of comprehension of its method, thanks to Nettie's cleverness in giving her cousin assistance without being discovered, even when the service was rendered directly under the teacher's eyes. But when the class passed into substraction, a calamity befell Sarah; Nettie's parents decided that she had outgrown the district school, and to the girl's great joy, she was entered at the Normal College in the town.

Nettie did not neglect her cousin, and each night faithfully worked her examples for her; but notwithstanding this, and the time spent in drilling her in the answers, Sarah invariably missed the entire lesson. For a few days the teacher controlled herself, and then her impatience at this hopeless stupidity, intensified by a strong dislike,—which was due partly to the religion Sarah professed and to her Irish ancestry, and wholly to the impression that the solemn-faced child was weighing her in a scale she did not know,—got the whip-hand, and the school was daily treated to an exhibition of temper that demeaned both the teacher and her helpless victim. Its effect on the school was demoralizing, half the pupils championing Sarah, the other half upholding the teacher; and the recreation hour of many a day was spoiled by the two factions, continuing on the playground the scene enacted in the school-room. Her friends gave advice to Sarah, which, had she followed, might have caused her expulsion. When receiving it, in her passionate hatred and resentment, Sarah promised to be guided by it on the following day; but when the class was summoned, and her trembling limbs carried her to the recitation bench, her courage oozed, and left a cowering little girl who held her breath

until her turn came, and then grew cold, as the invectives broke forth.

That misfortunes never come singly, was again exemplified in Sarah's case. On the road that lay between her and the school a gray ash tree stood on a bank. It was a tall tree, and branchless for more than three-quarters of its trunk. The bare, gray line picture it presented had from the first day attracted the attention of the child; but under the guardianship of Nettie, it had not inspired her with other than a feeling of awe. When, however, she was forced to tread the way alone, fear of the tree took possession of her. After passing it, the road dipped rather abruptly into a hollow. Halfway down this incline Sarah was drawn one fatal day to glance back at the silent menace of her walk, and a shriek of terror burst from her lips, for the tree appeared to be gradually falling down upon her. With her heart thumping in her ears, she leaped forward to escape the impending peril. When she had out-distanced it, she again looked back and saw the tree standing erect and bare and gray and lonely. The horror of it made the arithmetic lesson a slight evil that day, and the prospect of having to pass under the ash on her way home tempered the delight which four o'clock always brought to Sarah. But the tree showed no divergence from its erect position when passed on the return trip, and Sarah was ready to set it down to fancy or defective eyesight until the following morning found it again reaching down to crush her, as she looked back going down the hill. When this was repeated, morning after morning, Sarah felt certain the tree was bewitched and eventually would destroy her. The terror of the tree, and hatred of the subtraction lesson she could never learn, wrought havoc in the childish nature, all the more widespread because none knew of it. Self-centered as her relatives were, they made no effort to get behind the quiet exterior of the little girl. She was well, she had good food to eat and good clothes to wear, she went to school regularly, and played with her dog and ship during the time spent at home, and they could not see that they were failing in their duty toward her; the while the little heart shrank further back and learned to set the heavy seal of silence upon its tragedies.

But the day came when Sarah knew fear of the tree and hatred of the lesson had completely conquered her, and that morning she told her first lie.

"Auntie, I am sick," she said, and the words were so strongly spoken they alarmed the good woman. She made many anxious inquiries, and secretly reproached herself because she had not given the child more attention. Sarah did not go to school that day, nor the next, and then as the disease showed no sign of development, and Sarah's appetite was unimpaired, Mrs. Kenny said she did not know what to do, and she supposed she would have to send for the doctor. The child's conscience had been troubling her; while her wickedness was hidden, it could be borne, but let the eye of science fall upon her, and she felt her shameful secret would be laid bare. She could not endure the discovery. For a long time she pondered on the situation, and then a way was shown to her. The tree was terrible, but so far it had only threatened, while the teacher's wrath always fell. If the latter could be avoided, the former might be endured. This could be done by stopping at home in the morning and going to school in the afternoon. At dinner that day Sarah announced that she was feeling better, and believed she would go to school, but the following morning the strange ill-

ness again held her. Several days it thus showed its symptoms, and one afternoon, as Sarah took her place at one of the long desks and was preparing to get out her spelling book, she heard the teacher say:

"Little arithmetic class!" while she smiled maliciously at the astounded child.

With the threat of the doctor hanging over her at home, there was no escape, and the stupor of despair came to her.

The crisis always comes. In all series of troubles we reach a place when, unknown, we have arrived at our limit of endurance, and we usually find help. It is not intended that man should ever behold himself deserted. On one of these hectic September days, whose heat is less bearable than the sultriness of midsummer, Sarah's dual misery had brought her to a state of extreme nervousness, and she but needed the last straw to bring the collapse. This came when, running to escape from the falling tree, she stumbled and fell face forward on the rough road. She was caught at last, and she waited for an agonized moment for the tree to crush her. When the expected did not immediately happen, she became conscious of the pain of her hands and knees, which had been torn by the stones, and she began to cry numbly, although she made no effort to rise. Presently she was aware that a buggy had stopped beside her, and she felt herself being lifted by a pair of strong arms, while the tenderest of voices said:

"Poor little girl! Did you hurt yourself?"

Looking out from the blue sunbonnet at her rescuer, she saw it was the man who had given her and Nettie the treat on that well-remembered day.

"Why, it's Sarah!" exclaimed the man, as he brushed the dust from her apron and picked up her scattered lunch. She glanced up at the tree, and saw it was bearing down upon them. She reflected that it would be sad to have this good man killed, and his horse and buggy destroyed, and yet she could not summon energy enough to warn him. As they still stood there, and the calamity did not overtake them, she remembered how many days the tree had thus threatened and yet had not moved an inch from its solid footing. She nerved herself to regard it intently, and saw that the tree was as firm and erect as when she had first viewed it. Thus Sarah learned her first lesson in illusion.

Having collected her belongings, the man placed Sarah in the buggy, and, stepping in, resumed his journey. He questioned her kindly about her studies, and before the school-house was in sight, he had heard the tragic story. Driving his horse to one side of the road, over which was spread an apple tree laden with its russet fruit, he took the little slate and pencil and setting down two lines of figures, began to teach her how to substract the lesser from the greater. When it began to dawn upon the unawakened mind that those figures were not meaningless, that they represented things numbered, the great light broke, and presently she took the pencil from his hand and worked out the examples for herself. That day, to the surprise of teacher and pupils, Sarah Kenny knew her arithmetic lesson, and the painful spectacle of the woman's passion and the child's humiliation was not shown.

But even these days had their bright spots, and the lonely child found some compensation in the companionship of the children. It was true there was not between them the bond of perfect comprehension. Sarah was always something of an enigma to her chosen playmates. Her method of play was a strik-

ing departure from theirs, sanctioned by usage. They would start out to play keeping house, but instead of following the familiar way, Sarah would invariably insert some irregularity. This might assume the form of a friend who would break in upon the beautiful domestic arrangement by foreclosing a mortgage and turning the family adrift; or the stealing of a frantic child by gypsies; or the sorrow brought by an insubordinate son or daughter; or death; but always did tragedy reveal itself in the changes wrought by the quiet child. When, as it often occurred, an unimaginative comrade would object to the proceeding and declare that that was not the way things happened in the life she knew, Sarah would gravely assure her that they did happen, only she could not perceive them. But in the end her playing was liked by the children, who approved of the unexpected element that she could add. They, however, were not wholly agreeable to her.

"These children are very dull, Rover," she would confide to her dog, that waited for her each afternoon at the gate. Regularly as the time for her return drew near, Rover would leave his rest or diversions, and, seated erect on the elevation in the lawn, which gave him a good view of the road, held his eyes in the direction of her coming. Always in the little willow lunch basket was a choice morsel for the dog; then, books and basket laid in their appointed places, the two would betake themselves to the field, the orchard, or the lake. In the orchard she began to linger as the autumn advanced. The deep aftermath had an unusual attraction for her, and she would lie on it, her little fingers entwined in the green grasses, thinking the long thoughts of childhood, or planning some variation for the morrow's playing.

"That would be a bee-autiful play, Rover," she confided, after a long silence, to the dog; "but they would never be able to play it; those children are so dull, Rover."

For some time Rover had been showing signs of uneasiness, which his mistress now noted. She also saw that the light was gone from the west, and over the land lay the ever-deepening gloom of evening. Grace was visiting that day at Mildred's, and her absence prolonged the evening work for the others, which accounted for Sarah's undisturbed enjoyment of her dreaming. Soon they would call her to supper, and she had her face and hands to wash, and her page of catechism was unlearned; Alice would be cross.

She had risen and was on the point of running home, when, chancing to look in that direction, she beheld the outline of a white-robed woman walking slowly down the orchard path. By her side moved a dark object, and as the recollection of the story her cousin had told her flashed across her mind, Sarah knew she was looking with mortal eyes upon the ghosts of the murdered woman and her lover. She had disobeyed her cousin by coming to this place, and now she beheld the uncanny picture. There was ample time for her to escape, but Sarah's feet always refused to move when their swiftness was most necessary. She stood riveted to the spot, the dog sitting erect beside her, also gazing on the man and woman approaching. As they came nearer, Sarah heard them talking in human speech, and then, with a gasp, she knew the woman was not the murdered bride, but her cousin, Grace. Very slowly they walked, and she could hear the pleading voice of the man, and the girl's broken tones of denial. Presently he paused, and laying a hand on Grace's shoulder, said:

"Grace, you don't mean it? You don't cast me off?"

"I must," said Grace, weakly.

"Why must you?"

"You know—I have told you often," she rejoined.

"You said you could not marry one not a Catholic," he said, "but I did not think you meant it—when you love me."

"But you ought to be a Catholic. Your mother was one," she said.

"My mother was a woman, too, yet I am a man. She was small and dark, and I am tall and fair. She had a natural dislike of the medical science, and I am a physician. Don't you see, because she was a Catholic is no reason I should be one? And I do not believe in it—in any religion. I can't!"

"You could if you tried. If you really loved me, you would try," she said, sadly.

"God knows, Grace, I have tried since meeting you! O sweetheart! cannot you understand? Would I not do anything for your sake, if I could? Would you not rather I should say to you, 'Grace, I cannot accept your belief,' than pretend to do so to win you? Do you know, Grace, what a fearful temptation you have been offering to me since you said my disbelief was all that stands between me and life's supremest joy? It was so easy to let myself think I could do this thing. Time after time I have come to seek you, to say I would accept any creed, however opposed to my reason it might be, to win you. That Sunday I sent you the note by Sarah I was ready to prove my abjuration of conscience had you come to me, instead of going driving with Anderson. Letter after letter I have written admitting my willingness to return, outwardly, to the Church, but always something prevented my sending them. This near have I been this summer to selling my soul and ruining your life, for I must in the end have recanted. You cannot chain conscience forever, and what would you have done then when you knew I had deceived you? But I have at last won my fight. Grace, I cannot accept your faith. I spent all last year investigating the claims of Christianity, and studying the doctrines of the Church, with the result that I am more fully convinced that whatever they may be to other men, they can be nothing to me."

"Then I can be nothing to you," said Grace; but her voice faltered.

"Don't say that Grace!" he pleaded. "Can I not be as true, as good, as loving in my unfaith, as another man in his faith? Grace, you love me, I love you—does this cost you nothing? I hold to my idea of honor as loyally as you to your idea of God; will not that always make me as worthy of you as the man who holds your belief in God?"

"I cannot marry an unbeliever," she said; and her voice was dry as the poor heart beneath.

"Have a care, Grace, what you do to-night," he warned solemnly. "Pause before you thrust our two lives apart, before you wreck our hearts, separate two who were born for each other."

"I must," she cried.

"Why must you?" he asked, drawing her to him and holding her to his heart. For a little while she lay there, and Sarah heard her low sobbing, and saw the kisses which he left on her brow and hair. Then she drew from him, and stood once more erect and white in the gloom.

"They would never forgive me—they would think I had disgraced them—the first one of the family ever to do this." Her unsteady words ceased.

(To be continued.)

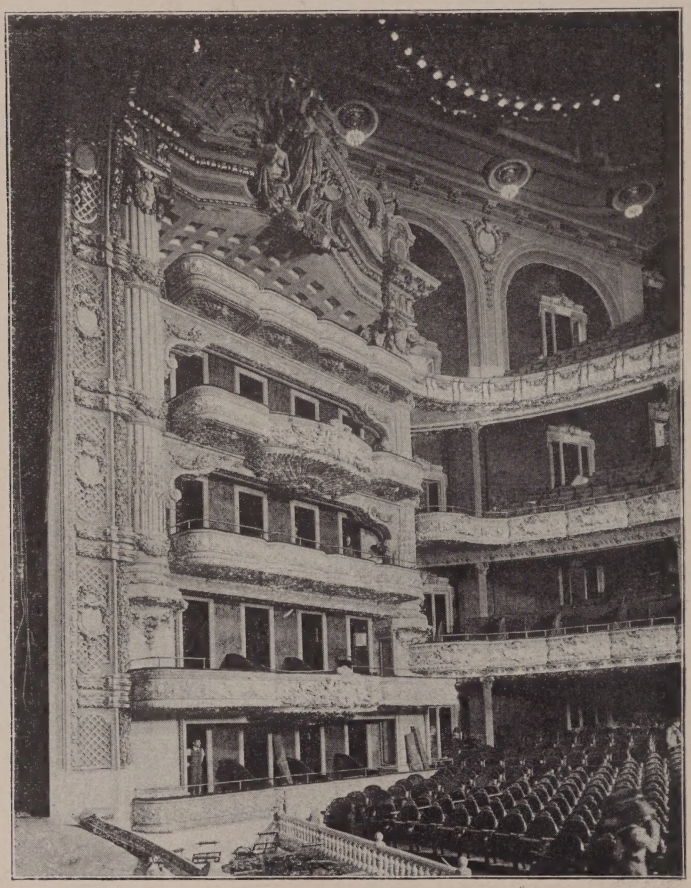
CLEOFANTE CAMPANINI.

GRAND OPERA FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

In the city of New York, grand opera is the amusement of the rich, part of their social equipment. Having to support it by their advance subscriptions, or at least guarantee to make up any deficit, they take possession of the boxes; on certain nights they appear in full dress before the lesser public, edifying the opera singers and the lovers of music by coming in late and leaving early, by exchanging visits and gossip during the evening, and by behaving generally with that insolence which is their birthright. The best that can be said of them is that if nature has been unkind to them in the matter of personal beauty, fortune has

made up for nature's stinginess. As the old dame said, after a long study of the millionaire's heiress: "Lucky for her she was born rich." So popular has grand opera become in New York that the entire present season was sold out in advance. Therefore, the contention of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, that there was room for another grand-opera house, seemed to have a sound basis. He proceeded to build it on his own responsibility. It opened last month and has taken a splendid place among the other achievements of a remarkable man.



PROSCENIUM BOXES, MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE.

When you remember that grand opera can subsist only in the metropolis, that its success must be guaranteed beforehand by immense subscriptions, the idea of grand opera after the Hammerstein method looks incredibly foolish. That is, because you do not know the quality of the new impresario, Oscar Hammerstein, who is always laughed at before his enterprise is launched; but the laughers are ever ready to forget they laughed when the enterprise has succeeded. They ridiculed the scheme of another grand-opera house in this little town; but the institution exists, and is presenting very good opera, in the matter of chorus far supe-

rior to that provided by Herr Conreid at the Metropolitan for the delight of that society in the boxes which listens only to the high notes of tenors and sopranos. We all heard of Mr. Hammerstein years ago, say 1890, when he made a wager that he could write a whole comic opera, book and music, in twenty-four hours. He won the wager, and along with it more free advertising than he knew what to do with. He had come into view a short time before as the builder and manager of a theatre in Harlem, a piece of folly at which the ordinary manager fairly howled; but there are half a dozen theatres in despised Harlem to-day, and that part of the city has become its own center, independent of the center down town.

Somewhere in that territory he had a house which contained a mimic theatre, and he entertained all the stage artists of the time in royal style. When he launched forth on his Broadway career, the journals fell in love with him, and gave him plenty of space. His temperament is picturesque. If he stepped into view among five thousand people, you would never forget him. He is not tall, but his stove-pipe hat is, topping a dark, Syrian face,—black-bearded; and inspiring wonder in the beholder. Its fashion (the hat's) is of ancient date and of the Parisian boulevard. It has not a curve except the pipe-circle. Its jauntiness, insolence, severity, just hint at some characteristics of its owner. It is a hat not to be overlooked even on the head of a taller man. Under this ægis Mr. Hammerstein began to do all sorts of things on Broadway in preparation for that theatrical future which he alone saw. He built a place of entertainment, called Olympia, from its relation to that Olympus upon which Jupiter and the great gods sat in pagan days. Nothing like it had even been seen in this country, except the Met-

BONCI.

ropolitan Opera House; the drama had one end, and vaudeville the other; there was a roof garden, and a rathskeller besides; possibly there might have been a bank and an art gallery with a restaurant or two; but the design was to give the playgoers the whole thing under one roof. As far as Mr. Hammerstein was concerned, it failed, for the usual reasons: too far uptown, outside the theatre district, and so on. Nevertheless, his previsions were justified, for the new Olympia, at Forty-fourth Street, is now in the heart of the theatre district, whose northern border is at West Sixty-fifth Street.

Later he erected his Theatre of Varieties on the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street, then considered a ridiculous spot for such an enterprise; but almost immediately Belasco built next door, the Shuberts followed with a theatre next door to Belasco, Klaw built across the way, and Weber farther down the street, and the Hotel Astor, two doors above, completed the glory of Mr. Hammerstein. He has the best position in the city, opposite the Times Building, with grand hotels going up all around him; and the pity of it is, that he could not have placed his grand-opera house where stands the Theatre of Varieties. He chose for its site Thirty-fourth Street, just west of Eighth Avenue. It is plain that anything he does in the dramatic line has a profound reason, even if the shrewd cannot always see it. The New York method in business imperatively demands the herding of certain activities close together. Thus all the theatres of note stand almost side by side; there is a dry-goods district, in which a leading house actually requested another to build its new quarters alongside; the Catholic-church-goods men and publishers can do no business away from

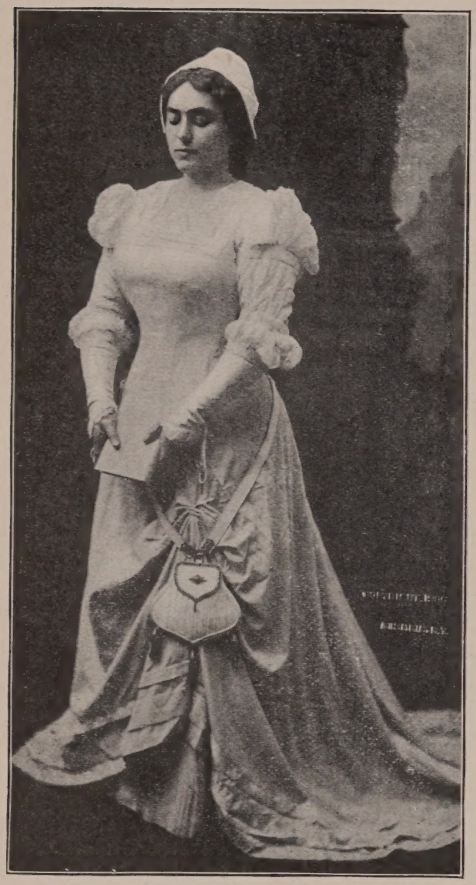
MME. BRENLER GIANOLI.

Barclay Street; the great hotels cluster now in the region between the Grand Central Depot and the new Pennsylvania Station.

Hammerstein selected the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania for his enterprise, where he will have the patronage of Philadelphia and all of New Jersey. It is bound to be a distinguished neighborhood within five years, far as it seems now from the centre of activity. There he has erected a stately building, whose lofty columns win the eye and impress the soul of the average beholder, whose gracious, bright-colored interior reminds one pleasantly of the Academy of Music in its golden days. Considering the fact that he has carried the enterprise on his own shoulders, it is a marvel. He began his work on a practical theory, stated thus: There are thousands of music lovers willing and eager to attend opera who are debarred by the fashionable prices charged at the Metropolitan; really fine presentations can be secured at far less cost than Herr Conreid chooses to pay; in fact, opera singers are paid in America thirty per cent more than they get in Europe, so that this country has become their Eldorado; therefore it is possible and reasonable to introduce grand opera every bit as good as Conreid's at half the price. And Hammerstein went ahead with his scheme, despite the laughter of the skeptical.

It will be remembered that the Boston manager, Henry Savage, suffered much of the same ridicule when he undertook the enterprise of establishing grand opera in English. He has won a measure of success, and is still pegging away at the scheme, but not on a scale so ambitious as Hammerstein's. He actually staged *Parsifal*, a wonderful achievement, but the opera had nothing in it to appeal to American audiences, besides being inferior work on the part of the master. Hammerstein kept in the rut, and opened his house with the popular compositions of Italy, which Colonel Mapleson used to present decades ago in the old Academy. The night of the opening, the first Monday in December, that sleepy portion of the West side awoke from its slumbers to gaze in astonishment at the multitude which poured from every quarter of the city into the portals of the new temple of

CHARLES DALMORES AS DON JOSE.



PAULINE DONALDA AS MARGUERITE.

music. Although Caruso and Sembrich were warbling at the Metropolitan, not a seat was left unfilled at the Manhattan. The carriages of society and wealth poured in a stream into the quiet street, quiet no longer, and sturdy colored men opened the doors for the display of lovely costumes flashing with jewels. The interior could not be surpassed in brilliancy. The decorations were in white and red, so softly blended as to give a warm, cheerful expression to the great space. If you did not know society, you would have imagined society there, for the boxes were filled with ladies in dreamy costumes and gentlemen. There was no means of knowing who they were, for Hammerstein has left out the society element altogether.

The opera chosen for the occasion was Bellini's *I Puritani*, sweet and old fashioned, beyond which opera-goers are supposed to have gone so far that listening to it is like Mother Hubbard rhymes after a course in Browning. The rub was supposed to come in the quality of the singers, the orchestra, the leaders and the chorus. How could any impresario get what did not exist? Had not Herr Conreid long ago captured all the worthy song-birds of Europe? All the capable leaders? All the trained choristers? The orchestra speedily proved that it could do things excellently, and the leader, Cleofante Campanini, simply took the hearts of musicians by storm. He led his little army like a Napoleon, never missed a point, nor a shading, nor a note, producing effects as sweet and powerful as he desired. Hammerstein's first note of triumph was sounded by the orchestra and Campanini. Then came the singers. Signor Ancona has already been heard in New York at the Metropolitan, and the only surprise connected with him was the improvement in his splendid baritone voice. He displayed faultless phrasing and a remarkably even and rich quality of tone. Signor Arimondi, the basso, seconded his good impression, and they brought down the house with their various numbers and solos.

Interest of course centered on the tenor and soprano. It was certain that no impresario could secure for America such tenors and sopranos as have warbled in the other house. The appearance of Signor Bonci, therefore, was awaited with some curiosity. It took the loud ovation given him to overcome the disappointment at his diminutive size; but he had an elegant manner, repose, finish, and he sang like a nightingale. He has a clear, sweet tenor, which takes its high notes as placidly as anything in nature.

His phrasing is so perfect as to make the voice seem greater than it is, and in the flowery music of Bellini it was quite at home. Its chief defect lay in its lack of richness and color, while its chief beauty is its melodiousness, its flexibility and its fine carrying power. After he had been on the stage half an hour, the audience grew tranquil in the feeling that the impresario had really been able to secure first-class singers, even if they were not up to the Conreid standard in advertised glory. Then came the soprano, Madame Pinkert, with a voice no longer in its first bloom, and deficient in tenderness; but her ability to sing Bellini's music more than atoned for her lack of other qualities. The opera went on to its finish amid increasing enthusiasm, as the audience began to realize what a really stupendous achievement Hammerstein had brought about single-handed. The applause brought him to the footlights at one time without his famous hat, but resplendent in dress suit and white kids, and flanked by his leading singers. He made a speech which it is worth while to quote.

REGINA ARTA.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am very much gratified, though I suffer from a mingled sensation of pride and fear, in connection with this effort to further the cause of music. I am compelled to add that I alone created this institution. I have had no assistance, moral or financial. The burden has all been upon me, and the responsibility is all mine. I have no board of directors to tell me what I should do and what I should not do. In my years of decline, for you can see that I have left my boyhood, I concluded that if I could with my honest earnings aid the cause of music, it would be something to look back upon with pride. Many people endow libraries and hospitals, but I have yet to see one who has endowed opera. When the curtain descends upon this performance, all my troubles begin, and I depend utterly on the music-lovers of this city and country for the support to which this enterprise is entitled, and which I feel certain it is going to receive."

ELEANORE DI CISNEROS.

There was but a single opinion among critics and audience when the first week of the season ended; namely, that Hammerstein had kept his promise to establish another grand-opera house in this city. The evidence of their senses could not easily be doubted; for there stood the grand building, with noble exterior and brilliant auditorium; the orchestra, the leader, the singers displayed all the qualities, reached all the effects, demanded to-day from true operatic artists; the stage was beautifully set and carefully managed; and, most wonderful of all, the chorus earned special praise for its unusual excellence, a feat not yet achieved at the Metropolitan. And Mr. Oscar Hammerstein had accomplished the work without any help from the leaders of society, from the capitalists, from the Theatrical Syndicate, from any one of the elements which are supposed to be essential to the success of artistic movements. With his own fortune, his skill and experience, his fine qualities, he attempted the impossible and won the first round of the contest. Whether he will triumph over the obstacles that remain, depends altogether on the public, and it will take the entire season to settle the problem.

After the first night the attendance promptly fell off, and the first week's receipts just met the bill of expenses. Then the reaction of curiosity being over and the news having got to the ears of all classes, the attendance began to swell to proportions. The impresario had not exhausted his supplies with the first performance. After Pinkert and Bonci came Dalmores and Donalda. Dalmores

is a tenor from France, of a handsome and boyish appearance, with a manly stage presence, a fresh and vigorous voice, and a graceful manner, but lacking the power to express the deeper feelings. He became popular at once with his audience in the character of Faust. The Marguerite of Madame Donalda created a sensation. She is a Montreal lady who has sung for a few years in Covent Garden opera. Youthful and beautiful in her stage appearance, a dramatic soprano of real merit, fresh and tender in voice and feeling, able to show every emotion in her face, yet free from the vice of over-acting, she made a fine impression. Supported capably by artists in the minor rôles, the Manhattan had nothing to fear from its rival in the presentation of Gounod's Faust. At the first Sunday-evening concert the other singers appeared, as if to give the general public a taste of their quality. A Russian tenor, M. Altchefsky, received an ovation for his singing, and later made a complete success on his first appearance; Madamoiselle Regina Arta showed herself the possessor of a deep, sweet, powerful contralto, remarkably rich in its lower notes, and less so in the higher. Amadeo Bassi, an Italian tenor who created the rôle of the tenor in one of Mascagni's operàs, and Madame Di Cisneros, a Brooklyn girl, were the last additions to the Hammerstein company.

Meanwhile the immediate effect of the new venture was to stir up the forces of Herr Conreid to new exertions. It has been a fortunate year at the Metropolitan, which for the first time in its history saw its house sold out for the entire season, leaving only the poorest seats for the accidental public. This was good for Hammerstein also, as the overflow will do him no harm. The critics have said all sorts of wicked things about the chorus at the Metropolitan as compared with that of the Manhattan; but to society, which supports the opera and chats during the performance, the chorus is of no account. Only the great soloists are able to thrill it at odd moments. But with the Manhattan chorus so delightful a feature, so fresh and strong and winning, the music-loving public will insist on a better chorus at the Metropolitan. So the Hammerstein venture will benefit the whole situation for the time being, and improve it permanently if the invincible Oscar can carry his scheme through. It may seem superfluous to discuss so minutely the features and history of this new enterprise in New York. Yet it should be remembered that for years opera has been at a standstill in all its departments. The great composers have not been replaced, the spirit of routine has invaded each department, and public interest was being fed upon the same old food at a larger expense to the public and a larger profit to the managers.

The noble effort of Henry Savage to make English opera popular and profitable and accessible to the crowd did not affect the situation. Hammerstein's venture, if successful, will make all things quite new. The rivalry will force greater effort, achievement will take the place of routine, and actual merit replace the poetic and mendacious press agent. The Playgoers at a recent meeting discussed the question, Is opera a necessity of culture or a fad? A surprising diversity of opinion was revealed during the debate, but the conclusion reached admitted the probability of opera continuance and the necessity of its progress on its own lines. Assuredly it must get better libretti, more sensible, moral, poetic; this need means purer and loftier themes, in which human passion, of the immortal sort, may receive proper expression. If a step towards the operatic ideal has been taken,

it will be entirely due to Oscar Hammerstein and the friends who encouraged his operatic venture. He has long been known as the most enterprising, independent, characteristic manager of the city, led by dreams rather than by facts, but successful, as it were, in spite of himself. We all hope that his present dream will come true and permanent. All honor to his courage.

THE BRIDGE OF BALLYTARSNEY.

A Kilkenny Ballad.

BY THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

On the Bridge of Ballytarsney, and I but a wee *garsun*
I hearkened many a runic rhyme and many a faery tune;
They sang them in the wires o'erhead—'tis plain to you and me;
The singing wires from Sliav-na-mon were white roads of the *Sidhe*.

Oh! dawn and dark the fairies passed,—when winds were keen and high
You'd hear the little wee *sheeogs* give out a bitter cry;
And often at the dead o' night I prayed my angel near,
To shield the weeshy people on their journey without fear.

On the Bridge of Ballytarsney, when the neighbors gathered there
They patted me upon the cheek and smoothed my tousled hair,
How kind their looks and pleasant words that sore I miss to-day,
The exile's pain my portion in a cold land far away.

On the Bridge of Ballytarsney, when I viewed the hills around
And all the winding, sunny roads that wandered past all bound,
I often wished I were a man and not a *lanniv* quite,
I'd seek the streams of *Tir-na-n-og*, beyond Moondhega's height.

On the Bridge of Ballytarsney, when the evening shadows fell
And the dim groves and fields were hushed just like a faery spell,
A sudden awe came o'er me, and I hurried down the hill
All lonesome for my mother's voice,—as I am lonely still.

BOB MASTERSON'S ENVOY.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Half a dozen customers clustered at the counter in Con Kennedy's emporium in the seaside village of Invermore. The proprietor, a brisk little middle-aged man, with light hair and bright blue eyes, was blithe with business, his juvenile assistant flushed with exercise. Three oil lamps, hanging from the low ceiling, lighted the humble shop (or store), the air of which was laden with a commingling of pungent smells, chiefly those of leather, onions and paraffine oil.

Without floated the grateful ozone of the Atlantic, mingled with the not unpleasant fumes of burning kelp, and, in the infrequent pauses of conversation, was heard the solemn booming of the breakers.

The shop was also the village post-office. Occasionally Con had to suspend regular business in order to hand out a letter. Once, when asked for a penny postage stamp, he succeeded, after a rapid desultory search, in producing the required article from a match-box. There was not over-much correspondence in Invermore.

Meanwhile the grocer stood the searching fire of his customer's wit.

"Hurry up here, Con, and none of your blarney," cried Widow Hefferon, brusque and jolly, banging her basket on the counter. "In troth, man, I'm afeard you're too sweet to be wholesome."

"Oh, dear, so fair and yet so cruel!" protested the grocer, in nonchalant equivoque. "Hurry, Jimmy, and wait on this terrible woman before she breaks me heart, as she broke many another man's before me."

"Your heart, asthore!" retorted Mrs. Hefferon, arraying herself in all her power and privilege of rugged repartee. "Sure sorra bit of a heart you have, man, else you wouldn't be livin' like an ould hermit and lettin' all the fine girls of the parish grow to ould maids or go to America."

"Och, sure no girl of sperrit would marry the naygur," said another woman, joining in the attack; "see how his hand thrimbles weighin' the tay."

"Give the poor man time, women dear," said another; "don't you know he's ever so sweet on the school-missus?"

Mr. Kennedy grew momentarily grave and he glanced in rebuke at the last speaker; but immediately his face resumed its business smile.

"How dar you play such a dirty thrick on me, Con Kennedy!" suddenly cried a shrill, petulant voice, as a sour-faced old woman in a white cap of large-frilled border came hobbling in. "How dar you do it, I say—to thrate a woman of dacint family as if she was common scum o' the earth? What kind of tay did you sell me last?"

"Why," replied Con, flushing, "very good tea, I should say, Mrs. Masterson."

"You lie, then; 'twas nothing betther than bog wather."

A murmur of deprecation ran around.

"Och, och, but 'tis Mrs. Masterson has the bad temper."

"Musha, Con is a quiet man to stand it, but sure he's well used to her ways."

"Always puttin' on airs and braggin' about her family, as if her father wasn't an ould fox of a gombeen man that robbed and ruined the whole counthry with money out on loan."

"And sure, Biddy, that money is all gone to the dickens now, where it be-

longs, and she's as poor as a church mouse ever since her son Bob ran away."

"Ay—ran away to escape the gallows!"

"Och, never mind that, Judy; he was a good boy and a thrue Irishman and the best feather in her wing. Sure he sends her good money every month from over there in America."

"Did me monthly American letther come yet, Con Kennedy?" impressively demanded Mrs. Masterson, evidently for the information of the listeners; "I mane me son Robert's letther, with the money in it."

"Yes, it did, Mrs. Masterson," replied Con, "this is the day and date for it, and here's the letter. And here, just to the mortial minute, is Miss Fleming to read it for you. Good evenin', Miss Nellie."

There was a hush, in which was heard the waves rolling on the shore, as a young lady glided in, a tall girl, graceful of figure and carriage, with flower-like sweetness of face and glossy coiffure of brown braids coiled over a snowy neck. Then came a clamor of kindly greetings from the farmers' wives. The village school-mistress was popular. Con Kennedy's face lighted up with a glow of pleasure and admiration.

"Just in time, Miss Nellie," he said. "You're as welcome as the flowers in spring. This is the 15th of the month, and here's Mrs. Masterson's letter, sure enough, and here's Mrs. Masterson herself, waiting for you to read it to her."

"And here's Mrs. Masterson's faithful secretary," said the young school-mistress, exchanging a significant nod and smile with Con. "Here I am, Mrs. Masterson, punctual to date and hour, anxious to learn the latest good news from your son Robert and from America. I'm sure, if Robert keeps up his monthly record, he must be getting along splendidly. What do you think, Con?"

"Faith, Miss Nellie," replied Con, "I think I can tell by the feel of that letter that there's rale good news in it."

"And so, I think, can I," she declared, "maybe from psychological touch. What a lucky woman you are, Mrs. Masterson, to have a son who writes to you so regularly, always sending good news. Come along—I'm dying to read the latest chapter in the successful career of Robert. Good-night, everybody."

"I thank you, Con," said the Widow Masterson, as she hobbled out after the school-mistress. "If you were as particular in some things as you are in others, I'd have no fault to find with you, not at all."

"The ould blisther!" commented Mrs. Hefferon.

"When'll the weddin' come off, Con?" archly inquired one of the customers. "Faith, she's a fine smart girl, the school-missus, and she'll make a good, cheap book-keeper for you, if nothing else."

"Humbug!" said Mrs. Hefferon, tossing her parcels into her basket. "What use has Con for a school-missus in his business? Does he want to put up a blackboard behind the counter and teach the childher that he's givin' them the wrong change when they come in for a loaf of bread or a pound of soap? School-missus, indeed, with her little quarter's salary, and her bottle of milk or load of turf from the poor youngsters that can't pay school money. What Con needs is a wife with a fortune—say a girl like Julia Murphy here."

"Arrah, why don't you put in a word for yourself, Mrs. Hefferon?—you're long enough on the look-out, but you have a good fightin' chance yet," exclaimed Julia Murphy, tossing her magnificent tresses, that gleamed, bronze-gold, in the lamp-light. She was a spirited maiden of the Gilavara type, described by Michael Scanlan:

"Who is he that can behold her?
Rich locks sweep her classic shoulder,

Like sacrificial flame down turning,
Upon love's altar grandly burning. . . .
In grace a Greek, in strength a Roman,
Creation's gem, a perfect woman!
And such is Mauria Gilavara,
The red-haired girl of Connemara."

"Why don't you speak for yourself, woman dear?" she continued. "As for me, I'm able to mind my own business, but I don't enjoy being compared with any whipsther of a school-mistress that ever came into Invermore."

And with swift and graceful gait she glided forth into the night.

"Poor creature, I believe she's jealous," said the surprised Mrs. Hefferon. "Con, you divil, I think Julia is sweet on you." And the customers departed.

A young man who for some time had been an amused and unnoticed observer approached Con as the last customer vanished.

"Mr. Kennedy, I presume?"

"At your service, sir," said Con, with brisk business urbanity, adding, after a look of inquiry, "You're new on the road, sir, I think. What firm do you represent?"

The young stranger laughed. He was handsome, clean-cut, affable, with air of breezy *bonhommie*. A diamond ring gleamed on his finger. His manner of speech occasionally drifted from almost stately heights of diction into the crisp brevities of slang.

"So you take me for a drummer, eh, Mr. Kennedy? Make your mind easy, I'm not taking orders this trip. Not that I wouldn't dearly like to import sundry American commodities, and methods also, to your beautiful seaside village. But just now I'm taking a vacation and a rest—if rest I can call switching off to this corner of the world all the way from Paris just to fulfill the wishes of a mutual friend of ours, as I understand, in Chicago. The gentleman's name is Robert Masterson."

Con Kennedy looked startled and glanced hastily round him as with instinctive caution.

"For heaven's sake," he muttered, "speak low, sir. Here—come into the post-office, where we can be quiet. You mind the shop, Jimmy."

The "post-office," which opened off the shop, was a small, grimmy room with a bed at one end and a table at the other. On the table lay a small pile of letters and newspapers, fallen there from the slit in the window above. There were a few dingy chairs, and some tarnished pictures on the walls, and everything sadly betokened the absence of a redeeming female hand.

"I understand from Bob that you are a particular friend of his, Mr. Kennedy," commenced the stranger.

"Yes, indeed, we grew up together and were always close friends, Mr. Segrave —Mr. Walter Segrave," replied Con, glancing at his visitor's card.

"Yes, of Segrave & Co., in the cement sidewalk business, in Chicago."

"A good old Norman name. Your ancestors were Knights of the Pale, Mr. Segrave," remarked the grocer, who plumed himself on his knowledge of Irish history.

"Well, ye-es," coincided Segrave, in some evident doubt and surprise, "that is, if you mean knights of the dinner-pail. And," he added with emphasis, "we ain't ashamed of it either; we all must have our beginnings."

"One of your ancestors had a famous fight with the great Hugh O'Neill at Clontibret," persisted Con, recalling the Elizabethan war.

"Clontibret—no, never heard of the place," said the Chicago man thoughtfully. "You must mean my Uncle Dan; he was the fighter of the family. If so, the fight was in McGurrin's ball court. He never fought anybody named O'Neill to my knowledge; but it was a daisy of

a scrap the night he put on the gloves with Kid Casey.

"But about our friend Bob Masterson. Well, he has just come in for a big pile of money from a deceased uncle, which leaves him on velvet all the rest of his life if he doesn't turn foolish—and I don't think he will, after all the hard lessons he's got over there on the cold streets of Chicago."

"He might have written me all this time," complained Con.

"He might—if he had had the postage to spare, which I don't think was so. Besides perhaps he didn't want his whereabouts known, there being such a thing as—as"—

"Extradition?"

"That's the word. Didn't he shoot a landlord, or something of that kind? Great Scott, who are the rubbernecks?"

Two faces, mustached and surmounted with spiked helmets, were peering in through the window. On being observed they hastily withdrew.

"Peelers from the barrack, bad luck to them," explained Con, as he produced a bottle from beneath the pillow of the bed and placed some glasses on the table. "They watch every stranger."

"Oh, they won't hurt me," said Segrave. "As for Bob, the man who did the killing has confessed to it on his death-bed in jail, which lets our mutual friend out. Well, here's glad to meet you, Mr. Kennedy, and happy days. . . . Heavens! a torchlight parade all down the esophagus." A spasm twisted the American's face, and he gasped for breath.

"That's good wheat poteen, Mr. Segrave, that never paid a cent in revenue to King Edward; but you ought to have put some water in it," said the host.

"True; a direct introduction is rather startling. By the way, Mrs. Masterson has just received a letter from her son, has she not?"

"Not she, poor old creature," replied Con in surprise, "not for a year."

"That's very strange," commented the other. "Just now, in the store, I saw you handing out a letter from somebody you called Bob to an old lady you called Masterson, and she and a splendid young creature—a dream of delight—went off, as I understood, to read and answer it."

"Ha ha," laughed Con, "they are only answering the usual monthly letter from Bob. You see," he explained, "it is not a real letter, Mr. Segrave, but only a pretended one. The mails are slow in these parts now and then, and if Bob has written to any of us about his big legacy his letter hasn't come yet, for of course I'd know. When Bob went away, I promised him to look after his mother until such time as he was able to do it himself. Then, as I believe that the foolish woman, with her proud old notions, would lie down and die sooner than take anything she thought was charity, Miss Fleming and myself got up a little plan. So I wrote to Mrs. Masterson every month in Bob's name, enclosing a little money, and Miss Fleming read the letter to her and answered it, too, at her dictation, and the same envelope with an American stamp on it served all the time. Great plan, wasn't it, sir?"

"Great! Bless you, Kennedy, old man, you're a noble fellow. It makes me feel glad to see a real winter-day friend, there are so few of them." Segrave seized the shop-keeper's hand and wrung it warmly.

"It looks bad to be deceiving the old woman, but what could we do? And it was hard to please her in the matter of Bob's employment; we couldn't make him run up the ladder of success quick enough for her. One time we had him a clerk in a hotel, and next month he was selling steam engines at a great profit, and next he had a large salary in a bank, and now he's secretary to a

United States senator, and quite friendly with his high honor the President."

"Why, Con," laughed the other, "you should have first made him policeman, then saloon-keeper, then alderman, then senator or member of the legislature. That's the course of promotion over there.

"As it really happened, however, Bob has had hard and strenuous times in Chicago. He was driving a wagon, canning meat at the stock-yards, peddling rugs, doing anything he could for a living. I first met him one night at an Irish meeting, the kind where some genial 'turk' who thinks he's an elocutionist gets up and spouts 'Thrice at the Huts of Fontenoy' or 'Old Ireland, I Bid You the Top o' the Mornin'.' If there's one thing to me that makes life worth living," declared Segrave with sudden energy, "it's the hope of getting just one crack at the next fellow that bleats 'I Bid You the Top o' the Mornin';' and I have my vigilant eye on some notorious offenders in this respect, who kill it dead.

"Anyhow, to get down to business, Mr. Kennedy,—and it is about time,—Bob Masterson has written me, enclosing a check to cover all expenses, to escort to Chicago his mother and his intended bride. Much as I like Bob, since I've seen and heard the old lady, I'm not in love with the job. Say, couldn't we get her to wear a bonnet or something on the voyage instead of that aggressive white cap?"

"Maybe so, but I fear 'twill be hard," said Con. "But you spoke of Bob's bride. I didn't know he had one in view this side of the water."

"Oh, yes, he has. I think I heard you call that lovely young woman, the schoolma'am, Miss Nellie. Is her surname Fleming?"

"Yes, she's Miss Nellie Fleming, God bless her—a finer and better young lady doesn't live."

"Our friend Bob has excellent taste. That's his girl."

The glass fell from the grocer's hand. The conversation soon closed.

Con, when his visitor had left, stood for some time listening to the breakers and thought he had never heard their familiar voice sound so hollow and mournful before. Then a sudden great sense of loneliness descended and wrapped him round like a damp and chilling garment.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the stranger's visit of destiny, the schoolmistress, in the cottage of the Widow Masterson, read "Bob's letter."

The widow's eyes moistened, and her aged cheeks glowed as she listened. Ah, he was the fine boy! her Bob, the fine, clever boy! He'd show them the kind of stuff the Masterson's and his mother's people were made of and the respectable family he came from! And what money this time? About seven dollars, as he said, as usual—strange he always sent it in English money, a one-pound note and a half sovereign.

"But maybe he can't send any more yet awhile, Miss Fleming, avourneen," commented the widow apologetically. "Look at all the high-up people he has to meet over there and hold his own with, and be as dacent as the next man to him when it comes to spendin' a sixpence—and my people were always proud."

In dictating the return letter, which was usually done on the spot, the Widow Masterson always insisted on the time-honored preamble, to her as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, for no letter could be a letter without it: "I take my pen in hand to write you these few lines, hoping they will find you in good health, as this leaves me at present, thanks be to God."

And Miss Fleming, to expedite matters, invariably concurred in this case,

although in others she vehemently resisted the predilections of the ancients of the hamlet for the introductory antique formula.

"'I take my pen in hand,'" she would repeat, with what seemed most extraordinary irreverence and iconoclasm. "And what else would you take in hand to write 'these few lines'? Why not 'I take my pitchfork in hand'? Why not take your shovel or your reaping hook or your rolling-pin in hand? Oh, it's too absurd!"

Wherefore many of her correspondential clients went off in dudgeon to old Mickey Donnelly, a venerable pedagogue, who willingly wrote their letters in the old-fashioned way, and who, complacent on the subject of the style and composition of his epistles, sent a contemptuous message to Miss Fleming that if he chose he could write her a letter that would cause her much difficulty and mental pain to read it. To which she replied that she really believed he could.

But next day there came a letter which did really cause Nellie Fleming much surprise, difficulty and mental pain in the reading—a genuine letter this time, written by Robert Masterson himself, informing his mother of his inherited wealth and desiring her to start immediately for America under the guidance and protection of his good friend, Mr. Walter Segrave, together with his dear intended bride—that is, if she would consent to accept his hand, and he had fond hope that she would—Miss Nellie Fleming, and he begged his mother's consent to their union. This might seem a very strange and sudden notion of his, the writer explained, but he had been so long knocked about in hardships and almost vagabondage, that he was most anxious, now that he had ample means, to settle down at once into the comforts of domestic life; and he could think of no more lovely or suitable partner than winsome Nellie Fleming, whom he had long loved in secret.

Winsome Nellie Fleming blushed like the red rose as she read. "Gracious, what marvelous assurance wealth gives some people!" she thought. "Evidently the man thinks I am as good as won already. He would abolish courting as a preliminary altogether. Really, am I a mere purchaseable commodity?"

The widow looked very grave, and her spine stiffened as she listened. Then she shook her head and said: "Humph!"

There was a letter for Nellie herself, as full of ardent love as a long pent-up volcano is of fire. It begged her to come on at once, even to wire her consent so as to relieve his anxiety and not to blight his whole life by a refusal.

Fast spread the news through Invermore, and with it some waggish gossips joined the report that the school-mistress had jilted Con Kennedy—or, as they feelingly and sympathetically put it, "sowld him for the Yankee goold."

"In troth, he's well rid of her," said Mrs. Hefferon. "What business, as I often told him, would he have marryin' a school-missus?"

"She never sold him, for she never had him to sell," hotly declared Julia Murphy. "How could she, when he never asked her to marry him? Sure you never did, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Indeed I never did, Miss Murphy," gratefully concurred Con, glad of the diversion, and strong in consciousness of the truth.

"And never had the slightest notion to ask her?"

"And — never — had — the — slightest — Yes, Mrs. Higgins, a pound of starch and a pound of yellow soap, here you are, ma'am. A fine dry March day, ma'am, isn't it? and a grand look-out for the crops."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Kennedy. But I'm

very sorry, avourneen, to hear of your trouble."

"Trouble? Oh, Mrs. Higgins, for pity's sake don't believe them."

"Is it thrue that Bob Masterson has all the money they say?"

"Och, as the old sayin' is, far-off cows have long horns," said Julia Murphy contemptuously. "When that whipsther gets over there she'll find out the difference. My, but she was the sly one, with her kindness, moryah, in answering Bob's letters to the old woman!"

"Julia, can't you have sense anyway and set them a good example?" cried poor Con reproachfully. "Women alive, if ye keep on ye'll have me fit for a straight-jacket."

Meanwhile Mr. Walter Segrave, envoy extraordinary of the bridegroom-to-be, was devoting himself assiduously, as perhaps the etiquette of the occasion demanded, to the winsome bride-elect, Miss Nellie Fleming, whose company he found most agreeable and fascinating. During the days following his arrival in Invermore he accompanied her, after school hours, in pleasant rambles in the woods, where blithe Irish linnets and gold-finches were singing and the first tender green of spring was spattering on the trees, and along the yellow sands of the bay, rejoicing in the hearty roar and breath of old ocean and reviewing the long ranges of snowy cascades. Their conversation was largely about Bob Masterson, his good qualities, his hardships and good fortune, and what life was like in the great western metropolis variously known as the Windy and the Garden City.

Strangely enough he found, greatly to his chagrin and embarrassment, that the intended bride herself professed to be the most surprised person at Masterson's matrimonial scheme. The proposal came most unexpectedly, she assured Segrave. She was unprepared—reluctant—bewildered—she wanted time to think.

Still the delay continued, and still the envoy to Invermore and the main object of his mission continued their rambles by foaming sea and songful woodland. Almost daily Segrave visited the village school and even volunteered assistance there. One day Father Dan Timlin, the rosy-cheeked little curate, dropped in and found the young man from Chicago, chalk in hand, in front of a blackboard, diligently instructing a class in arithmetic. All his examples had to do with barrels of cement at so much per barrel, and the cost of laying sidewalks at so much per square foot.

"This is in my line, Father," he explained to the priest, "and I'm teaching them from practical experience."

"Cement, eh?" said Father Dan. "They say, Mr. Segrave, that cement is great stuff for laying a foundation."

"Yes, if you get the right kind, Father," replied Segrave gravely.

"Musha, but that young Yankee gentleman must have the patience of Job to be so long lingerin' and dawdlin' here, waitin' the pleasure of the school-missus. I wondher, now, is he coortin' her for himself or for Bob Masterson." So commented Mrs. Hefferon.

Very proud and exultant was the Widow Masterson since the receipt of the news of her son's wealth. Her white cap made progress triumphant as the plume of Navarre amid congratulating groups of dubiously friendly neighbors. But there was something rankling in the vain old heart of the sour-tempered dame. It was significant that she did not get Nellie Fleming to answer her son's real letter; instead she went to old Mickey Donnelly, who "took his pen in hand," etc. Then, one evening in Con Kennedy's shop, before a number of customers, the storm burst, and she made a sudden bitter attack on her late secre-

tary, denouncing her as cunning and designing and deceitful, and showering on her all the biting invective at command of her venomous old tongue.

"You, a poor nobody, to dar to look at my son!—a learner of A B C to the childher to want to marry a rich and respectable Masterson! But no, me sly lady, not while the foolish boy's mother is living to prevint it."

"All a mistake, Mrs. Masterson," coolly retorted Nellie, as she patted her glistening brown coiffure; "personally I have never written a line to your son in my life; the letters I wrote to him at your dictation I immediately destroyed. This is the first time your son has written to you in over a year. As for the letters you received, they were merely concocted to indulge your ridiculous vanity by giving you relief in disguise. I mention this before all the neighbors here in punishment for your ingratitude and in justice to this good, kind, charitable man behind the counter, who has so long stood between you and starvation or the poorhouse.

"Please tell all this to your son Robert, my dear woman," added Nellie, as she picked up her parasol and gloves and turning paused on the threshold, "and tell him, too, that he is not my style of man, nor you my style of mother-in-law, and that I'm not for sale."

There was a sudden murmur of surprise among the women, which resolved itself into one ringing voice, as, to the surprise of everybody, that Titianesque damsel, Julia Murphy, hitherto the enemy of the school-mistress, turned upon the now wilted and collapsed Widow Masterson and administered to her a vehement lecture, every eloquent period of which made the castigated crone writhe like the cut of a whip.

"Begorra, it's all off now, sure enough," commented Con. "Poor Mr. Segrave, what a journey he's had for nothing!"

But Con spoke unadvisedly.

The following morning, when Danny, the parish clerk, came to the post-office for the priest's mail, he eyed those present with amusement.

"An event which occurred this morning," he said, "reminds me of the poem:

> "'She listed his talk,
> And he shared in her walk,
> And how could she balk
> One so gallant and true?
> But why tell the rest?
> Her love she confest,
> And sunk on his breast,
> Like the eventide dew.'"

"Faith, Danny, you're quite poetic this fine morning," remarked the grocer, suddenly becoming gravely and rigidly attentive.

"The occasion demands it, Con," said the sentimental Daniel. "The stanza sounds uncanonical, but this morning there is poetry in the air, there is romance in the roar of the waves. In the sacristy, at sunrise, the union was cemented of the cement-sidewalk man from Chicago and Miss Nellie Fleming. So the parish loses a good girl and a good teacher."

"The whipsther," commented Julia Murphy unconsciously; and then, with sudden change of tone, she said fervently, "The Lord prosper them."

"Surprising, isn't it?" continued the clerk. "But the great surprise and sad joke will be on poor Bob Masterson. But what better could he have expected, with his queer rapid-fire proposal? His mother? She's been settled for all right; we're sending her over next week in company with one of the Houlihan girls. As for the happy pair, they're by this time halfway to the Cove of Cork, to catch the boat for America."

"God be with them," said Con Kennedy, with a suspicious tremor in his voice. "A threepenny loaf, a pound of starch and a paper of pins—yes, Mrs. Hefferon, immediately."

MY MESSENGER.

BY FRANCIS J. CONNELL.

White rose, which art lying on Christ's Mother's shrine,
And breathing forth love from each petal so fair,
Convey to Our Lady my poor prayer with thine.

And wing with thy perfume these cold words of mine,
So heavy with sin, and temptation, and care,
White rose, which art lying on Christ's Mother's shrine.

My heart is so thankless that I must consign
To thee my petitions with thine own to share;
Convey to Our Lady my poor prayer with thine.

She'll plead for me then with that dear Son divine,
Whom 'twas her blest privilege sinless to bear,
White rose, which art lying on Christ's Mother's shrine.

Her mercy and kindness no limits confine,
Her love for us sinners endureth for e'er,
Convey to Our Lady my poor prayer with thine.

Ah, see, this dew-tear in thy heart is a sign
That thou pitiest me and wilt carry my prayer;
White rose, which art lying on Christ's Mother's shrine,
Convey to Our Lady my poor prayer with thine.

THAT NEW YEAR TREE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

It was the Sunday before New Year that old Mrs. Rideout came out of the aisle of the village church, tapping the floor sharply with her gold-headed cane, and stationed herself on the porch. Evidently she was waiting for some one.

Looks of expectancy and amusement were exchanged between neighbor and neighbor, and nobody, it seemed, was in a hurry to depart. Upon the porch, upon the steps, and all around on the snowy ground, the congregation of the chapel found places—not even Jerry Williams, who seldom attended church, being absent.

Mr. Thompson, the minister, stopped short as he reached the door, wondering what was the occasion of the pause on the part of the congregation. He had been well satisfied with himself, apparently, for delivering a fine sermon without so much as a glance at the notes which he always kept on hand in case of need.

The minister looked graciously upon his flock, and smiled. He was exceedingly glad that Jerry Williams had been there to hear that sermon.

Mrs. Rideout's gold-headed cane gave two imperative taps upon the porch floor, and the old lady turned to the minister, and regarded him for a long minute through her spectacles.

Jerry William's wide mouth widened perceptibly; little Harry Lovett chewed noiselessly upon the edge of his mother's overskirt.

"I heard your sermon," said Mrs. Rideout, "and I waited to tell you that I put the cap on, and it fits me pretty correct."

The minister's face flushed. "I meant nothing personal," he said. "I declare to you positively, Mrs. Rideout, there was nothing personal to you in anything that I said in my sermon."

"Is there anybody around here that's proud exceptin' *me?*" inquired the old lady, in her sharp, shrill voice. "Is there anybody around here but *me* that don't belong to the societies?"

The minister rubbed his hands one over the other. His self-complacency had vanished. "A man of God does not take advantage of the pulpit to hurl personalities at his congregation, ma'am," he said, a little loudly. "I wasn't thinking of you at all; I was speaking generally, not particularly."

Mrs. Rideout bowed low. "I have put the cap on, and it fits pretty correct," she repeated. "It's about as comfortable as these snoods the girls are wearin' round sleighin'!"

She made another bow, lower than the first, and, drawing her green veil over her face, passed down the steps and along to her wagon, while the minister glared in astonishment, and the others suppressed their smiles and turned to bid him a pleasant good-day.

"Mrs. Rideout has made a great mistake," he said.

"She's as spunky as she's proud," muttered Jerry Williams, admiringly, but under his breath.

"Well, if it fits, let her wear it," said Mr. Thompson, with energy. Bowing to everybody, he tramped down the road toward the parsonage. "Perhaps my sermon will do more good than I had anticipated," he said to himself. "How foolish we are to lose our tempers so easily!"

When Mrs. Rideout reached home she ate her dinner in silence, though her woman, Almira Peacock, who attended

another church, made overtures to compare sermons with her.

After the modest meal she betook herself to her parlor, and sat down in her favorite chair. Although she allowed Almira to sit at table with her when she would else be alone, she did not suffer her to remain in the parlor unless she herself was in a very talkative mood. This afternoon her talk was for herself, and it was of a sneering and unkindly character.

"I'm to throw my bread upon the waters!" she said, "and to enter all the societies! Feeding the hungry and clothing the naked means taking care of them what have folks to take care of 'em, but who drink."

Then her voice changed. Her proud old face looked mockingly about the room. "Have they ever asked me to enter the societies? Have they ever come to me and asked me, politely, to enter the societies? Haven't they kept away from me, and talked at me, knowing all the time that I could buy and sell every one of 'em?"

She leaned back in her chair and smoothed out her black gown. Then suddenly she burst into a satisfied cackle.

"I'll go in for helping the Negroes," she said. Again her sharp laugh rang through the sombre room. "The Negroes are kept out of the societies as well as me."

What Mrs. Rideout said was true. The society for bestowing gratuitous clothing upon the poor in the neighborhood never made any pretentions of assisting the colored people who lived in the "Porter's Lane" region.

These colored people were neat and industrious, but they had a hard time to get along. The men's services were sometimes indispensable, and the women took in what washing they could get; but they were expected to give full measure of work for the money they were paid. Their small houses were overflowing with children. Gratuitous garments of any kind would have been a godsend to them. But they had their merry-making and their music, and would not, under any consideration, be miserable. So the society never even gave them a thought.

The old lady, sitting in her high-backed parlor chair, got a great deal of enjoyment out of her thoughts in the next half-hour. She would take such a departure upon charity's wide road as to set all her sisters in the church talking afresh. She would *"spite"* them as sure as her name was Maria Rideout.

Her mind once made up, she set to pondering the best way to carry out her intentions. She was determined that not only the right hand, but all her neighbors, should know what the left hand was doing.

"If it were Christmas, I'd give 'em a tree. I'd be equal to the society," she said, with a grim look and something like a mocking laugh, as she added, "I'll give 'em a New Year tree!"

She took great pleasure in telling Almira Peacock, at the supper table that evening, that the sermon was more eloquent than usual, and that, thinking about it, she had decided to give a New Year tree to the Negroes.

Miss Peacock's indignation was boundless. "In the house?" she screamed. "Is your minister crazy, Mis' Rideout?"

"Is your minister Christian, Almira Peacock?" retorted her mistress. "Did God or man make some folks black?"

"It were a curse," said Miss Peacock, solemnly. The next day Almira declared that she wouldn't make the cakes. "I've lived with you fer thirty-five year," she said, "without any fuss, but I've never yet ben ast to make cakes fer the Negroes!"

"And have I asked you now?" cried

Mrs. Rideout. "Is hunting the pans making the cake?"

She fancied that she could hear already the neighbors whispering how she gave a tree to the colored folks, and made the cakes herself. She had not performed this duty for many years, and she discovered, or rather remembered as she drew the pans out of the oven, that ginger cakes scorch easily. Almira sneered openly. Her ginger cakes were her special pride; but Mrs. Rideout said, quite cheerfully, that scorched cakes were good enough for the purpose.

The colored man who was employed to cut Mrs. Rideout's firewood was ordered to bring a Christmas tree and put it up in the dining-room. She was glad to have it there early, for Almira's contemptuous sniffs during meal-times lent zest to the affair.

The old lady was not altogether sure what she ought to hang upon the tree. She had no intention of spending any money. She went up into the garret to make search.

Mrs. Rideout's garret was full of things. Every summer her daughter came home, bringing the children to enjoy the country air, and every summer added to the stock of miscellaneous articles in the garret.

Mary Rideout "that used to be" was not mean; she was rather extravagant. When small holes appeared in the children's stockings, she threw them aside. She never mended a white apron. She thought it foolish to rip and turn her small boy's cravats. Her mother gathered together the cast-off clothing and put it away, telling Mary that when a rainy day came she'd be glad to see all these things. This was the way in which the garret came to be full of cast-off garments.

Mrs. Rideout looked them over very particularly; she would not take the best. She picked out the stockings with the largest holes, and the torn aprons which she felt sure, even on a rainy day, Mary would refuse to mend. She had gay petticoats and bright frocks from which to choose, but she resolutely picked out the worst.

"Good enough for colored folks," she said, and carried down her arms full to deck the tree.

She wondered how Almira would act when the day came; whether she would seek the refuge of her room, or prefer to remain in the kitchen and watch the proceedings.

The tree, when it was finished, was a ludicrous sight. The old clothes dangled from the green branches, a pair of brass-toed boots which Mary's little son had bought with his own money, showing conspicuously. She had been at no expense in the way of candles; a lantern was placed at the top of the tree, and a colored glass shade threw the light downward. But, to increase Almira's disgust, Mrs. Rideout had brought out some of the parlor ornaments and fastened them securely to the boughs.

One disappointment happened to the old lady. The day before New Year, after she herself had driven down to Porter's Lane and announced to the dazed but grinning colored people that she had come to invite them up to a New Year tree in her dining-room, and that they were to enter by the back-hall door, and to be sure to wipe off their shoes, Almira Peacock was taken ill.

When Almira announced that she was ill and was going home, her mistress laughed scornfully, and told her sharply, for pity's sake, to go, and not come back until she was ready.

But it was not necessary that Almira should be on hand on that eventful evening in order that the news of the New Year tree should be bruited far and wide.

The shrieks of delighted mirth that rang out from Mrs. Rideout's old dining-room told their tale more forcibly than Almira, at her strongest, could ever have done. The colored people were vastly pleased.

Mrs. Rideout did her part well. She acted the part of a pleasant, charitable hostess, handing around the old garments in quite a Lady Bountiful way. She saw her guests to the back door, holding the lantern to light them, and heard them screaming and laughing as they went on down the road.

Then she closed the door and wondered grimly what the neighbors would have to say. She was going to give her little chuckle, because she herself always expected it after a sarcastic speech, but instead she set the lantern down hurriedly and sank beside it on the lower stair step. Putting her wrinkled hands over her face, she moaned out: "O dear, I'm afraid I'm goin' to have a fever!"

For two days Mrs. Rideout managed to rise, but on the third day she kept her bed. Her room was cold and comfortless; there was no one to get her breakfast, but she was too wretched to care for that. The man who cut her wood had not made his appearance on the previous day.

Suddenly, as she lay there in bed, she heard the sound of the axe rapidly chopping,—so very rapidly, that for a moment curiosity surmounted all other feelings, and she drew aside the corner of the curtain from the window at the head of the bed. Tim Moons never cut wood like that.

There, at the wood pile, was a small colored boy. She was far-sighted without her spectacles, and could see him distinctly. He was chopping briskly, and whistling as he worked.

The boy had a little straw hat perched on the back of his head; he wore a blue cravat, and his thin red stockings were patched at the knees with red Turkey calico. As Mrs. Rideout watched him curiously, the wind blew off his summer hat, and he ran after it and thrust it back upon his head. A sudden pity awakened in the sick woman's breast. "He ought to have a comforter over his ears," she muttered. "He can get cold, if he is black."

About noon Mrs. Rideout heard a strange sound, first in front of the parlor door, then down at the end of the passage, and then just outside her own door. It was the sound of a bashful giggle.

"Come in," cried the old lady, with feverish irritation. The door was opened hesitatingly, and a young colored girl entered. The sight of Mrs. Rideout in bed covered her with fresh confusion, but by degrees she managed to blurt out her sentences.

"Josh, he said some 'n' must be de matta. He come up to cut de wood, 'cause Tim Moon wa' sick. An' he aint done fo'got dat New Yeah tree. I'se sent up to see ef some 'n' wa'n't de matta. Josh, he say Miss Peacock sick, too. I kin cook," the girl went on rapidly, "I kin do mos' anything. We didn't all know you wa' in bed, or we's ben up soona." Then for an instant she showed her gleaming teeth. "I aint done fo'got dat New Yeah tree, needer, Mis' Rideout."

Mrs. Rideout was very ill. She was in bed for three weeks, and the doctor said that if she had not had such excellent nursing she would never have recovered. Old Aunt Sake, who "hadn't fo'got dat New Yeah tree, needer," constituted herself head nurse. Lindy crept around the house, suppressing her laughter, and Jeff got Jim and John and Jonas to help "tote de wood pile way out in de lot," so that the noise of chopping would not be heard at the house.

But the old lady, lying back among

her snowy pillows with all this kindness about her, was enduring a horrible nightmare. "Dat New Yeah tree," with its worn and warmthless garments, would wave its branches perpetually before her eyes. Only when she recovered sufficiently to arrange her thoughts did it disappear.

Then another tree arose before her. New, woolen garments, made with her own hands, hung upon it, and there was the glory of light about it, and the beauty, too, which doesn't cost too much. She had thrown a few scorched ginger cakes upon the water, and what had come back to her?

To the colored people down in Porter's Lane, a new life was opened. By reason of the fame of her nursing of Mrs. Rideout, Aunt Sake's services were greatly in demand. Jeff, as a woodchopper, was without an equal. They would never have understood Mrs. Rideout's horror of it, for all their prosperity commenced with "dat New Yeah tree."

TO ONE "WHO NEVER DOUBTED CLOUDS WOULD BREAK."

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

I care not, I care not, how fate may bereave me,
I care not, I care not, what sorrows may grieve me,
If thou wilt but love me, if thou wilt not leave me,
I care not who else may desert and deceive me!

I care not, I care not, what grief may betide me,
If safe in thy heart I may harbor and hide me,
If all through the years I may find thee beside me,
I care not who else may despise and deride me!

THE PYRAMIDS MARKING THE BOUNDARIES OF THE GRAND DUCHIES OF TUSCANY AND MODENA.

SUMMER DRIVES IN TUSCANY.

San Marcello, Bagni di Lucca, Boscolungo.

III.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

It was August, and the hot weather had returned to San Marcello after a cool snap, but the mornings and evenings were comparatively fresh and pleasant. Were not the horses swift and willing, and was not Bagni di Lucca the summer home of Robert Browning and his poet-wife? It required just a little courage to face five and a half hours of dusty roads under a blazing sun, but it is "only the first step that matters," as the French proverb has it. As soon as old-world, red-brown San Marcello was left behind, we began to descend, and the carriage ran of its own accord, the good horse merely carrying his harness. Now and then we passed moss-covered ledges of rock on which delicate wild pink cyclamens blossomed. Nearly all our route lay among great, glittering "silver thistles." In Switzerland these thistles are cut and kept as barometers. When rain is coming, they shut up into a point; with the prospect of dry weather, they open wide until they look like mimic sunflowers made in mother-o'-pearl. But the Swiss thistles are neither so large nor so regular as their Italian relatives,—a fact which does not surprise those who have long admitted that beauty is the birthright of all things Italian. The road soon enters the valley of the Serchio, which is really mainly a gorge, tunneled in the solid rock by the brawling river, in the course of ages. The Serchio grows narrower and narrower, until at last it plunges below the rocks under a sort of natural bridge. The noise and an

occasional gleam of light on water, is all that there is to tell of a deep river hurrying by, till some yards below it emerges, roaring, from its hidden channel. No doubt in times of flood the Serchio overflows this tunnel, for all the rocks in a wide bed were smooth and water worn.

One of the sights of the road is Lucchio, a village drawn like a curtain across the breast of an arid mountain. Stony cliff and dry brown houses melt into each other, and are only clearly separable when seen fairly near. In Tuscany this townlet is a marvel, but it could be matched often in Liguria and in the French Maritime Alps. All the other hill towns of the journey conformed more or less to the Tuscan pattern, crowning heights, and standing in places easy of defence in old-time warfare.

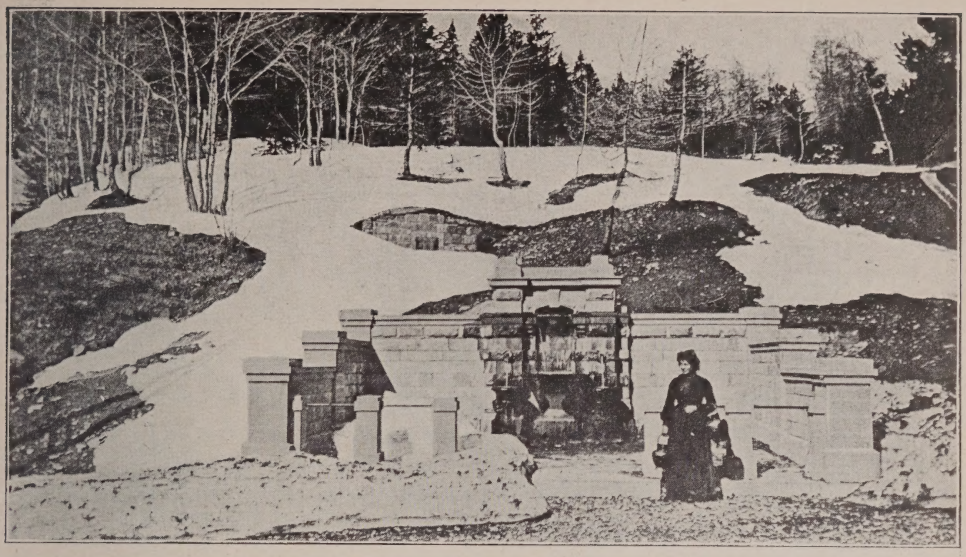
Mammiano is one of the most picturesque, and twice when I passed it I found an easel set up and a painter fixing on canvas her joy in its beauty. I had not even a camera with me, and how greatly I regretted my kodak (under repair), I cannot tell.

THE OBSERVATORY ON MONTE CIMONE.

Bagni di Lucca basked in the heat, yet looked attractive, for less torrid weather. It has a fine avenue of trees, completely roofing a long roadway. A reviving breeze blew down the valley of the Lima, and made the woods on both banks tremble and bend down under it. *No one of whom I inquired had ever heard of Robert Browning or of Elizabeth Barrett Browning!* Even one Florentine of whom I asked my pilgrim question (who must have known Casa Guidi in his native city and the tablet to Mrs. Browning) said he never had heard the name before, and if it was so very long as about forty years ago, nobody would remember in what villas the Brownings had summered!

Had it not been that the heat was fierce, and that I had the prospect of seeing Bagni di Lucca in more leisurely fashion later in the year, I must have insisted on seeing the house that Mrs. Browning's letters speak of so lovingly. Her story filled my memory—how she left her weary sick-room to run away to the nearest church to be married to her poet-lover, and how in two years her shackles of ill health were so far broken, that here from Bagni di Lucca she reached the summit of one of the Great Apennines and was not over-tired. The remembrance came, too, of later days in this place, when "E. B. B." wrote of her idolized child as well as of her idolized husband. And yet, perhaps that day in Bagni di Lucca I was the only soul that the Brownings haunted!

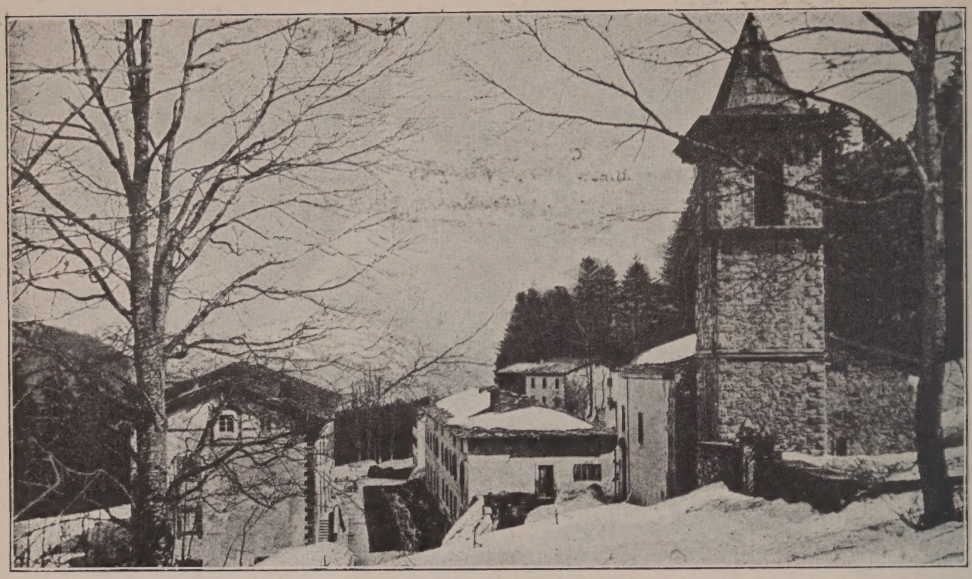
We had a small misfortune before we set out on our return drive. My coachman had rolled his Italian notes, which were his season's savings, into a little bundle and put them into an outer pocket. When drawing out his handkerchief, he must have drawn them out, too.



FOUNTAIN NEAR THE CHURCH.

He missed them in a few minutes, but all search proved fruitless. He had never lost money before; he meant to have paid a small debt that night, should he ever forgive himself such stupidity? he was *utterly* unfortunate, etc.! He really was more miserable than a bereaved child. Common kindliness enjoined that he should be distracted like a child, and as he loves dogs (is indeed himself in countenance very like a sporting dog, a handsome setter for choice), I told him my best dog stories. To my relief, he was soon telling me of his own dog of most wonderful sagacity, who needs only to be told "Giulio is coming," to "make festival," and then rush off to meet his master. Giulio's mother says: "If that dog dies, I die, too." And he told me of the dog of San Miniato, who saved the quarryman's life. The municipality has put up a tablet in his honor. He was a little dog, and his owner used to take him to the quarry on all working days. The dog would stay all day and return in the evening with his master. Once in the middle of the morning the dog ran home and excited the alarm of the good wife. He barked, he signed to her to follow him, and he led the way to the quarry. He was so anxious and unhappy that his mistress could not doubt that there was something gravely amiss. The dog led her nearly two miles to a spot where her husband was pinned to the earth under a fallen mass of stone. The weight was far too great for her strength to lift, but she called some of the workmen, and her husband was released. He was greatly injured and spent forty days in hospital, where at first there were grave doubts as to the possibility of saving his life; but at last he was restored to health, to his wife and to his devoted dog.

The drive from San Marcello to Boscolungo is a serious affair. It is over twenty miles, and it takes about four hours, the horses having to drag their load up some 2,400 feet. At the very ornate bridge (dating from the time that Tuscany was a grand duchy) the road leaves that for Bagni di Lucca, and the ascent begins at once. Every village hereabouts seems to have its summer season when town-dwellers hasten to spend their *villegiatura.* Cutigliano is one of the most attractive of these country retreats. It is a clean white mass of hotels and boarding-houses, with a beautiful old church spire rising among them.



THE CHURCH AND GROUP OF HOTELS, BOSCOLUNGO.

Tuscany has industries. About San Marcello and Bagni di Lucca most of the factories make paper. Waterproofs are manufactured in the valley leading to Boscolungo. "What would you have?" asked our coachman, "if the people depended only on these bare mountains, they would starve." Tuscany grows grain and makes silk, oil, wine and a great variety of useful and beautiful goods. We drove under the shade of spreading chestnut trees, and after a while coolness poured down upon us from the heights. The occasional cottages by the roadside had charming, old-fashioned gardens with perennial phlox, zinias, climbing roses and morning-glory; geraniums, sunflowers and nasturtiums were also to be seen. Wild growths were few on the parched earth, but one damp bank near the end of our journey was thickly starred with "grass of Parnassus," that distinctively Alpine flower. It can only be the dryness that makes these Apennines barren. In a rare, marshy spot I found the tall blue gentians in quantities. The road rises often in zigzags, and the mountains, that at first we craned our necks to see, come to be almost on a level with us. At length we looked upon the observatory on Monte Cimone, the highest peak of the northern Apennines. Cimone is over seven thousand feet above the sea, and stands glowing in a warm russet robe. Before we see that climbers' bourne we pass through the skirts of the lovely forest. Then we come out upon Abetone post-office and a hotel, next the church and a group of hotels, whence we push on past the public fountain to the very top of the pass, where the Hotel Orsatti receives us.

Too often, in traveling, the best is left behind, but at Boscolungo a halt is made in the most enchanting spot of all. A deep valley descends from it towards Modena. From the hotel terrace we look across five mountain ridges into the heart of the sunset. Woodland walks open temptingly in several directions, and the fresh, brisk air seems to some only "Alpine," but to others "the very air of heaven."

From these heights one feels that the world is wide, and the night sky is wide, too, and magnificent. A sorrowful reflection assails newcomers and abides with them: "This is only a summer resort. It will close, and we must all scatter, in October."

QUEEN HELENA OF ITALY.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

VI.

THE KING, QUEEN, AND DOWAGER-QUEEN OF ITALY.

BY BEN HURST.

The present sovereign of Italy came to the throne with the good wishes of Catholics all the world over. As a prince he had been quiet, unassuming, of a pious disposition, like his mother. The wrong done by his grandfather could scarcely be held to darken his own name, though the retention of the Papal patrimony must weigh heavily on his conscience. Whether or not he could attempt to right the wrong without himself falling a victim to the foes of religion, and thus convulsing the state, is a question for those behind the scenes to decide. An abrupt restitution might lead to even greater evils than the spoliation of the Church which saddens Christendom and throws a shadow on the lustre of the Catholic House of Savoy. Despite the sacrilegious deed of Victor Emmanuel there is none who would hesitate to follow the example of

Pius X. in extending a tender interest to the present King of Italy and his family.

He is a devout Catholic and is careful that his children shall be the same. As a child he was himself subjected to severe discipline, for his governor, the Duke d'Ossia, was inflexible and arbitrary. The young prince had been given altogether into the hands of this stern man, who dismissed teachers or servants suspected of any undue indulgence towards his charge. The prince once said to a professor:

"My governor tells me over and over that I am no better than any shoemaker's son, and must not be treated otherwise. But I should be very glad to be treated like a shoemaker's son. He is not made to work as I am, and he is not so severely punished."

The young prince was so intelligent that his teachers had little trouble with his education. At twelve he spoke English and French as well as Italian, and then, with his mother, began to learn Latin. Queen Margaret soon surpassed him, which piqued the boy, until he remembered to remind her that he was obliged to study mathematics and physics whereas she had no other branch than Latin, and so could easily out-distance him.

Particular attention was given to his artistic culture, and the result is evident in the comprehensive care which he bestows to-day on the incomparable monuments of his native land. King Victor's recent cession of the ground which holds the ancient San Silvestro Basilica, to the Commission of Ecclesiastical Archæology,—and his interest in the restoration of the ruins—is but one of many instances of his solicitude for the preservation of Italy's architectural treasures.

King Victor is much hampered by the

THE REIGNING KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY—VICTOR EMANUEL III. AND HELENA OF MONTENEGRO.

debts of his grandfather, which King Humbert did not succeed in liquidating in spite of the vast sums devoted yearly to their diminution. Further, he is obliged to keep up the various palaces of Italy's former rulers, half of which it is impossible for him to utilize as residences. Both King and Queen are thrifty, and desirous of delivering the civil list from its great encumbrances, by personal retrenchment, rather than

THE THREE CHILDREN OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

taking from the large amount devoted to charitable and patriotic objects.

As young Prince Victor approached his majority his subjects looked eagerly forward to his speedy marriage in order that the succession might be assured, for he was an only son. A considerable time elapsed, however, before the desired event took place. It was not so easy to find a suitable mate for the heir to the Italian Crown. The heads of Catholic royal houses were not over-anxious to unite with the descendants of the man who had deprived the Holy See of its rightful territory. The notion of a Protestant princess was not welcome to the Prince himself. Finally a fortunate inclination pointed to a feasible solution. The Prince's affection was drawn to a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro whom he met at the Russian Court; and after ascertaining that the transition from the Eastern, Greek Church to the Roman would not be displeasing to the Princess he acquainted his astonished parents with his choice. An alliance with the tiny principality of Montenegro could not be considered a brilliant one from a political point of view; but the great beauty of the Princess, and the interest attached to her conversion quickly won over the Italian people, who ended by giving her an enthusiastic welcome.

Queen Helena does not belie her up-

bringing in the primitive warrior state of heroic Montenegro. She is of simple tastes, and her favorite plain style of dress has even made her the subject of some criticism. The young Queen, however, considers that only when she appears in her regal capacity at some state function is it incumbent on her to represent the wealth and glory of Italy.

In every-day life she avoids rich toilets, jewelery, and as far as possible the trappings of officialdom. She is best pleased when in the society of her husband and children, and revels when she can in excursions where her incognito enables her to enjoy the freedom of ordinary mortals. Not long since, the royal pair visited thus the monastery of Haute Combe, and the abbot who showed the strangers over the building, remarked:

"It is extraordinary what a likeness madam has to the portrait of our Queen that hangs in the parlor."

"Yes, indeed," replied the unknown lady, with a pleasant laugh, "I have been told often that I resemble her."

King Victor and Queen Helena sometimes elude the detectives who watch over their safety, as well as the curious

DOWAGER QUEEN MARGARET OF ITALY.

crowd that dog their steps. On one occasion the Queen took refuge in a peasant's cottage near their summer residence of Racconigi, exchanged clothes with the contadina, and returned to the castle un-noticed, leaving a group of sightseers to watch vainly before the cottage door.

Last year it happened that the Italian sovereigns, accompanied by General Brusati, contented themselves with second class tickets for the little station of Santa Marinella,—the first class compartments being full—rather than reveal their identity.

The devotion of Queen Helena to her children surpasses that of most queens. She gives them actual personal supervision. Both little Princesses Yolande and Mafalda have been bathed by their mother's hands; and the two-year-old Crown Prince is accustomed to see her preside at his meals, assuring herself that he absorbs the proper quantity. All three children are gay and healthy, with traces of their mother's remarkable beauty.

QUEEN MARGARET.

One of the most popular royal women of Europe, at the present day, is the Dowager-Queen of Italy. Since her son's accession she devotes much of her time to travelling; and, relieved of state cares, has made a closer acquaintance with the mode of life of her people throughout Italy than she ever acquired during her reign. Under the name of Countess Stupinigi she is at present touring in France, having almost exhausted Italian territories and penetrated into the wildest recesses of Sardinia and Sicily. Americans will regret that her projected automobile trip through the United States was abandoned, owing to violent anarchist literature published in New Jersey. The plot to assassinate her husband was traced to Paterson, and both the Italian and American Governments dissuaded Queen Margaret from her proposed visit.

Of a lively temperament and full of initiative, it may be said that only now is she free to develop her many gifts untramelled. Many industrial and charitable enterprises, impossible to attempt while she sat upon the throne, have lately been brought to fair accomplishment by that energetic worker, Margaret of Savoy. Most phases of modern progress have her sympathy and patronage. She has done much to reconcile the primitive prejudices of her simpler countrymen to the realities of present day attainments; but her religious views know of no compromise and no adaptations.

"An education not founded on the principles of faith is useless in the grave crises of life," is one of Queen Margaret's pronouncements. And again: "A young girl without religion is a flower without perfume. She can inspire only regret and compassion."

That Queen Margaret is of an impulsive nature is well-known. Indeed, this is one of her greatest charms. The touching prayer composed by her after the tragedy of her husband's death is not yet forgotten. It was a beautiful prayer and was read aloud in many churches. When permission was asked, however, for it to be made a regular part of the devotions after Mass in Rome and other centres, the Pope naturally refused his sanction.

This decision of the Holy Father was much criticized by outsiders and it was contended that a concession might have been made, in order to alleviate the anguish of the stricken mourner at such a time. The short-sighted cavillers overlooked the consequences of such a precedent. The services of the Church, comprehensive enough to embrace all that is needful for high and low, commemora-

tive of martyrs, apostles and sinners, of all times and in all degrees, are not to be lightly meddled with; and any additions, even of royal composition, would strangely complicate matters.

Queen Margaret herself recognized the justice of the Pope's decision, at a later date, and the prayer was withdrawn from circulation. It has often been said that by her exemplary piety and munificent charity the widow of King Humbert constantly strives to atone for the unhappy relations between the successor of St. Peter and the monarchs of the House of Savoy. Hedged round by selfish, corrupt, and crafty politicians, the kings of Italy—by the sacrilegious spoliation of the land which assured the independence of the Head of Christendom,—have laid up for themselves an ever-increasing burden of public troubles and secret remorse.

THE TEST.

BY GENEVIEVE ST. CLAIR.

The fever left Florence Melvin so weak that it was an effort to turn her head on the pillow, and her first sign of interest in the life coming back to her was wonder at the intense stillness. The nurse moved as if shod with velvet, and the window that had creaked so annoyingly all through the first irritable stage of her sickness, moved back and forth without a sound.

As she watched it, she remembered that she had wanted some one to fasten it, but with the unreasonableness of the sick, she had said to herself that if those about her did not care enough for her comfort to know that the window worried her, without being told, she would never tell them. However, some one must have noticed it and padded it, for here it was moving back and forth in the same old way, but without a sound.

"How very ill I have been!" she thought, as she glanced at her thin white hands, which she felt no inclination to lift from the bed. "That must be the reason every one is so still, and no one speaks to me."

Then she slept, awakened, ate a little, and slept again, with the knowledge that life and strength were coming back to her. But the dreadful quiet which shut her in perplexed her. She seemed to be an actor in a pantomime, that grew more and more oppressive.

"I must ask Doctor Williams how long I must lie here with no one to talk to. I am certainly better and stronger this bright spring morning."

The young girl was lying with her face to the creaking window, which had been opened to let in the fresh air. The branches of an apple tree, full of pink, unopened buds, almost filled it. She thought of the chattering wrens that had a nest in the branches the year before, and hoped they would come back again.

"They were such noisy company in the mornings, but what a relief their shrill songs would be now. They always treated me to a perfect carnival of song at daybreak, no matter how badly I wanted to sleep."

Suddenly she raised herself in the bed, and a strained, tense expression came into her eyes. On the nearest branch

was a bird, evidently singing in a perfect abandon of ecstasy. And she could not hear him!

This then was the life she had come back to, and for which she had been so grateful! When the doctor came, he tried to comfort her, telling her that as strength returned, she might regain her hearing in some degree; but she turned away and refused to be comforted.

The spring days lengthened, and returning health brought with it strength to endure; but Florence repelled all kindness and sympathy.

"Why should I pretend to enjoy seeing any one, or why should people endure trying to talk to me? It is so distressing for them to shout at me, and it cuts me to the heart when they smile at my mistakes. It only makes me more miserable than I am. I must endure living, but I can make no pretense of enjoying it."

"But, just think," wrote a friend, "how much worse it would have been for you if the fever had left you blind. You can at least look out over the earth and enjoy its beauties. You are not without friends,—if you will let them love you. You have a good home, and do not have to go into the world to work. Think more of your blessings, Florence, and do not dwell so persistently on what you have lost."

"It does not help me to know it is worse to be blind," she answered. "I pity all sufferers; but forever pressing on me is this horror by night and by day—that I am forever alone. Everything that moves around me moves as in a nightmare. I never succeed in shaking off this feeling of unreality. Let me alone, that I may learn to bear this as best I may in solitude."

So one by one her friends withdrew. The deaf girl seldom left her home, and invited no one to visit it. There were many who pitied her, but knew of no way to reach her; and as the years passed by, they forgot her, even as she wished to be forgotten.

. . . . . .

It was another day in early spring, seven years later, when Florence walked down the street of the village. She noticed the swelling buds on the lilacs, the tender green of the newly springing grass, and, with a pang, the pink buds on the apple trees. These buds were so associated with her memory of the day when she first learned of her deafness, that she almost wished they would not bloom where she must see them.

With bitter thoughts, Florence passed on down the street. Near the end of it stood a little house, small and shabby, and she remembered that just the day before there had been a poor little funeral from it.

"Some one who was needed and will be missed," she thought, "while I live on."

"Will you come in here a moment?"

It was the doctor who spoke, and Florence was glad to have him speak to her. He was one of the very few people she could hear without much effort. She turned in at the gate, and entered the house with him. Leading her to a crib in the corner of the room, the doctor said quietly, as he lifted the baby, and held it towards her:

"Take him, Florence. I want you to love him and care for him. He has no one in the wide world."

"How can I?" she protested. "I could not hear him if he cried or called. You cannot be in earnest."

"His lungs are sound. I think you could hear him."

As if in proof of the doctor's assertion, the baby raised its voice in a loud wail.

"I can hear him indeed," she said with

a laugh. "I will keep him a few weeks until you can do better for him."

"I might do better for him, possibly, but I do not know any way of doing better for her," thought the doctor, as he watched the slender figure passing back over the road, and noted new hope and courage in the quickened step.

The next morning Florence did not have time to think, as she had formerly, "One more day to get through as best I may." The baby must be washed and fed, and by her own hands, for with the sweet tyranny of babyhood, he would go to no one else. She even sang to him as he nestled against her, and the old housekeeper smiled to herself as she went about her work.

"I will watch and help her where she cannot hear," she thought, "but it is best for her to have the care of him. It's most like old times to hear her singing like that again."

"Are you tired of him?" asked the doctor, a few weeks later. "I have a chance to place him in a good home now."

"It would break my heart to give him up," she answered. "I do not think I lived at all before I had him."

"Well, I won't take him by force. The world is full of babies needing help."

"And full of grown-up people needing to give it," said Florence, softly.

I wish I could tell you how much the baby did for her. Almost before she realized it, she was taking up her life where she had dropped it. Much as she loved the baby, she found that love alone would not do. Its little ailments were matters of vital importance, and must be discussed with some one who knew how to advise her.

One by one old friends who had long been shut out came back at her call. Florence forgot her deafness, her sensitiveness and loneliness as she hung over the baby's crib. As she wheeled him in the sunny street, she forgot her old fear that people might speak to her and annoy her. For the baby's sake she went once more to the church where the lilies breathed out their fragrance, and in time sang almost with the old joyfulness.

"God had not forgotten me," she said long afterward. "My life can never be what it might have been, but He has given me the strength to make the best of what is left. Though I dwell in the land of silence forever, it shall be a land of hopefulness and love. Dear Lord, grant me strength to bear my cross patiently!"

THE ANGELS' LULLABY.

ANOTHER YEAR.

"Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee!

"Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

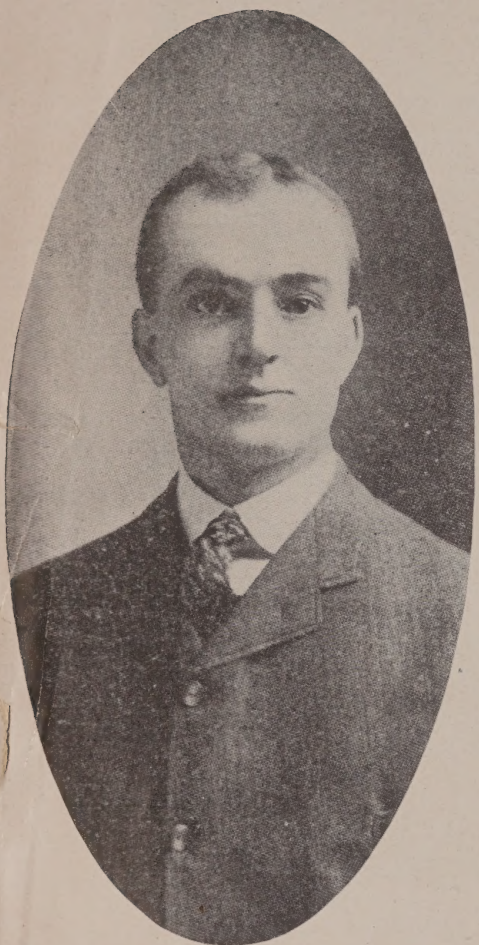
"Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!"

REV. TIMOTHY DEMPSEY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Rev. T. Dempsey, of St. Louis, has started a lodging house for workingmen in that city. A great many honest workingmen are often, through stress of circumstances, compelled to patronize the cheapest and lowest of lodging houses—places which are unclean, physically and morally. To reach and help this class, Father Dempsey has secured a substantial three-story stone-front building, with large stairways, large rooms, baths, and a large hall, which will be used in the dormitory style; a splendid sitting room, where the men can read good literature, to be supplied gratis; and cleanliness will prevail throughout. The management will charge for a comfortable, clean lodging what those men have been accustomed to pay in their present places of abode. While there will be a religious atmosphere surrounding the men, Father Dempsey expects to make his place sufficiently social to attract all classes.

"According to an account published recently in the press," says Father Dempsey, "there are at this season of the year several thousand men who spend their nights in rooming houses, where they pay from ten to twenty-five cents for their lodging. Many of these houses are most respectable, in which no man need be ashamed to seek a night's rest, but the great majority are most undesirable places. The vile language, the vulgar songs, suggestive signs and notices, lack of everything like home-life, all have



HON. JAMES H. HIGGINS.

their demoralizing tendency, and it is little wonder that this class of men soon lose all self-respect, forget the teachings of religion, and become an easy prey to the oily-tongued orator who indignantly denounces the conditions which reduce his hearers to their miserable state, while others are thriving on their toil.

"I know from years of experience, and personal acquaintance with hundreds of these men, that nothing tends to lower a man in self-esteem quicker than life in such surroundings. Years of privation, hardship and neglect have somewhat blunted their finer feelings, but I am convinced that if removed from the associations to which I refer, with a little tact, kindness and civility, a large percentage will become useful citizens.

"A few years since, we saw a vast army of men gathered, making their way to Washington to lay their grievances before the President. Its ranks were recruited from the large cities it passed on its way, from the class of men that I mention. To reach this class, and make its members realize that there is something better for them in this broad land than their present miserable existence is my aim. To do this is impossible, unless I can remove them from the baneful influence of the cheap lodging-houses and cheap saloons."

Archbishop Glennon, the press, the Chief of Police, the President of the Police Board, and many prominent citizens have encouraged Father Dempsey in carrying out his plans, and the experiment will be watched with interest by public-spirited citizens in other large cities, where the same need exists for better accommodation for workingmen.

The new Governor of Rhode Island has had an eventful career. At fifteen a newsboy, selling papers on the street to help his widowed mother; at twenty-two a bookkeeper; then a clerk at Washington; later a student at a law school; in 1900 entered on his professional life; and in 1906 elected to the highest office in the state, at the age of thirty.

Governor Higgins is the first Catholic governor of Rhode Island.

"I will rely upon public opinion for my support," asserts Mr. Higgins. "No political gang can compete with the American people when aroused. And the people of my state are seeing the truth.

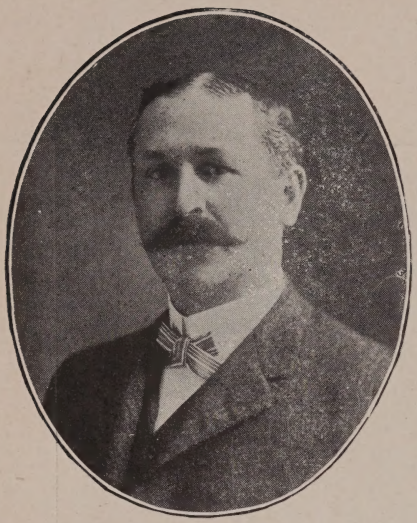
"I am not a radical. I believe in being practical in reforms as well as everything else. I believe in the principle of public ownership under strict civil service regulation, of such natural monopolies as gas and water. I do not believe in it as it would be applied under present conditions for utilities in which there can be natural competition which will regulate price and product."

Governor Higgins is said to be worth about $1,000. He lives in a small boarding house. His mother died two years ago. He is lending his support to a younger brother, now in school. He declares that the ambition of his life is to be known as a politician who has kept his campaign promises.

Hon. Patrick J. McCarthy is the only man of foreign birth who has ever been elected Mayor of Providence, and his victory was due as much to his popularity on the aristocratic East Side, whose cause he has championed, as it was to the enthusiastic devotion and loyalty of the wards in which the foreign-born element is strongest.

Mr. McCarthy's parents died in Boston of ship fever contracted during their trip from

HON. PATRICK J. McCARTHY.



HON. JOHN S. KENT.

Ireland with their seven sons. After spending a year in Nashua, N. H., where he also attended school and was forced to fight his way, he being the only Irish lad in the school, he removed to Somerville, Mass., where he obtained employment (without pay) on a milk route, alternating between caring for cattle and delivering milk and butter at the homes of Harvard College professors, among whom were Louis Agassiz, Dr. Eliot, Longfellow, Sparks, Childs and others. The summers he spent in the meadows watching the milk producers were improved by diligently conning books with the aid of a pocket dictionary, and winter days and nights saw him at school.

Prof. Charles Eliot Norton took an interest in the lad, and obtained his admission to the Cambridge night school, advised him as to his future course, loaned him books and generally aided the persevering youngster. He received presents of books from students and professors, and accumulated quite a library, with which he became familiar during boyhood. He read law years before he thought of taking a professional course.

Mr. McCarthy became a member of St. John's Literary Institute of East Cambridge, participated in debates and amateur dramatics and acquired a rudimentary knowledge of parliamentary law, which has since served him in good stead.

He served in Welch & Bigelow's printing establishment at Cambridge (the University Press) for a time, but not having sufficient influence to get an apprenticeship, came to Rhode Island to join a brother who was working for G. & C. P. Hutchings, manufacturers of gas fixtures, and later learned the trade of brass finisher.

He appeared in amateur dramatics with the old Sheridan Dramatic Club in the Providence theatres, went on the road one season, but was prevailed upon by his family to "retire," began to deal in real estate in a small way, saved his money and went to the law school of Harvard University in order to learn more about how to succeed in the real estate business. He graduated with the degree of LL.B.

Mr. McCarthy was an active member of the Brown Lyceum twenty years and its president three years. He has been identified with the Rhode Island Catholic Total Abstinence Union more than twenty-five years.

He entered political life in 1890, being elected to office on a fusion ticket. At that time he was considered to be a Republican, but soon identified himself with the popular opposition to extraordinary privileges without adequate compensation from the public service corporations, and on this platform have been conducted all his campaigns since that time. He has served three terms in the Common Council and three in the State Legislature, lower house.

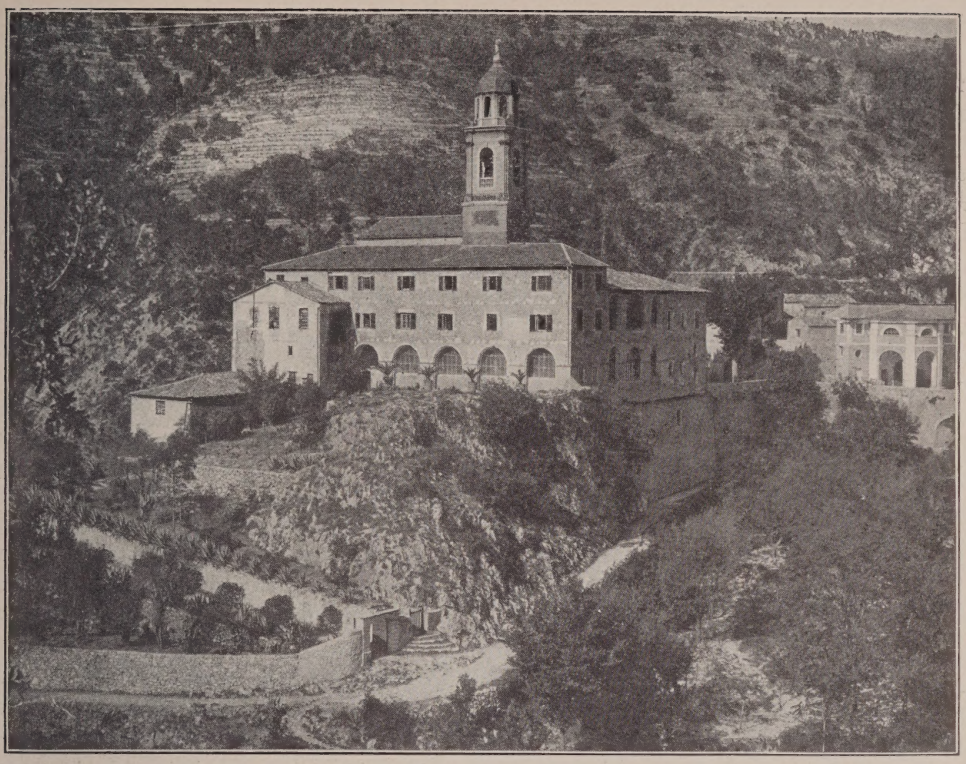
His opponent, ex-Gov. Charles Warren Lippitt, was overwhelmingly defeated, although he was a citizen of the East Side, a millionaire, and a son of the American Revolution.

The Hon. John S. Kent, the newly-elected Mayor of Brockton, was born in that city in 1860, was educated in the public schools, took a commercial college course, and began business life as a bookkeeper. For the past eighteen years he has been a stockholder in and treasurer and factory manager of the M. A. Packard Company of Brockton, makers of the Packard Shoe for men.

Mayor Kent has served as a member of the Brockton school committee, and as trustee of the public library. He is president of the Shoe Manufacturers' Association, the Brockton Hospital Company, and the Commercial Club, and chairman of the committee on foreign trade of the New England Shoe & Leather Association. He is also trustee and clerk of the People's Savings Bank. He is married and has four children.

Brockton is to be congratulated on the election of Mr. Kent as chief executive. He possesses the character forces necessary to a wise and sound administration, and has already shown his ability to accomplish things, having built up his own fortunes unaided.

Mayor Kent is an active member of the Knights of Columbus, and has taken an energetic part in all movements for the promotion of Catholic interests.



LAGHET.

A FAMOUS SHRINE CLOSED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

BY B. P. ROBINSON.

The peasant knelt on his wooden stool and bent his head before the little shrine. He was an old man with wrinkled, sun-tanned face. The hands he clasped before him were knotted and brown as the trunk of an olive tree. His round felt cap lay on the stone slab beside him. Above him our Lady of Laghet, the Lady of Miracles, stood in majesty with two glittering candles set on iron spikes offering her wan homage in the noon-tide glare.

Through the window of the white-washed gallery peered down the great mountain of Mont Agel, crowned with the walls and entrenchments of the fort in the clouds, the fort that guards the Riviera from the sea and the French frontier from the invaders if Italy should ever move upon Marseilles along the Mediterranean shore. From the entrenchment line the white stone precipices dropped sheer for three hundred feet into the pine woods, and the pine woods fell in dark green billows until they faded into the silver-grey of the olive groves and the olive groves clambered down the slopes until they reached the deserted little valley framed in laurel and cactus and giant fern and stately cedar, where stood the monastery of our Lady of Laghet, wherein the peasant knelt in prayer.

Not long ago the monastery was of

no small importance in the Roman Catholic world. Bishops and even cardinals came to walk under the tree-ferns on its terrace, beneath the walls of which a stream ran tinkling in the shadows. Trains of pilgrims marched upon the mountain roads and gathered in chattering groups before the ancient inn across the monastery square. In the great church with its high altar agleam with gold and silver and set about with splendid pictures, the monks moved in their ordered ritual, and their sonorous chantings were carried down the defile.

And the fame of the Lady of Laghet ran by all the southern coasts, from Bordighera, on the east, through Mentone and Monaco and Nice and Cannes and even to Marseilles. By her interposition innumerable lives had been saved, or so it was whispered among the fishermen, and the mule drivers on the cobbled paths through the hills, and the peasants who toiled on their narrow terraced fields beneath the olive and orange groves.

And thus it came about that when a cart ran away or a mariner crawled ashore over the foaming rocks from his shattered craft, or a mason fell from a scaffold, or the cogged wheel of an olive press nearly drew a peasant to his death, he who was saved had a picture drawn of his miraculous escape, due, as he believed, to the Lady of Laghet, whose shrine lay over, beyond, in the narrow defile among the hills. Thither he carried it that thereby he might prove his gratitude.

But in the course of years there arose in France a certain gentleman of the name of Combes, who rose to great eminence and power. He held it the duty of the State to cut itself adrift from sacred things. From which came many scenes of pathos in Normandy and Bordeaux and about Paris, and also in Provence and Savoy. For the order went forth that all religious orders were to be utterly abolished from the face of France.

So one morning there came marching down the pilgrims' road a detachment of gendarmes and a little gentleman in black bearing a bag in his hand. They entered the great doors of the monastery in the defile, and presently there issued forth a procession of monks singing a penitential psalm as they passed away from their home forever. And the little gentleman in black, quite unmoved by the fierce murmurs of the gathering villagers, fixed the government seals upon the doors of the church, put the keys in his bag, and disappeared with the serenity of a man who has performed his duty under trying circumstances.

Yet for several months the faithful came wandering back to the church of our Lady of Laghet. Before the great doors they burnt their candles and decked the old stone entrance steps with forget-me-nots and lilies, as if they had been the altar itself. They tore down the official seals, risking imprisonment thereby. Into the iron gratings they thrust their homely tributes of broom and pink lilac. They wrote wild appeals and prayers on the whitewashed walls. 'Whether this church be open or shut, I will still return each year in gratitude.' 'Ah, wretched government! it is the innocent that you make to suffer.'

Also they raised a little shrine in the cloisters. And to-day, on the stone before it, I saw the peasant kneel—alone.

I wandered round the deserted cloisters in the noonday silence. Pictures—each one a votive offering—hung on the walls, the strangest collection that was ever put together outside a nursery book. Here an enormous gentleman in blue was holding a pony, about half his size, over a gulf, solely by the reins. Two

frightened ladies in green completed the scene. There a horse was standing on its head with the rider in a similar attitude ten yards away. Both seemed quite contented with their position.

Of later date were water-colors depicting hairbreadth escapes from motors. Of these, the most interesting was one painted to the order of the parents of a chauffeur in the Gordon-Bennett race. It set out how both in the Ardennes and the Paris to Madrid races death had attempted to seize Henri, but had been driven off by our Lady of Laghet.

But the glories of Laghet passed with the imprint of the official seals. The pilgrims, who came to write their passionate appeals on the whitewashed wall have not returned. Of all the thronging crowds of the past, of the monks and bishops, of the princes and nobles, of the travelers and pilgrims, of the villagers and shop-keepers, there remained to-day but this old peasant kneeling in solitary silence before the little shrine, and of all the rich offerings there was left but one bowl of wild flowers, which he had placed before the church doors, on which hang the broken seals.

CHOOSING A CAREER.

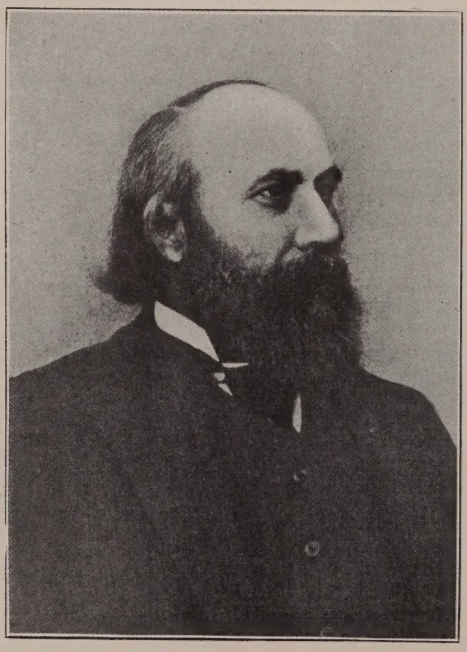
BY R. MCKAY.

"One of the great tragedies of life is the fact that so many people stumble into their vocations by accident, instead of by careful self-stock-taking and elaborate choice," says Mr. Orison Swett Marden, author of a series of books dealing with such live issues as "Pushing to the Front," "Rising in the World" and "Choosing a Career."

After thoughtfully considering the influence of parental advice or insistence, environment and opportunity, Mr. Marden discusses the easy adaptation of American youth to anything and everything, which "is often a curse," tempting him to scatter his energies, and to be careless in his choice of a career.

In the West are found many prosperous men, who started as poor boys from the East, and by doing all sorts of things, compelled fortune to smile upon them. The goal had been reached through hardship and suffering, and the winners bore the scars of many wounds. How different the life rounded out by aptitude and training for a special calling!

"The trouble with the American boy is that he thinks he can do anything. He does not quail before any emergency. But this quality is often abused, and there is a much better and safer method for reaching the goal."



JAMES J. HILL.

Young men and young women, disappointed because their progress is slow, when questioned as to the cause, proved that they are not in a position to advance, nor have they the equipment that should be theirs to insure success. They are not certain of anything, and they do not know what they want to do. Their ideas are vague, and their years go by in discontent while they wait for something to decide a career for them. They believe in luck and chance, and spend their lives drifting along the lines of least resistance.

It is pitiable to see young men and young women floating about the country, doing this thing to-day, to-morrow something else, throwing away the experience of years, perhaps, in one line; and going into something else which has no bearing upon the habits and facility they had acquired in doing the last thing,—always working to a disadvantage; having to start anew every little while, building up new experiences and new habits.

It takes a long time to become rooted in a permanent business, to get anchored solidly in a vocation. It is the worst kind of extravagance to throw away your experience. This is your capital, worth infinitely more to you than money.

Suppose a lawyer, who had gained a reputation at the bar, should all at once make up his mind to go into medicine. Scarcely a thing that he learned in all those years would help him in the practice of medicine. All his hard work, poring over law books, studying cases, precedents, would be of little assistance in a sick-room, where long experience alone counts.

You would say, this is an extreme case; this would be ridiculous. But is it any more foolish than for you, who have spent five years in a dry-goods house, to change to railroading, or for a teacher who has spent many years in the school-room to change suddenly to stenography?

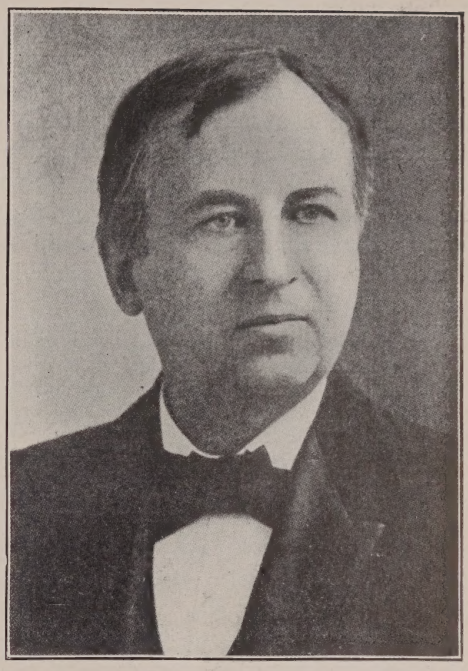
It is not an uncommon thing to see young men who have worked at a half-dozen or even a dozen different occupations within a few years. They float about from one place to another, attracted by the idea of a change and, possibiy, a little more salary.

The question of salary too often influences the choice of a career. An advance of a dollar will induce a boy to leave a position where he is acquiring valuable training, for another entirely different, and where his chance of promotion is less encouraging. Young people forget that the work which brings the greatest rewards requires the longest apprenticeship, and offers small remuneration in the beginning. Occupations without a promising future pay almost as much in the first year as they do in the tenth.

There are thousands of young people every year taking up positions that rouse no enthusiasm, no interest, and that they keep only until something else offers,—not necessarily better,—for these workers are only too ready to change, and give little thought to the results. They have the habit of unrest.

Many of the tramps and those who constitute the vast army of the "have-beens" or "might-have-beens" have been drifters. If they were interviewed, we should find that the majority had tried to do a great many things, but had never learned to do one thing perfectly. They had never developed the efficiency which commands large remuneration, because they never followed one line long enough to grasp its details, to become familiar with all its ramifications. Their services were of no more value than those of any green hand.

Jumping from pillar to post; now working on a farm, now clerking in a store, teaching school a little, doing a little surveying, writing an occasional newspaper article, dabbling in real estate, or working on a railroad, will never make one a real man,—will never make a complete master of anything. One might as rationally expect to make a lawyer or a doctor of oneself by working at all sorts of occupations, as to become an expert in anything while constantly shifting from one thing to another.



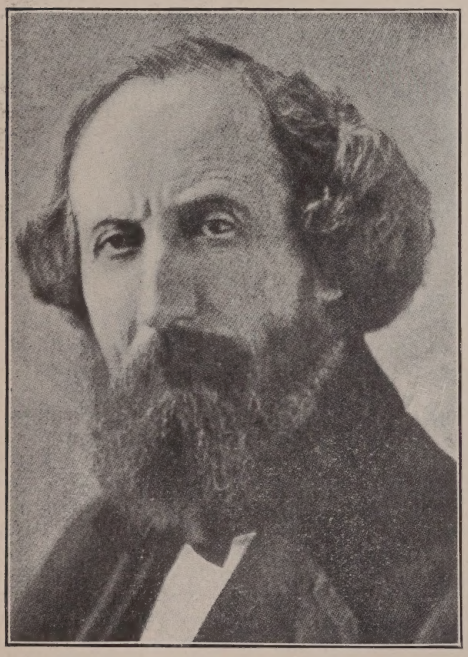
JOHN WANAMAKER.

The trouble nowadays is that young people are not content to wait twenty or twenty-five years to become general managers of anything. The average boy thinks he is ready for promotion to that office after an apprenticeship of three or four months, and if he is not advanced as rapidly as he feels his merits deserve, he throws up his job, looks for something else, and so begins a fatal career of drifting. After a while he becomes known as one who is constantly changing, and shrewd business men will not employ him. Is it any wonder that a young man, who, at his majority, can point back to a diversified career in business, will not commend himself to an employer seeking some one to train for the larger duties of management? It is well for the youth of vaulting ambition, and for the one who is too fond of change, to remember that an indifferent acquaintance with many callings fits a man for none.

Deploring the prevalence of the roving habit, the lack of stability, of deter-

mination to achieve something, Mr. Marden asserts that there is no continuity of purpose in a life so governed, and that without steady, persistent effort along the line of purpose, there can be no real success. Life must be broadened, deepened, widened and enlarged in this way,—character-building and a knowledge of affairs combining to fit youth for the places of responsibility that are open only to the competent.

The dissipation of energy is another



CYRUS W. FIELD.

reason why failure is the portion of so many.

They indulge in wrong thinking; they worry; they fret; they fear this, that, and the other thing; they are anxious about everything; they carry their business home with them, and work as hard mentally after they leave their offices as during their regular business hours. They waste their nervous force by mentally performing their tasks many times over before they come to them. These are all insidious energy-sappers, often more disastrous in their results than physical dissipation.

The need of self-improvement is urgent; intellectual growth is a necessity for the young man or woman who hopes for a future. The incompetent who knows nothing thoroughly, who can do nothing thoroughly, is seriously handicapped. Despite the educational advantages offered under the American flag, "our land is full of incompetents" declares this student of conditions in America, and he supports his assertion with such proof as this conversation between an applicant for work and the forewoman in charge of a subscription department.

"What can you do?"
"I don't think I can do much of anything; I was not brought up to anything, and never had to work."
"But what do you think you can do?"
"I don't know; I never tried anything."
"Do you write a good hand?"
"I don't know; I couldn't say."
"Do you write rapidly?"
"Not very."
"Will you write me a letter of application so I may get an idea of your handwriting and general education?"
"I don't believe I can do that."

Lucy Stone, picking berries to go through college, and Lucy Larcom, who, though a factory hand at ten, rose to prominence in letters, are contrasted with this girl who never had to work and had enjoyed the educational opportunities afforded by a large city. The young people of our land are not awake to their opportunities. They are dawdling through school, playing with their opportunities, and dallying with the greatness of life."

That mere money-making is not success, has been repeatedly demonstrated, and also that questionable methods of acquiring wealth cannot bring happiness to the possessor.

Never put in your pocket a dishonest dollar, a lying dollar, a deceitful dollar, a dollar which drips with human sorrow, a dollar which has made another poorer, which has robbed another of cherished plans or education. Never touch a dollar which is

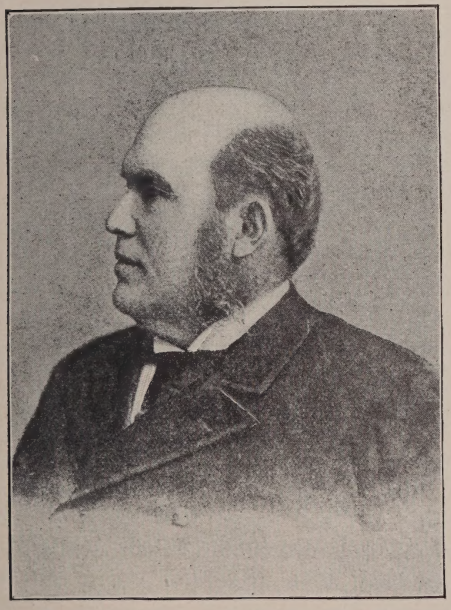
not morally clean; it will do you no good, but will rob you of peace of mind, of self-respect.

Success in business is a failure when a dollar has been wrung unjustly from customer or employee; when it looks down, not up; when it rides rough-shod over the feelings and rights of others. To be successful, a life must influence other lives that border on it; it must be of service, enriching the existence of others while rounding out its own career.

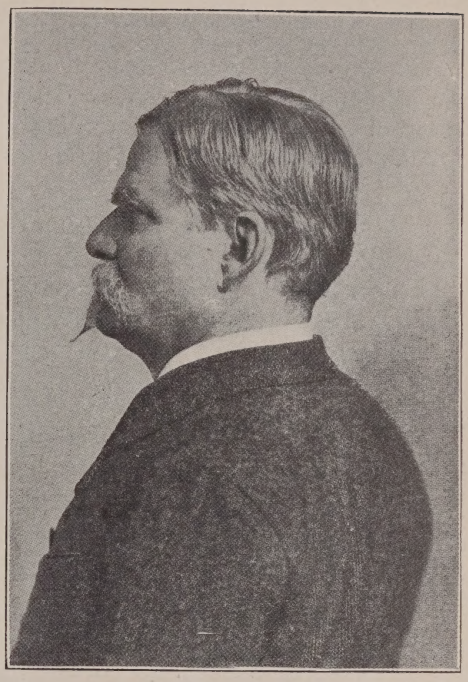
Every mechanic whose invention or improvement has emancipated man from drudgery even a little; every artisan whose contrivance or ingenuity has been an endless benefaction in the home; every carpenter whose honest nail or joint holds a building in safety; every blacksmith who has forged a reliable anchor to steady a ship in tempests, every seamstress whose conscientious work has protected a soldier on the battle-field—no matter how long ago each lived—is still toiling for humanity.

Every man who has organized a great business which has given steady employment to men, and whose discipline has been a help to the community, no matter how long ago, is still toiling for men.

Every telegram reminds us that Morse is still a force in civilization; every cable-gram tells us that Cyrus W. Field is still a power in the world. Every railroad is still a reminder that George Stephenson is not dead. The busy fingers of toilers, no matter in what age they lived, are still weaving clothing for the poor or helping humanity in some way.



PHILIP D. ARMOUR.



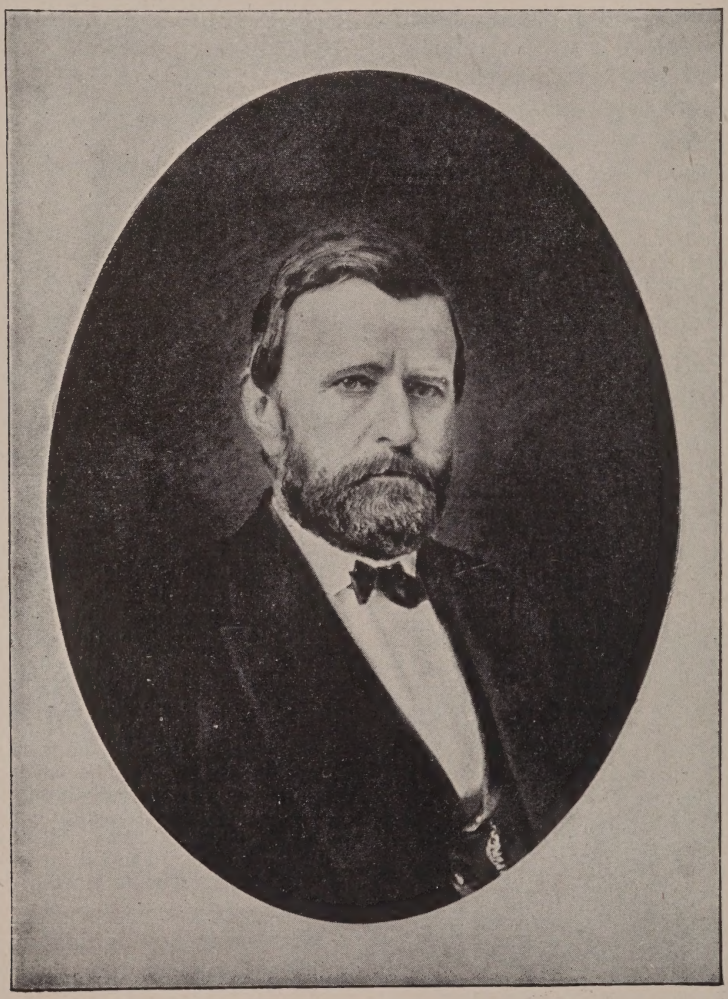
HENRY WATTERSON.

There can be no higher fame than that of an ameliorator, an uplifter of life's burdens. This is the test of greatness,—to be of use in the world. Individuals die, but those we have helped, those we have inspired and assisted and encouraged to nobler effort, still live; and they, in turn, will help others. The initial influence, however and wherever it started, becomes immortal.

That each boy is his own fortune-builder, is dwelt upon insistently, and ample proof, from the life stories of great men, is advanced to support the assertion, "Your best opening is in yourself." What others can do to advance the interest of beginners, is rated as of secondary importance.

"Your success is in your own constitution, in your own purpose. Perhaps you are dreaming of the day when you

can go where the great opportunities dwell. Perhaps you do not know that there are tens of thousands of young men in the big cities who never see any great opportunities. They are wandering about the streets and waiting at the employment offices for positions, but get none. Thousands of people live and die in New York, Chicago and other large centres hunting for these opportunities, and never finding them. They fail to realize that the secret of the great opening is in themselves. They do not understand that the unusual chance is in the way that they do the little things that come to them to do; that their position in the future depends upon the steps they are taking to-day; they do not stop to think that men who do great things do not leap into exalted positions at a bound. They forget that some of the greatest achievements in the world's history have been accomplished in out-of-the-way places, amidst the most forbid-



U S. GRANT.

ding environment; that some of the world's greatest problems have been solved in the back woods, in the wilderness, on the frontier. . . . The work you were intended to do may not yet be clear to you, but if you faithfully use every means in your power to improve yourself, and do not despise any opportunity, however slight, that may come to you, your success is assured. Your great chance will come to you, no matter where you are."

Among the authorities cited is Bishop Spalding, who thus defines success:

"Success lies in never tiring of doing, in repeating, and never ceasing to repeat; in toiling, in waiting, in bearing, and in observing; in watching and experimenting, in falling back on oneself by reflection, turning the thought over and over, round and about the mind and vision, acting again and again upon it,—this is the law of growth. The secret is to do, to do now; not to look away at all."

Thoreau, who, by the way, cannot be regarded as an exemplar of energy, is quoted in the chapter on "Concentration." "The youth gets together his materials," he says, "to build a bridge to the moon, or a palace or a temple on the earth; and, at length, the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them."

The test of leadership, the knack of getting on with people, the need of specializing, are discussed; but perhaps the most valuable part of the book is that devoted to "Suggestions as to Possible Careers."

The chances of the farmer, food purveyor, plumber, decorator, architect, manufacturer, machinist, and numerous other occupations for men and women, are considered, and illustrated by instances in the careers of those who achieved the highest measure of success in their chosen pursuits. Much sound advice is given, such as this practical counsel to the country girl, ambitious for a wider sphere of action:

I have heard country girls talk of coming to the city for employment, giving as one reason that they wanted more social life. They will not get it, for the woman of business is not the woman of leisure, and she has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home than she ever could have in the city, and there is no lonesomeness more absolute than the lonesomeness of the stranger in a crowd. Salaries are not large enough to permit much relaxation in the way of entertainment, and, after an absorbing day's work, one is too worn-out to go in search of enjoyment.

Among the various activities to which youthful energy might be profitably directed, is railroading, which President James J. Hill of the Great Northern declares "is the most important industry in the United States." It employs more men than any other, with the exception of farming. It represents a greater invested capital. It is more essential to the existence of business and society.

There are over a million employees on the payrolls of the various companies, and this enormous army is growing at the rate of over fifty thousand a year. During 1900, fifty-four thousand, three hundred and sixty-six new recruits entered the service. The year before that one hundred and eleven thousand new men were employed, owing to the sudden increase in the volume of business that came to the railroads as a result of the great prosperity. With the large increase in the number of railroad employees, there has come a corresponding increase in rewards, and in salaries paid, and few industries to-day offer better opportunities for the right sort of men. But in order to win a place at the front they must be the right sort of men. The average man, while he may gain a very comfortable position, cannot hope for one of the great prizes, because, where such a vast number of men are employed in a business, the competition is very keen.

It is now recognized that much more than experience in one of the lower grades of the service is needed to equip a man for a responsible office. In fact, the progressive railroad manager realizes that in many cases men entirely outside of the business who have brains and industry and a willingness to learn, are often more valuable than those in the service. Preference, however, is naturally given to service men, and the safest way to reach a good position, in fact, the only way as the business is now constituted, is to start in at the bottom and trust to the exhibition of the necessary

qualities for advancement. A man at the head of a railroad naturally looks among his employees for assistants. A man may be a very excellent grocery clerk, or the best sort of bricklayer, and have in him all the material that goes to the making-up of the railroad man, but he can hardly hope for an opportunity to demonstrate this while he sticks to clerking in a grocery store or to laying bricks. He has to get under the eye of railroad men if he wants a railroad job. But once on the pay-rolls, no matter how humble his position, he can rest assured that if he has the right qualities he will be given opportunities to show them.

This does not necessarily mean, of course, that he will succeed. Even if he has the best intentions in the world, and supplements them with the most dogged perseverance and resistless energy, he may never get beyond a certain point, because he is not fitted by nature for further advancement. That is his misfortune. Others again, perhaps with exceptional endowments, start wrong and get into a rut. They, too, will find progress blocked beyond a certain point, because nowadays railroading demands an original mind. There are a great many instances on record of men who advanced well to the front, reaching in some cases the presidency of roads, but who finally came to grief because their minds were one-sided, and they were never able to get out of a certain line. The man who is content to do merely the work before him, even though he does it well and thoroughly, is the sort who will come to a standstill very early, so far as advancement is concerned."

The legal profession, said to be overcrowded, has room for bright, original energetic men. Frederic R. Coudert, than whom there is no better authority, writes:

"While the ranks of the profession are undoubtedly crowded at this moment, yet persevering and patient energy has its fair chance of success. The cruel process of elimination goes on at the bar as in other callings, and the fittest will survive. Many fall by the wayside, broken-hearted and discouraged. They have adopted a pursuit for which they are unfitted by their education, their temper, their habits or their physical constitution, but this may be said of every other occupation to which a young man may devote himself. If he is willing to wait, if he is courageous, honest, modest, and content not to ascend the bench of the Supreme Court while he is still in the early twenties of his life, he has his chance of success. With a smooth tongue, a ready wit, a courteous manner and well-furnished mind, with due perseverance and application, success is probable. Nature in her kindness does not usually make one man the recipient of all her gifts, and the good fairies drop into any boy's cradle only part of the qualities that are needed, and give others to another. If the young lawyer will remember that there is no royal road to success, that many a good soldier grows gray in the ranks before wearing the captain's epaulets, that the physicians with princely incomes may be counted on his fingers, that the millionaire bankers, the great merchants, and the successful authors, have left thousands of panting competitors far behind them in the race, he may take comfort to himself and learn the great and most essential lesson of patience.

There are, of course, elementary conditions which underlie success in every walk of life. It goes without saying that the aspirant for worldly honors or financial achievements shall have intelligence, moral and physical health, and a constitution that will enable him to stand disagreeable friction and frequent disappointment. If he belongs to one of the learned professions, he must have at least a moderate knowledge to start upon, and the ability to enlarge his intellectual capital by absorbing from others what he does not himself possess.

If he is to rise as a lawyer, it is essential that he should not be a fool, and it is equally important that he should not be a liar. There is no other profession in the world where a deserved reputation for truth is so important.

Newspaper work has a chapter to itself, all too small a space for so important a subject. The unique position of the editor of the country paper is first considered.

"It would not surprise a country newspaper man," says Congressman Landis, "were he in a single day to be called on to suggest two or three subjects for high-school commencement essays; asked to write an obituary notice for a leading citizen; requested to advise a farmer on the matter of a lawsuit; implored to tender his good offices in settling a dispute among friends; entreated to quiet domestic discord in a neighbor's family that threatened to ripen into divorce; or waited on by the daughter of a farmer subscriber who is about to marry against her father's will, and desires the wrath of the parent stayed. A medley like this would drive the editor in a large city crazy. To answer all these demands calls for, not only ability, but also judgment, discretion, tact, common-sense, and sympathy."

Henry Watterson is of the opinion that in the smaller communities, in the town or a small city, a newspaper worker is more likely to "pursue the even tenor of his way" than is the young man on the staff of a great city paper. Position is surer, competition is less fierce, and life generally is less strenuous in the smaller communities.

While no man can be sure of what he may or may not be able to accomplish under the developing influences of urgent and exacting circumstances, it is safer and better for one who does not feel that he possesses unusual ability to remain in a quiet town, as a newspaper worker, than to embark on the tempestuous sea of journalism in a great city. This is particularly true if he be a man with a family and finds his chief pleasure in a tranquil, domestic life.

But the man of restless spirit, who feels stirring within him a superabundance of energy that can find no adequate outlet in the humdrum work on the home paper, may as well attempt metropolitan journalism. He never will be content until he does. He may never rise above the crowd, or he may possess the marked journalistic ability which will be recognized nowhere so quickly as in the great centre; and he may attain a position that will give him a broader, more active and more influential life than could ever have been his in the home town. This question must be solved solely on the circumstances of the individual case. A man of brilliant talents must become known.

The good or evil of such a man depends, not upon the particular locality in which he lives, but upon his purposes in life and the use he makes of the opportunities which are sure to come to him. The basis of success in journalism is good habits, good sense, and good feeling, a good education, particularly in the English branches, and application both constant and cheerful. All success is, of course, relative. Good and ill fortune play a certain part in the life of every man. But honest, tireless, painstaking assiduity may conquer ill fortune, as it will certainly advance good fortune. In the degree that a man adds to these essentials large talents, special training, breadth of mind, and reach of vision his flight will be higher.

Sallie Joy White points out the way to women who look to journalism as their calling. The first requirement is the ability to write well; that is, "to express yourself in good English, free from redundancies, with clearness and consciousness. Fine writing is not wanted. . . ."

The successful newspaper woman must be versatile, able to do work of any kind on any copy; fairly well informed; up in historical subjects; with some ideas about the movements of the time, and be quick to catch the spirit of events. "There are many well-read, highly educated women whose ideas are worth a great deal, but who would never make good newspaper workers, simply because they never can be made to have any relative values of happenings."

Perfect physical as well as good mental endowment is essential to a successful newspaper career. The girl who has not a good constitution, unimpaired health and a perfect nervous system, should never think for a moment of entering this profession.

In no profession does one have to meet so much in the way of physical disadvantage as in this. No matter what the weather may be, if a piece of news is needed, it must be secured. Often there is great irregularity in eating. Hours of labor are uncertain; you are at the behest of others. If you have splendid health and no nerves; if you are ambitious to learn your profession and willing to begin with the alphabet of it; if you will understand that your remuneration will be small at first, and that severe economy will be necessary in order to get on; if you are free from nonsense—then you may undertake the work, feeling sure that there is no more delightful profession in the world, even though it is the most exacting.

Do everything as well as you can. Put as much good work into a report of the most trifling nature as you would into an important editorial. Carry your conscience with you all the way along."

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY FREE FROM DEBT.

The following letter contains information that will give great pleasure to American Catholics whose zeal for Catholic education has helped to accomplish the splendid results announced by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons:

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, Baltimore, Md., November 6th, 1906.

I take pleasure in bringing to your attention the excellent condition of the Catholic University of America shown in the Rector's report for the current year. As an evidence of careful administration, this statement is both creditable and encouraging; and I have noted with special gratification the favorable impression it produced throughout the country.

In addition I am happy to state with a great feeling of gratitude that the amount of the collection for 1905-1906 was $100,489.45. As the University is now free from debt, this sum has been employed, partly in meeting current expenses and partly in increasing the endowment fund which at present amounts to $431,290.46 and which is invested in the best securities.

By their loyal support our hierarchy and faithful people have enabled the University to discharge fully all its financial obligations and to continue its work during a most critical period without closing a department or releasing a single professor. They have, moreover, by their prompt sympathy, filled us all with fresh confidence and hope and have infused new vigor into the academic life of the University itself.

In considering the prosperous situation of the University, I cannot but feel that Almighty God has set the seal of His blessing upon our work. I appreciate most highly the good-will of all our generous benefactors and especially of those who replied to my personal appeal. I am repaid by their hearty co-operation for many an anxious care suffered during the past few years in order to place the University on a sound financial basis. With all my heart I thank you, your clergy, and the devoted people of your diocese for the aid and encouragement given me in these trying circumstances and I shall remember it gratefully as long as I live.

Now that the great trials of the University are over, it remains for us to push on by common endeavor, the development of this great work, having in mind the needs of our schools and colleges and the educational wants of all our people. In this hope and aspiration I most respectfully commend to your paternal care the collection for the coming year. Not only are the hearts of all our people turned towards our beloved institution, but our Holy Father himself, as I personally know, is following its growing development day by day with loving care.

With sentiments of profound respect, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

J. CARD. GIBBONS,
Chancellor.

THE MEDICINE HABIT.

WHEN IT FASTENS ITSELF UPON THE HUMAN BEING, NATURE GETS VERY LITTLE CHANCE.

Pity the man or woman who is struggling under the Protean load of trouble and tribulation known as "The Medicine Habit." The drug habit steals upon the victim stealthily, gradually and unawares. In nine cases out of ten, it starts with stomach trouble or some impairment of the digestive functions. Imprudence or excesses in eating or drinking are followed by loud and vigorous protest in the stomach and bowels, and this disorder is followed by a whole train of ailments that impress the sufferer with the idea that every organ in his body is diseased and is not working properly.

When the functions of the stomach, intestines, liver and other organs are impaired by an abuse of Nature's laws, the first temptation is to pour in the drugs, thus adding to the burden which the poor, jaded and weakened stomach and liver must carry. Instead of lightening the burden under which Nature is struggling, the load is increased, the patient being unmindful of the fact that everything which is taken into the mouth and

swallowed must be disposed of by the stomach.

The tendency of Nature is to repair injury. The minute the skin is bruised, the flesh punctured, or any organ injured, Nature immediately begins the work of repair. The function of medicine should be to assist Nature in her work of repair rather than to cripple, burden and retard her in this work. A natural, nutritious and easily digested food, baths which open the pores of the skin,—sometimes called "the third lung,"—and plenty of exercise in the open air, are much more important factors than medicine.

One of the first and most important things to be done in restoring the digestive organs to natural vigor is thorough mastication of the food. In masticating food it is thoroughly mixed with saliva, which is an alkaline solution, and which is necessary to excite the flow of the acid juices of the stomach. This is the first process in digestion.

Unless the food is thoroughly masticated and salivated, digestion is imperfect. In eating soft and mushy porridges for breakfast, this first process of digestion is incomplete and imperfect. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is a food which by reason of its crispness must be thoroughly chewed, and is completely mixed with saliva, and hence perfectly digested. It is not only thoroughly masticated, but its porous and shredded condition enables the gastric juices of the stomach to very quickly take it up and assimilate it after it has gone through the process of salivation. Moreover, there is nothing in Shredded Wheat to cause fermentation or distress. It contains no yeast, no baking powder, no fats or no chemicals of any kind,—nothing but the pure whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked.

The manufacturers of Shredded Wheat are in receipt of hundreds of letters every week from persons who have been marvelously cured of very serious ailments by eating Shredded Wheat instead of taking medicine. The following case, which gives an account of a complete cure of a bad case of catarrh of the stomach through a diet of Shredded Wheat, seems almost incredible, but the testimony is explicit, positive, and freely given:

DeWitt, Neb., Oct. 30, 1906.

"Some six years ago I was taken ill with catarrh of the stomach, which developed into ulcers, and they soon caused hemorrhages. When at my worst, and my life despaired of, I changed doctors, calling in Dr. W. S. Wiggins of this town. He immediately ordered a diet of Shredded Wheat Biscuit for me, to be eaten dry, after warming in the oven, and for one year I took absolutely no other nourishment.

"It took six months to check the hemorrhages, and for four years I was under Dr. Wiggins' care. After the years of constant use of Shredded Wheat Biscuit, I took other light nourishment, but lived mainly on the Biscuit with fruit and milk.

"It is now six years since my illness, and for my return to normal good health I feel that I am largely indebted to Shredded Wheat Biscuit. I still use it daily in my home.

"(Signed) Mrs. George M. Artist."

To make the testimonial more complete and more positive, Dr. W. S. Wiggins, who attended this woman in her illness, adds the following comment: "I find that Shredded Wheat Biscuit is better borne by an irritable stomach than any other form of nourishment."

Shredded Wheat Biscuit, heated in the oven, is delicious as a breakfast cereal with hot milk or cream, or for any other meal in combination with fruits, creamed oysters and vegetables. Nearly all grocers sell it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Lord Acton and his Circle. Edited by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

No book of recent times has been so warmly recommended by one party and so vigorously denounced by another as this stately volume which contains 178 letters, mainly on Religion and Literature, written by Lord Acton, and now edited by Abbot Gasquet, who supplies a monograph on the periodicals Lord Acton edited and the men with whom he was associated during the days of the Catholic Revival in England. When all that has been written on both sides has been carefully examined and sifted, the following decisions must, we think, be reached by the impartial reader.

(1) These letters are a most important contribution to the religious history of England during half a century.

(2) The finest literary and historical qualities have been displayed throughout the book by the eminent editor.

(3) The letters place the late Lord Acton in a most favorable light, both as regards his devotion to religion and his influence in the world of letters.

(4) They give the reader an insight into a portion of his life only, and consequently the picture drawn therefrom is incomplete. Hence the absolute need of another volume to complete the sketch.

Nearly all that can be said for or against the book may be summed up in these statements. That the "Letters" are a striking contribution to the history of Catholic England during the past century no one can deny. Herein we see unveiled many a secret of the past, and many an anonymous paper is traced to its true author. In this manner we are brought face to face with the inmost thoughts of the leaders in the Catholic Revival; and it is very striking to notice the different views of the "protagonists" in that wonderful drama. Wiseman, Manning, Döllinger, Dalgairns, Richard Simpson, Montalembert, Thomas Arnold, Archbishop Ullathorne, Aubrey de Vere, Père Gratry, Lord Emly, and other remarkable personages, become quite familiar friends, and Acton criticizes many of them, and their views with a frankness that is, at times, almost startling. Not that frankness should be objected to, but there is especially in certain letters a certain rugged bluntness which is apt to irritate rather than to convince.

Lord Acton was not only an extremist, but, unfortunately, he frequently pushes his views with a persistency and a vigor of language little warranted by the matter under discussion. It was this trait in his character that aroused the keenest resentment in those who differed from him; and it led we doubt not, to the suspicions which have been cast upon his orthodoxy. Certain it is that he not infrequently made statements and employed expressions which require considerable modification, in order to save the writer's orthodoxy. A strong thinker and a trenchant writer, Lord Acton lacked that judicial equipoise so necessary in a man of public life, especially in one who aims to be a teacher of others. While, consequently, appreciating to the fullest extent the great value of these letters, still we cannot help urging upon the erudite Abbot Gasquet the need of a complementary volume to fill up the lines of the portrait so as to give us an adequate view of Acton's entire life, and thus to explain the unpleasant impressions produced by the publication of the much-discussed Drew letters. Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Ecclesia: The Church of Christ. A Planned Series of Papers by Dom Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B., Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.D.C.; Fr. R. H. Benson, M.A., Dom John Chapman, O.S.B.; Dom J. D. Breen, O.S.B., A. H. Mathew and Father Peter Finlay, S.J. Edited by Arnold Harris Mathew. New York. Benziger Bros. 1907.

The aim of this volume is to provide a concise and simple explanation of what is meant by the "*Notes of the Church.*" To accomplish this purpose the editor secured the co-operation of several eminent ecclesiastics, each one of whom contributed an article upon some special topic. The result is a volume of more than ordinary worth, a work which will bear reading and re-reading both by priest and layman. There is an originality and a sprightliness in the treatment of these familiar subjects, which will delight not only orthodox members of the Church but also that vast army of earnest non-Catholic workers who are groping for the light. "Ecclesia" is destined, we hope, to guide many a soul to the haven of security.

Little Pilgrimages Among Bavarian Inns. By Frank Roy Fraprie. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1907.

Every year an almost endless line of our countrymen journey abroad to acquire the breadth of knowledge and the fine polish which, educators tell us, are the outcome of intelligent travel. Yet of the many who in

this spirit visit the Old World, how few bring back with them a true insight into the real life, manners, and thoughts of the lands visited? Nay, rather, how many there are who simply skim over the surface of the various countries, who rush from capital to capital, and who imagine that they are acquainted with the art treasures of France, because they have spent a few hours in the Louvre. Not thus is knowledge broadened; not thus does culture acquire its rarest finish. He who would gain an insight into a people's life, who would study their fairest treasures, must turn aside from the beaten line of travel, and, pitching his tent in some out-of-the-way country place, journey thence to the local attractions, surveying them from every side, often returning to examine with deeper care a piece of rich wood carving or an exquisite scene of spirited painting. Then, too, he must learn to mingle with the people as one of themselves, gaining their confidence by his sympathy, and their respect by his love of justice. Among the many delightful spots for this species of travel, we know of few equal to the Bavarian and the Tyrolese Highlands. Here in the most romantic places, where nature has been absolutely lavish in the sublimity and beauty of scenery you find magnificent trophies of art and a people almost unequalled for friendliness and personal integrity. It is through this region that Frank Roy Fraprie pilots us with the enthusiasm of a scholar and with the unerringness of a Swiss guide. How full of happiness he makes the journey through the valley of the Isar, along the shores of Lake Starnberg, among the villas of Partenkirchen, in and around the quaint scenes of Nüremberg, not to mention the many other delightful places charmingly described. In a book so generally satisfactory, the few little side-thrusts at the religious views of the people might well have been omitted.

The Immortality of the Soul. By Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

We call attention to this valuable brochure, because there are few questions so vitally important as those connected with the Human Soul and with its existence after death has claimed all that is material in man. Dr. Aveling is concise, lucid and forceful, and students of philosophy, both in seminaries and in colleges, will find his presentation very helpful in the mastery of this important truth. As to the resurrection of the body from a philosophical standpoint, Dr. Aveling says: "The immortal soul exists separated from the body that is decaying in the tomb. But, though it is a substance and immortal, it is also the substantial form of the human body. Body and soul together, and neither apart, is the human person. Consequently, one of its chief activities is suspended by its separation; and it retains a relationship only to that body which it vivified. It is still individuated from all other souls in virtue of that persisting relationship. From this one consideration alone it is possible to frame an argument *ad hominem* that the separated human soul will again be reunited to its body, because of its undestroyed relationship to the matter which it once informed, because of its incapacity of exercising one of its important functions in the state of separation, and because of the fact that soul and body together are of the essence of man."

A Much-Abused Letter. By George Tyrrell. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

It is a well-known fact that the publication of a certain confidential letter, written by Father Tyrrell, a letter containing statements not in harmony with general Catholic thought, led to his withdrawal from the Society of Jesus. He now gives to the world the substance of the letter and his own explanation, together with the reflections aroused by the treatment he thinks he has received from certain theologians. We cannot help feeling that Father Tyrrell's cause will be injured by this somewhat embittered apology. After all a little more of the spirit of child-like faith and a little less insistence upon exaggerated views would have saved the author from statements which are certainly at variance with the accepted opinions of orthodox Catholicity. No one who has read Father Tyrrell's earlier writings can be blind to the power therein displayed; no one who knew his influence over souls can be insensible to the loss resulting from his present position; yet we must not lose sight of the fact that in the entire controversy certain qualities have been exhibited which were much better not in evidence. We shall always regret this epilogue attached to this book; and we feel confident that the respected author will also one day decide that it does not reflect the opinions of his quietest and deepest self.

Jesus of Nazareth. The Story of His Life. Written for Children. By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston. Second Edition. New York. Benziger Bros. 1907.

Christian mothers, place a copy of this exquisite life of Our Blessed Redeemer in the hands of every little one in whose spiritual care you are interested. Beautifully written and beautifully illustrated, it should be found among the books of every Catholic child.

A Little Book of the Inner Life. By a Monk. Herder. St. Louis. 1907.

Guides of the spiritual life have always placed great value upon the writings of the old Benedictine ascetics, not only on account of their profound treatment of things spiritual, but also on account of their terseness, their pointedness and their virility. This tiny brochure is a sample of this form of writing; and we are confident that it will stimulate many an ardent soul to still greater efforts in the struggle for perfection of spirit.

The Gospel According to St. Luke. With Introduction and Annotations by Madame Cecilia. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Had a distinguished theologian written this erudite commentary on St. Luke's Gospel, his deserts would have met with unqualified recognition and praise. What encomium, then, can we find, when we consider that a pious nun has provided us with this volume, which shows not only an accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages and of the great Commentators, but also a wide acquaintance with the best exegetical writings of non-Catholics. Madame Cecilia has, in this, conferred a special benefit upon all who wish to deepen and broaden their knowledge of the inspired writings.

Letters from the Beloved City. By Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. Reissue. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

Through the medium of letters to a dear friend from the Eternal City, Father Best contrives to impart to those outside the fold enlightenment and information on certain fundamental matters, while, at the same time, he presses upon them certain considerations to which they are bound to give notice. The plan is carried out in a convincing way, while the spirit of *gentle* zeal which permeates every page is most consoling in these days when so many seem to think that to be effective one must be unduly aggressive.

The Glories of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. From the Original of Rev. M. Hausherr, S.J. With Preface by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1907.

The clients of the Sacred Heart are legion. We hope that all will provide themselves with a copy of this admirable book, which will ever serve as a "key" to the inexhaustible spiritual treasures connected with this popular devotion.

Our Little Spanish Cousins. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Illustrated by Blanche McManus. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

This well-known writer takes our little people to the sunny land of Spain, the home of haughty hidalgos and of stately senoritas, of Moorish splendor and of Christian magnificence, of pleasant manners and of broad hospitality. Well, indeed, is the task performed, and we rise from the perusal of this book with a feeling of deep interest in little Fernando Antonio Maria Allegria Francisco Ruy Guzman y Ximenez and in his devoted little sister, Maria Dolores Conception Isabel Inez Juanita. Happy the children who have Mrs. Nixon-Roulet for their guide upon their imaginary travels to the homes of the little cousins in the Old World.

While the Heart Beats Young. By James Whitcomb Riley. Pictures by Ethel Franklin Betts. Bobbs-Merrill Company. Indianapolis. 1906.

This book, dedicated "with changeless love" to "the children of the old times and these" will surely please both classes. It is a delight to even take it in one's hands, and turn over page after page of cheery verse and charming illustration. A generation ago "Orphant Annie" was recited, yet school children of to-day and grown-ups as well, will welcome her in her gorgeous holiday apparel. She appears here with those other old friends, "The Raggedy Man," "Lizabuth Ann," and Willie, who pleaded

> "Le's don't never ever go
> To the Land of Thus and So."

"Granny," too, and "The Runaway Boy," are in this select company, with many other favorites who have helped to gladden hours in days gone by, and will prove equally popular in the days to come.

The new numbers fit in happily with the old favorites, and the genial charm and kindly tone of the entire collection prove that James Whitcomb Riley still holds his own as the children's poet, their most discerning friend, and the prince of good fellows.

Every one who reads or even opens this latest collection of verse must feel its joyous spirit.

"While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance,
With every day a holiday, and life a glad romance—
We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch their flight,
Standing still, the more enchanted both of hearing and of sight,
When they have vanished wholly—for, in fancy, wing-to-wing

We fly to heaven with them; and, returning, still we sing
The praises of this lower heaven, with tireless voice and tongue,
Even as the Master's sanctions—while the heart beats young."

In Treaty With Honor. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Little, Brown & Company. Boston. 1906.

It is a far cry from "Apples Red and Rosy," and "Merry Hearts and True," to this stirring romance; but minds appreciative of the former have had the training that will make them enjoy to the fullest extent Miss Crowley's latest book, "In Treaty With Honor."

Avoiding the beaten track, Miss Crowley has selected for the groundwork of her story a dramatic episode never before touched upon by any novelist—the Patriot War, or struggle of French Canada for independence. Nial Adair tells the story, modestly, —because of his own chivalrous part—and yet with such dash and fire that the reader immediately becomes absorbed in his story. This brave young volunteer,—born in Ireland, educated in Paris, and an adopted citizen of the United States,—has an unusual connection with other countries, but it is in old Quebec that he establishes his claim to the name of hero. He forms an abiding friendship with a soldier of fortune, and together they pledge their service to the patriot cause.

Old Quebec has an irresistible charm for the lover of romance, and it is not surprising that every year novels are woven out of the material supplied by the quaint old city, either from the history of its past, or the attractions of the present day.

No lover of a good story wants to have the plot revealed beforehand. The great pleasure in reading is to make discoveries for oneself; to meet the characters at every turn; and find out what part they have in the making of the romance. "In Treaty With Honor" will satisfy this desire to the fullest extent. It is replete with human interest, and will not disappoint the author's many friends, who hold in grateful remembrance "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the Strait," and "Love Thrives in War."

Keeping Tryst. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

He who learns early in life the solemn duty of being faithful will not be likely to make a failure of his career. Fidelity is the foundation stone of character-strength, and it gives lustre to every virtue. How important, then, it is that it should be mastered in our early years! And how can we succeed more effectively in implanting this root-virtue in the hearts of the young than by placing in their hands this precious booklet which teaches under allegorical attractiveness this important lesson. In fact, it would not be without gain if we all kept a copy of this gracious guide near us to whisper frequently to us the words of wisdom:

"'Tis the King's call. O list!
Thou heart and hand of mine, keep tryst—
Keep tryst or die!"

The Fair Hills of Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1906.

As a preface to this book, the author, Stephen Gwynn, publishes a letter to his friend, W. S. Green, Inspector of Irish Fisheries: "Here is a book about the life of Ireland," he says, "inscribed to you, because no man has helped its writer so much to realize Irish history whether of the past or of the present."

And not only the life of Ireland, but the geography and the history and the legends of Ireland are treated in this volume. It is written "in praise of Ireland," for the traveller rather than for the tourist, for Irishmen rather than for strangers, but in general for all who will sympathize with Mr. Gwynn in setting out on a pilgrimage of pleasure, undertaken in the pursuit of knowledge. It is a guide-book to places of historic places in Ireland, and every chapter calls up associations covering a great range in the story of the Irish race. The chapters have been grouped in order of time, beginning with those places where the salient interest belongs to a very remote age. The selection was necessarily arbitrary —thus in Armagh the rath of Emain Macha is the dominating point of interest, and the chapter therefore deals with the legendary glories of Conchobar MacNessa and his champions of the Red Branch; with a generous remembrance of the Yellow Ford; Benburb; and the traditions of St. Patrick's See.

The stretch of Irish history which Mr. Gwynn has chosen to illustrate deals with Ireland of the Gael, not Ireland of the Gael and the Gaul, and readers will be glad of this choice; for the descriptions of the monuments, surviving from those early days; and the inclusion of passages gathered from early documents.

The object of the book is not so much to teach as to suggest a line of thought and study "which had been for the writer fruitful of endless pleasure and interest." . . .

The places written of in this book are quite out of the tourist's track, and away from the regular resorts of anglers; "yet, thank goodness," says Mr. Gwynn, "there are few spots in Ireland where fishing cannot be had, and I have not yet found the place where there was nothing worth seeing. . . . Writing of Ireland I have written, so far as my ignorance allowed me, in the spirit and with the help of that native

Irish literary and historical tradition whose value is as yet strangely underrated even among ourselves to-day."

The book is a treasury of Irish lore, and the index will aid the student to find information on almost every person and event of importance during the era of which Mr. Gwynn treats.

The Little Colonel Maid of Honor. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1907.

The "Little Colonel Series" is a group of stories written by that exquisite writer, Annie Fellows Johnston, for growing girls. They are very true to life, full of charming incidents, and replete with underlying lessons of practical advice to the students of our high schools, academies, and colleges. There is a pleasing strain of healthy humor in the volume, and the romantic coloring manifest throughout will prove a strong attraction to the young ladies.

The Other Miss Lisle. By M. C. Martin. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906.

Her Faith Against the World. By Wilfrid Wilberforce. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Two very readable novels added to the large output of such literature by this well known New York firm. The girl who works for a living will marvel at the good fortune that fairly falls into the lap of Christine Lisle. With her invalid sister she takes up her residence on the Cape, is speedily offered a position as stenographer, and is even invited to the social functions of the wealthy. Though not caring for such frivolities herself she goes to please Sylvia, for whom she makes many sacrifices. Despite their poverty the girls enjoy many comforts and privileges, and throughout the story there is a salutary lesson of devotion to duty. The Catholic spirit informing it, and the many happy incidents that brighten the pages recommend this novel as cheery reading for young girls engaged in the struggle for bread—though such discerning critics will doubtless be a trifle cynical over the very unusual experiences of Christine Lisle.

In "Her Faith Against the World," London is chosen as the scene of the various events that make up a story of much interest. The details of an election, the triumph of worth over class prejudices, the heroine's conversion to the Faith, and the happy outcome of many vicissitudes form the subject-matter of more than twenty chapters.

Captain Jack Lorimer. By Winn Standish. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1907.

The Boston Sunday *Herald* has introduced "Jack Lorimer" to the reading public, and Jack is now an admired friend at many a fireside. In this book he figures as the hero of the story and his manly qualities, his scrupulous regard for honorable athletics, will render him doubly attractive to the American boy. Mr. Standish wields a vivid pen, and his descriptions of foot-ball, basket-ball, and hockey games, are very graphic and will be read with great eagerness by our fun-loving boys and girls. While the book has many excellent points, it has also some defects, and we cannot help feeling that a little more of the ideal, and a little more prominence given to nobler characters and principles would be a great improvement.

Pussy-Cat Town. By Marion Ames Taggart. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1907.

Few writers understand child-life as well as Miss Taggart. She possesses that rare gift of insight which enables an author to see things as they appeal to the little folk, and her stories are, in consequence, valuable contributions to this important part of our literature. In Pussy-Cat Town her qualities are seen at their best and we almost envy the deep joy which our small sisters and brothers will experience when, hidden in some quiet nook, they ponder over the wondrous events of Pussy-Cat Town told in a manner that will captivate even the elders. The illustrations and general setting correspond to the excellence of the author's literary workmanship. Would that Miss Taggart could be induced to give us an entire library of books similar to "Pussy-Cat Town!"

The Czar's Gift. By William Ordway Partridge. Funk & Wagnalls Company. New York. 1906.

In "The Czar's Gift" readers are led to an obscure quarter of St. Petersburg where two brothers, Paul and Frederick Welonski, live alone, their father having been sent to Siberia. The story of the brothers' love, their adventures, sufferings, and mutual sacrifices is one of surpassing interest and pathos.

The Old Darnman. By Charles L. Goodell. Funk & Wagnalls Company. New York. 1906.

In "The Old Darnman" Mr. Goodell gives a character sketch which will recall to New Englanders the unique figure that for many years journeyed to and fro through the country. The Darnman's deranged mind compelled him to seek unceasingly for a lost one. The great desire of his life was to preserve the wedding suit that he wore constantly, and his familiar request for thread or yarn to mend his clothes was always honored by the house-wives.

QUESTION BOX.

Please give me the requirements for membership in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The booklet containing the rules of this society gives the following rule for membership, and it adds a very complete explanation of the same. As this little volume is published by the Superior Council it is, of course, authoritative and we can glean therefrom the kind of members which the society wishes to attract to its ranks.

Article I.—*All Christian young men*, who desire to unite in a communion of prayers and a participation in the same works of charity, may become members of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, wherever they may happen to reside.

This article, the object of which is to set forth the aim and the nature of the Society, contains many points of the highest importance.

First, it recalls to mind that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has been founded by *young men and for them;* it is with a view of preserving them from the dangers of every kind that surround them at the commencement of their career, that Conferences have been organized; and if, at a later time, men of more advanced age have come to join themselves to them, and to bring to them the tribute of their experience, we should not be the less mindful of the original aim of the Society, and we should seek, as much as possible, to attract to it young men, those especially who, far from their own families, have need of being surrounded by a pious circle to make them persevere in good.

It results, moreover, from this article, that the Conferences are intended *for men only;* that women cannot take part in them, either as active or as honorary members. By a natural consequence, the works of women, although founded upon a rule analogous to that of the men, cannot be aggregated to the Society. Conferences may have charitable relations with them, may adopt the cases of the poor whom they recommend, and may recommend others to them in turn, but they must keep separate their government, their resources, their meetings. It will be seen further on, that women can become benefactresses to the Society, and in that relation participate in numerous Indulgences.

The article adds that the members must be *Christians*, and the 18th article confirms it by adding, that "each member should be careful not to introduce into the Society anyone who will not edify his fellow-members or be edified by them. All should strive to love each other, and the poor like brothers." The Council-General, interpreting the rule, has always understood that this condition could not be considered as fulfilled but among men, Christians not only in feeling but in practice, fulfilling all the duties prescribed by the Church, and especially the Paschal duty. On this subject almost all the Circulars may be consulted, in particular those of the 14th July, 1841, and of the 31st May, 1846. Good sense, moreover, proves it in an evident manner. One of the aims of the Society being to make the poor better men and better Christians, how can one effect this if he is not so himself, and how can he inculcate duties which he does not discharge?

It is, moreover, to be remarked, that the primary object which the Society proposes to its members, is their own edification. If they meet together, if they visit the poor, the first object is to make each other better *by a union in prayer*. The aim of the Conferences is not, then, philanthropy, the alleviation—very praiseworthy, no doubt, but purely human—of the sufferings of the poor; their aim is zeal for the salvation of souls, and in particular for the souls of the members themselves. This is a point which must never be lost sight of, for numerous consequences spring from it, especially in the selection of the works to be undertaken by Conferences, which ought all to tend towards the sanctification of the members engaged in them.

Still, if charitable works are not the primary object of the Society, they are the principal means made use of to attain that object. There are some associations which are conducive to the sanctification of these engaged in them, as pious congregations, by their frequent and prolonged prayers; there are others that strive to the same end by charitable exercises and by penance united to prayer such as the Third Orders. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has not so high an aim; it does not aspire to be a congregation, a confraternity, a Third Order; it is no more than a pious assembly of Christians living in the world, and desiring to put their purity under the shelter of charity. To ask more for it would be to pervert its character and its institution.

The Council-General has been consulted several times to know if it were expedient to admit as members persons who were not above want. It has always replied in the negative. Doubtless it is not necessary to be favored by fortune in order to take part in the Society. With regard to this, much consideration must be given to the locality in which the particular Conference accomplishes its works. For example: The conditions could not be absolutely the same in a poor country district as in a large city; but it is always of consequence that the member should be in a position to help the

poor in some degree, however small, and should never have need to be himself assisted. Every one can comprehend the inconvenience which may arise from a contrary usage.

Where can I find some definite data with regard to Biblical chronology?

In the greater number of Catholic Bibles, a chronology, more or less definite, is usually added as an appendix. It must not be forgotten that in matters of such antiquity, where the information is extremely meagre, the dates of events can only be approximately ascertained. The Rev. Walter Richards, D.D., whose Manual of Scripture History is in many respects an admirable book gives the following Biblical chronology, which will be studied, we are sure, with keen interest by all our readers:

	B.C.
The Creation	4004
Abel died, aged 128	3876
Adam died, aged 930	3074
Henoch translated to heaven, aged 365,	3017
Seth died, aged 912	2962
Noe born	2948
Enos died, aged 905	2864
Cainan died, aged 910	2769
Lamech died, aged 777	2353
Mathusala died, aged 960	2349
The Deluge	2348
The confusion of tongues	2234
Noe died, aged 950 (350 after the Flood)	1998
Abram born	1996
Call of Abram	1921
Ismael born	1910
Sodom and Gomorrha destroyed	1897
Isaac born (Calmet says 1889)	1896
Isaac offered by Abraham	1871
Isaac married Rebecca (Calmet says 1856)	1858
Esau and Jacob born	1836
Abraham died, aged 175 (Calmet says 1821)	1818
Jacob went to Padran-aram	1759
Joseph born	1745
Jacob prevailed with God, and called Israel	1739
Joseph sold by his brethren	1728
Isaac died, aged 180	1716
Joseph interpreted Pharao's dream	1715
Jacob sent his sons to buy corn, in 1707 and	1706
Jacob went to Egypt	1706
Jacob died, aged 147 (Calmet says 1699)	1689
Joseph died, aged 110	1635
Aaron born	1574
Moses born	1571
Moses fled to Madian	1531
The Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt	1491
Tabernacle erected in the Wilderness	1490
Aaron died, aged 123	1451
Moses died, aged 120	1451
The passage of the Jordan under Josue	1451
Chanaan divided among the Tribes by Josue	1445
Josue died, aged 110	1434
Israelites enslaved by Chusan Rasathaim	1413
Othoniel, the first Judge	1405
Heli, High-Priest and Judge, died	1116
Samuel, last Judge	1116
Saul anointed first king	1095
David succeeded as king	1055
Solomon succeeded David	1015
The Temple built	1004
The Temple dedicated	1003
Roboam succeeded, and revolt of the Ten Tribes (971, or)	975
Jonas prophesied about	840
Amos and Osee prophesied about	800
Micheas prophesied about	750
Israelites taken captive by Salmanasar,	721
Nahum prophesied	715
Isaias prophesied about	698
Jeremias and Sophonias	620
Nabuchodonosor took Jerusalem in the reign of Joakim (from which some date the beginning of the Captivity)	606
Habacuc prophesied	
Daniel interpreted Nabuchodonosor's first dream	603
Nabuchodonosor besieged Jerusalem in the reign of Joachin, or Jeconias	598
Jerusalem and the Temple taken, and burnt to the ground, and the people sent captive to Babylon	588
Cyrus's decree, and the Jews return from Captivity	536
The Second Temple begun	535
The Second Temple finished	515
Esdras, governor of the Jews	467
Nehemias succeeded as governor	446
Malachias prophesied about	420
Alexander the Great proceeded against Jerusalem	332
Alexander died	333
The Septuagint Translation made	285
Antiochus Epiphanes plundered Jerusalem and the Temple	170
Mathathias excited a revolt	167
Judas Machabeus succeeded	166
Feast of Dedication instituted	156
Jonathan Machabeus succeeded	153
The history of the Old Testament ends,	135
Samaritan Temple on Mount Garizim destroyed by Hyrcanus	129
Aristobulus succeeded Hyrcanus, and assumed the title of King	107
Judaea subjected to the Romans by Pompey	63
Crassus plundered the Temple	54
Antigonus revolted against his uncle Hycranus	41
Herod went to Rome for aid	40
Herod returned, and put to death Antigonus, and reigned as king	37
Herod rebuilt the Temple at Jerusalem,	17
Jesus Christ born	4

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

(Continued from page 12.)

Utterly unscrupulous indeed is a government that will not only drive the venerable head of the Church in France from the shelter of his home, but will debar the newborn babe from the sacrament of baptism. Among the cases of despotism reported since the recent disruption, none shows more convincingly the tyranny of the authorities than this case, related by the *Catholic Standard and Times,* Philadelphia:

Here is a sad instance of how the campaign against Christianity is being conducted in France. The Prefect of La Lozere has demanded the secularization of the lying-in hospital at Meude, and, pending that event, has decided that no infants born at the maternity hospital shall be baptized under any pretext whatever. Even should the new-born child be in imminent danger of death, the mother is forbidden to ask for its baptism. Yet the law of separation in its first article makes this declaration: "The Republic assures liberty of conscience." "It guarantees the free exercise of religion." We see from this what the promises of the French Government are worth.

Associations of Laymen in Control of Church Affairs.

The failure of laymen to successfully administer Church affairs was demonstrated in the state of New York sixty years ago, says the Rev. John Talbot Smith, president of the Catholic Summer School:

"Bishop Dubois, from 1826 to 1838, had a frightful time with these boards of trustees in this state. They made the Catholic body the laughing stock of the time. Archbishop Hughes fought them out of existence, and obtained the passage of the present law, which has given such peace to the distracted Catholic body.

"Now, right at this point you put your finger on the hinge of the French difficulty. M. Combes deliberately formed his cultural associations with the design of throwing the Catholics of France into the same disorder that prevailed in this state sixty years ago under a similar scheme. Any sort of a Catholic can get into his association, and matters may be run as such Catholics please—to disgust the decent. Then the decent start their own parish or board, and at once you have a schism. That is the intention of the law. Any lawyer can tell that from reading the text. The history of M. Combes with regard to the church offers solid foundation for the charge against him. This is the reason why Pius X has declined to accept the trap of Combes for the Catholics of France.

"The result of the operation of this law in New York was disastrous to the Catholics. It brought about maladministration and disorder, and was finally annulled. Under the rule which permitted laymen to take charge of the material affairs of the churches in New York trustees were chosen who had no more religion than Voltaire, and who obtained and held the position merely for the honor. They conducted the parishes as they pleased, suspended and drove out the clergy, divided the Catholic community into factions, and finally brought the churches into bankruptcy.

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Ring Rules France.

"For Americans, the situation in France is confused by the simple fact that the French government is nominally a republic. Its expulsion of the entire Catholic religious communities from France, and its bald confiscation of their property, are enough to show that the present government of France is not a republic in our sense of the word. It is rather what we would call a ring.

"It is administering the state in behalf of a certain number and indulging in persecution of a very large minority of its citizens. But Americans think because France is nominally a republic that, consequently, it must act pretty much as the American republic acts toward its citizens. From this belief arises the astonishing attitude of the American press at this moment, actually in favor of the meanest tyranny, the most wanton attack on the liberty of citizens, which have been seen since Bismarck's attack on German Catholics shortly after the formation of the German empire.

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"The first republic of France wiped out the Catholic Church very much as a sponge wipes out the writing on a slate. When Robespierre went to the scaffold there was no church left. The Pope and the cardinal were in prison, the temporal power abolish-

ed; the bishops, priests, monks and nuns of France had either been banished or murdered or jailed; all church properties had been confiscated and sold, and it was death to profess or practice the faith.

BOUND TO PAY SUM FOREVER.

"Napoleon restored the church, the clergy, the ritual, and the freedom of worship, and he had a legal understanding with the Pope and the French bishops, which passed into history as the concordat. It was a treaty between two recognized independent powers. He bound the French government to pay the church, for its confiscated properties, an annual sum forever. It was paid in the shape of salaries to the bishops and clergy. It was a very small percentage on the property destroyed, estimated, I believe, at 1 per cent. of the actual value. Pope Pius VII. did not like the terms of the concordat, but he had little choice under the conditions.

"Each successive government since that date, 1801, has held to the treaty. It bound the church in France to the government. No bishop or priest could open his mouth without leave of the minister of public worship. No bishop could travel out of his diocese without the same leave, or print a diocesan letter to his people, or preach a sermon that contained a hint on public questions. The bishops were appointed only with the consent of the reigning ministry. As a matter of fact, the French bishops did not again meet in national conference for more than a century. They met a few months ago in Paris with the permission, probably at the suggestion of M. Briand, who thought they might help him out of his difficulty.

. . . . . .

"Each government and ministry for more than a century held to the concordat, simply because it held the church in subjection. The Bourbons, the Orleanists, the second republic, the second empire, and the present republic maintained and defended it. The republics were always hostile and hateful to the church because it is the chief tenet of the French republicans that religion is a superstition, and must be abolished. The first republic wiped out the church; the second republic did not live long enough to do any harm; the third republic adopted the policy of the first, minus the terror.

"Gambetta formulated the policy of the present republic in the phrase, 'Clericalism is the enemy.' The number of horrible and indefensible things that have been done in France for the past thirty years would fill volumes. For example, take the measure which drove thousands of young students, studying for the priesthood, into the army. The sole aim of the Gambettists who passed the law was to destroy the vocation of these young men to the priesthood by exposing them to the vice of the barracks. Nothing more infamous has been conceived since the days of the Roman persecutions.

"Pope Leo XIII. opposed Gambetta and his successors with a single weapon. He accepted the republic as the legitimate expression of the French people's wishes, and helped it immensely to acquire a respectable footing among the powers. He urged the French Catholics to form a party in favor of the republic, and particularly in favor of such a republic as the United States, where citizens were at least equal before the law, no matter what their creed. He succeeded, anyway, in checking the Gambettist spirit, and when he died the relations of republic and papacy were at the least peaceful and courteous."

The attitude of the American press, which Father Smith justly characterizes as "astonishing," and the widespread misapprehension in regard to the position of the French Church to-day, together with the all too numerous misstatements issued by irresponsible parties, have produced at least one good result: the concerted action of representative Catholics to place before the public a true statement of conditions. The wise, clear analysis made by Cardinal Gibbons; the statements of Archbishops Farley, Ireland, Blenk, Quigley and other American prelates must have a pronounced influence, not only on the American public, but in showing to the world at large how the spoliation of the Church in a so-called republic is regarded by a nation where the Church is untrammeled by state interference.

The Catholic Union of Boston, through its Truth Committee, has issued a call for a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall, to protest against the policy of the French Republic, and to put before the people a correct account of the trouble in which the Church is involved through the antagonism of the French government to the Catholic religion. The Union has already given to the press a statement of conditions in France, in

which it deals with phases on which there is general misunderstanding, such as the payment of salaries, and the interference of lay associations in the administration of Church affairs:

Not only does the law of separation dispossess the church of her rightful estates, but it refuses to pay her a debt acknowledged and accepted by the state for more than a century. One of the provisions of the new law is the gradual but complete extinction of the "Budget of Worship," from which were paid certain expenses for the support of religion. We have shown that this budget of public worship—at least as far as regards the Catholic Church—was not an act of grace, but a measure of restitution. It was the result of a mutual and definite exchange between the church and state. The lay purchasers of the confiscated church property were to be freed from all interference on the part of the former owners and guaranteed full legal security in their possession; but the state was to give in return to the church some measure of compensation and this compensation was to be the budget of public worship.

The money paid each year to the Catholic clergy in France by the state was therefore not a gift, nor even a salary as we understand it. It was as interest on funds surrendered to the state by the church; and to refuse its payment is as unjust as for the present French republic to repudiate, for example, the government bonds of the second empire. And this is the bill which is so much praised by a portion of our press and regarded as liberal and fair to the Catholics of France!

In extenuation it is said that the French government, though claiming title to all church properties, grants to the faithful the free use of the sacred edifices for their worship. What is least understood here in America, it would seem, is the refusal of the Pope to accept this professed generous provision of the law whereby Catholics are permitted to worship in their own churches.

MOST OBJECTIONABLE FEATURE.

Yet here is found the most odious and impossible feature of the law. The simple reason is that the permission is loaded with vexatious and intolerable conditions, some of which, as the Pope has said, involve a violation of sacred rights which pertain to the very life of the church. She is not allowed to have her edifices as before, but the law grants their use and permits public worship in them only to the so-called "associations cultuelles."

These associations are compared by the law in many respects to clubs and public companies, but they must submit to numerous restrictions from which other associations are free. Public worship must be their exclusive object; in consequence the churches are, for instance, prohibited by law from carrying on anything like a charitable institution. Their available reserve funds are strictly limited. They are denied the legal right to receive bequests or legacies. Their receipts and expenditures are to be audited by government officials. They are liable on various grounds to dissolution by order of the civil court, and once dissolved cannot be reconstituted; and they are subject on multifarious pretexts to summary eviction from their churches and other institutions at the whim and decree of the cabinet in power, without right of trial or appeal.

It is not true that the appointment of the members of these associations is placed by law in the hands of the church authorities. And here is where the French law differs radically and essentially from that of Prussia, which the Pope has not rejected. Beyond a single phrase, intentionally vague which may be variously interpreted at will by the government tribunal, there is nothing in the law to oblige these associations to be even of *bona fide* Catholics; and nevertheless these associations, and these associations only, must have control of the churches and all church funds, the regulation of public worship and of the education of the ecclesiastical students, subject only to the superior control of the state, absolutely independent of the bishop and virtually making of him a servant where, by the tenets and constitution of the church, he should be in authority.

This is not a separation of the church and state as practiced, for example, here in America. This is not giving a "free church in a free state." This is not allowing each one to worship God according to his own conscience. Such provisions are rather in the case of Catholics a total subversion of their church's principles and polity.

London's great secular weekly, the *Saturday Review*, lately published the following statement from its Paris correspondent, forceful evidence of the need of spreading the truth:

"During the last five years' residence in France I have followed the course of events very closely, and am simply amazed and aghast at the accumulation of falsehoods and misrepresentations which fill the columns of the American and English dailies when they condescend to occupy themselves with the associations bill and the separation law. Twenty-seven thousand Christian

schools, built up at the cost of great sacrifice and labor, have been brutally swept away. One hundred and sixty thousand men and women of blameless lives have been robbed and ejected from their homes. Many of them, aged and infirm, were cast adrift without mercy for age or sex. If such crimes had been committed in Turkey or in Russia, Anglo-Saxons would have been up in arms."

It will be remembered that the *Review* openly admired the encyclical of Pius X —rejecting the law of separation—declaring it to be "the bravest thing that has come from the Vatican since Pius VI hurled the Civil Constitution in the faces of the men of the First Revolution."

The cause of the Catholics in France is the cause of Catholics the world over. Public opinion is a powerful weapon, and its full force should be directed against the infidel power that would usurp the rights of the Church.

The *New York Evening Post* in 1903 pointed to the significance of the Holy Father's letter to Cardinal Richard:

"France has had distinct warning that she could not go on flouting the Holy See at home while representing it abroad," comments the *Post*. "When the Law of Associations, aimed at the Catholic orders, was still pending, the Pope wrote a letter to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, in which he made a very significant reference to the 'protectorate' which France exercised over Catholic missions in the East. French Catholic missionaries, observed his Holiness, had done an incalculable work in extending, with the Gospel, 'the name, the language, and the prestige of France' throughout the ends of the earth. The Pope was arguing, of course, that a country bound by such ties to the Church ought not to appear as its persecutor. And the fair inference was that if, in spite of the warning, a doctrinaire anti-Clerical Government went rashly on in the work of expelling Catholic monks and Sisters from France, the Vatican would be compelled to seek another protector in the Oriental world."

The loss of prestige could be quickly accomplished if the press made known the true motive of the present movement against the Church in France. That this motive is misunderstood, even in America, is all too evident. It is the duty of intelligent Catholics to take an active part in the propaganda of knowledge, to supply the press with the facts, and to insist that the facts are given to the public. The result will justify the confidence in the American people that the venerable prelate of Baltimore so touchingly expresses:

"The American public does not understand the present crisis in France," said Cardinal Gibbons. "I am getting to be an old man now and I think I know my countrymen.

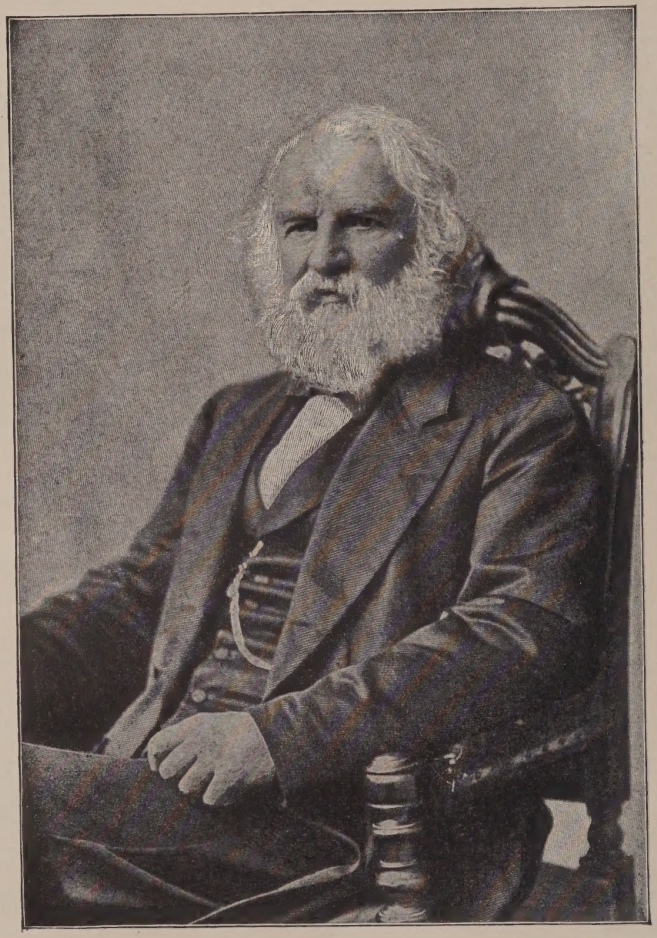
"They love fair play; they love liberty; they love to see humane dealings of man with man. And the late years have shown how cordially they hate injustice, tyranny and inhumanity. And yet France has treated her noblest citizens with injustice and inhumanity, and America, which has sympathy for the oppressed of all nations, has raised no protest nor uttered a word of sympathy.

"If I believed that my countrymen would knowingly see a great and beneficent organization unjustly deprived of its property and the means of continued usefulness; would knowingly see tens of thousands of honest men and noble women robbed of their just income and means of support; would knowingly see hundreds of thousands and even several millions of people brutally wounded in what they hold dearest and most sacred; would knowingly see a majority in the Chamber utterly disregard and trample upon the rights of the minority and the rights of millions of their countrymen in the name of liberty; would knowingly see tens of thousands of men and women who happen to be priests and nuns, turned out of their homes for no crime but that of loving God and serving Him—I say, if my countrymen can see and recognize all this injustice and tyranny and cruelty, and refuse genuine sympathy to those who suffer by them because of their religious belief, then I will leave life without that faith in American love of justice and liberty and humanity which has been my comfort and support and hope during a long career."

VIEW OF GRAND PRÈ.

See "The Longfellow Centenary."

EVANGELINE'S WELL, GRAND PRÈ.



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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Donahoe's Magazine

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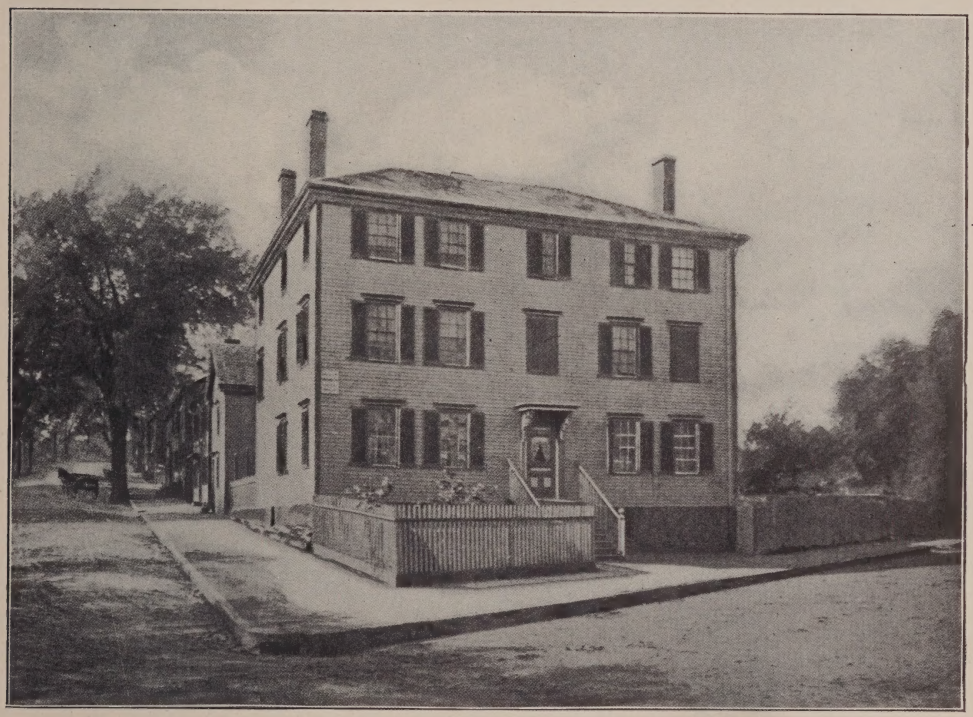


THE HOUSE WHERE LONGFELLOW WAS BORN, PORTLAND, ME.

THE LONGFELLOW CENTENARY.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

"I think you will like my little Henry W.," wrote a young New England mother, a century ago. "He is an active rogue, and wishes for nothing so much as dancing and singing." This is the earliest tribute to the genius of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, aged eight months, when a loving mother proudly recorded his accomplishments,—with no thought that the "singer" would ever have the world for an audience. Yet so it proved. "Among all the sons of song," says his biographer, in *American Men of Letters,* "there has rarely been such an instance of unbroken and unstained success." As proof that Longfellow is "the universal poet" attention is called to the number of translations into which his works have passed.

"The list includes thirty-five versions of whole books or detached poems in German, twelve in Italian, nine each in French and Dutch, seven in Swedish, six in Danish, five in Polish, three in Portuguese, two each in Spanish, Russian, Hungarian and Bohemian,

THE OLD WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND, ME.

with single translations in Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, Sanskrit, Marathi and Judea-German, yielding one hundred versions altogether, extending into eighteen languages, apart from the original English."

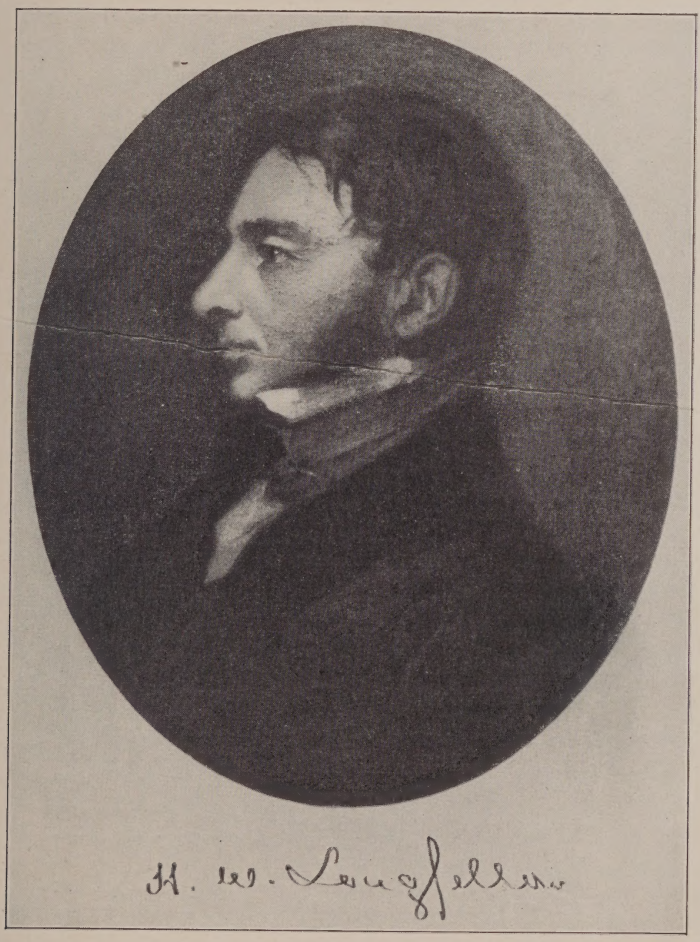
In 1879, Professor Grosvenor, travelling from Constantinople to Marseilles, witnessed an unusual scene on board a steamer. A party of passengers were talking in French, of Victor Hugo, when a Russian lady said to the Professor: "How can you give to him the place that is occupied by your own Longfellow? He is better known, too, among foreigners than any one except their own poets." She then recited "The Bridge" and ended with the wish to visit Boston, that she might stand on the bridge. An English captain, returning from the Zulu war, said, "I can give you something better than that," and he repeated the familiar lines of "The Psalm of Life." A Scotchman followed with the poem "Resignation;" an American contributed "My Lost Youth;" and a young Greek sang "Stars of The Summer Night." Finally, the captain of the steamer, and officer of the French navy, concluded the impromptu Longfellow entertainment with the first verse of "Excelsior," which he recited in English of such an uncertain character that the Russian lady refused to accept it as English at all. "Oui, Madame, ça vient de votre Longfellow." (Yes, madam, that is from your Longfellow) asserted the captain. Six nationalities had been represented, and as the party rose from the table the Russian said, "Do you suppose there is any other poet, living or dead, from whom so many of us could have quoted? Not one."

The death of the poet brought no lessening of admiration for his work, no diminution of his fame. "So absolutely simple and truthful was his nature, and so clear the response of the mass of readers, that time has so far left his hold upon them singularly unaffected," says

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who during a recent visit to England took pains to inquire of the booksellers in city or country as to the demand for Longfellow's poems. The answer was always in substance: "He is a classic," meaning that his books had a steady and trustworthy sale.

"The continuance of this hold on men," says Mr. Higginson, "surely affords a sufficient reason for the renewed study of this poet's life, training, and career."

The approach of the centenary of Longfellow's birth gives impetus to this study, particularly throughout New England, and the libraries feel the quickening of interest in the increased demand for Longfellow literature. What may be considered the opening number in the program of the celebration took place in Boston Public Library on January 3rd, when Colonel Higginson, a pupil of the Professor when he first came to Cambridge, lectured to a large audience



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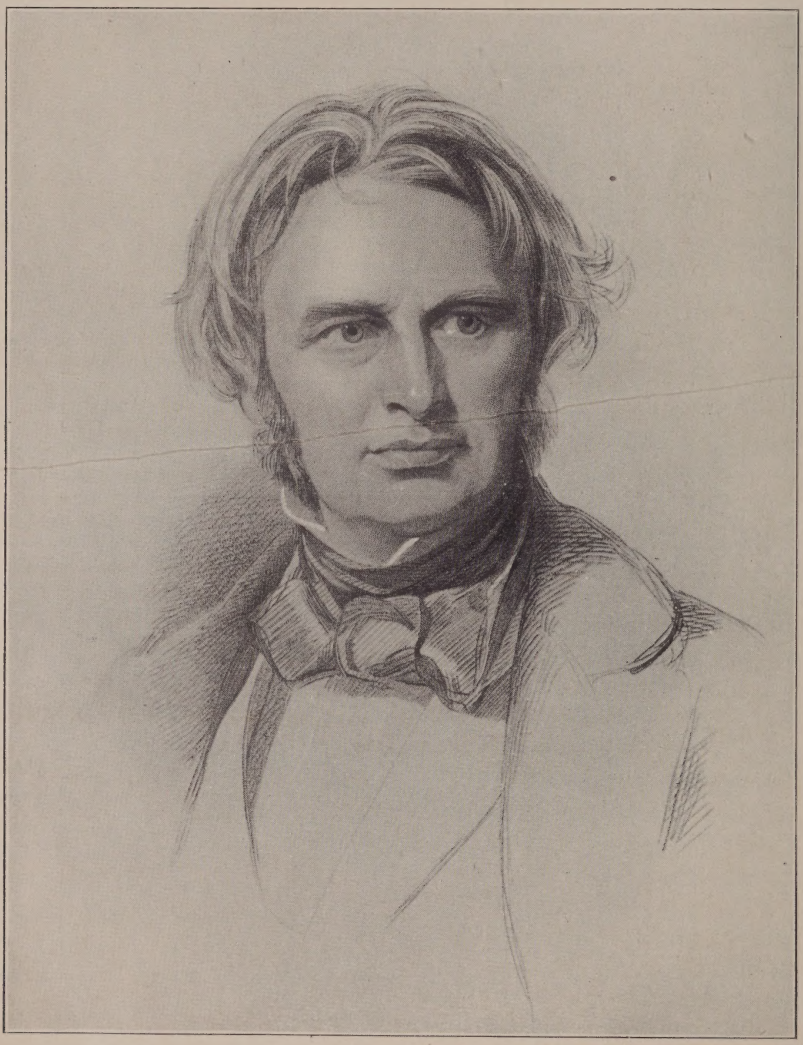
FROM A PORTRAIT MADE IN 1842.

on "The Youth of Longfellow." Those who had not the privilege of listening to Mr. Higginson will find the substance of his address in "Old Cambridge" press cannot reproduce the effect of the speaker's personality, as he talked of Mr. Longfellow, who gave Harvard youth instruction in Modern Languages and



Portrait from crayon by Samuel Lawrence, 1854.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Mrs. Longfellow's favorite portrait of her husband.

(Chapter IV) and in a pleasant chapter "Marriage and Life at Brunswick" in the Longfellow number of "American Men of Letters," but the finest letter-Belles Lettres—and in dress and manners as well. Some one has mentioned the poet's liking for small books, and Mr. Higginson, in the course of his lec-

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CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ture took from the table a number of little volumes that had more than their size to recommend them. They were the favorite books of Mary Storer Potter,—supposed to be the "being beauteous" in the verses "Footsteps of Angels"—and included such titles as Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy," "Sabbath Recreations," by Miss Tyler; and "The Wreath," "a selection of elegant poems," which the preface asserted were fit reading for "the most ingenuous and innocent."

The influence of the gentle girl on her young husband helped to rekindle his poetic impulse, and the year following his marriage found him happily engaged in writing verse, preparing lectures, and attending to his duties as a member of the faculty of Bowdoin College. His earlier essays with the pen are recorded in the "Life," edited by his brother Samuel, which is in part an autobiography, as it includes extracts from the poet's journal and many of his letters to friends and to the home circle in Portland—"than which there is no pleasanter town in all New England." So says the historian of Longfellow's childhood, as he retraces in memory the streets arched with elms, and sees once more the green yards and gardens, with glimpses of "waters white with sails of pleasure boats, of fishing vessels, and of merchant ships bringing their cargo to the wharves."

In the eastern section of the town, in the three-story house near the beach the future poet was born, February 27th, 1807, but his childhood and youth were spent in the Wadsworth mansion on Congress street, to which his parents removed when he was little more than a year old. Here, Zilpah Wadsworth, the boy's mother, had come when she was seven years old; here she was married; and here she returned in 1808, with her husband and two boys, to pass the rest

HOME OF LONGFELLOW'S WIFE, PITTSFIELD, WHERE STOOD THE "OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS."

of her life. Her son describes her as beautiful in her youth, fond of poetry and music, a lover of Nature, cheerful—with a gentle tranquil fortitude in times of trial, and full of a tender, simple, unquestioning piety. She was a faithful member of her church, and was a devout and constant reader of the Bible, particularly of the Psalms. A devoted mother, Mrs. Longfellow shared her children's little secrets and joys, encouraged them wisely, and gently corrected their faults. Her pride in her little sons shows prettily in her letters. "You would be delighted with my little Stephen. He is an engaging little fellow now that he can talk, and begins to have some ideas." "Our little Henry is ready to march; he had his tin gun prepared and his head powdered a week ago." Nearly every letter contains a reference to her boys; and in writing to her husband she says, "my pen glides with peculiar facility when I am writing to you, dear husband, about our children." There are messages from the boys, with a hint that Henry will soon be able to write a letter himself, as he is learning to write. One can imagine the mother's delight as she watched the clumsy little fingers in their first attempt at a letter. Though it was an age of precocious children, there is nothing remarkable about the first letter that Longfellow wrote:

PORTLAND, January, 1814.

Dear Papa:

Ann wants a little Bible like little Betsey's. Will you please buy her one, if you can find any in Boston. I have been to school all the week and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday. I wish you to buy me a drum.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Colonel Higginson recalled a greater feat in letter-writing—at a later date,—when a four-year-old girl wrote to him on his sixth birthday to congratulate him on having reached such a mature age. Whether Ann's laudable desire for a Bible was gratified we are not told.

Perhaps it was not; but the boy's request seems to have been carefully remembered:

"I have found a very pretty drum, with an eagle painted on it," wrote his father, in reply, "but the man asks $2.00 for it; and they do not let any vesels go from Boston to Portland now. But if I can find any opportunity to send it down, I shall buy it. And if I cannot, I shall find something else which will please you as well. I am glad to hear that you have been a good boy at school and are likely to get a billet. You must save all your billets till I get home. If I can get time, I shall write you and Stephen another letter and tell you about the State House, and the theatre, and other things that are in Boston."

PORTRAIT OF MRS. LONGFELLOW.

From a crayon by S. W. Rowse, 1859.

In his family relations, Mr. Stephen Longfellow, the poet's father, was at once kind and strict, bringing up his children in "habits of respect and obedience, of unselfishness, the dread of debt, and the faithful performance of duty."

"Ma'am" Fellows had the distinction of being the boy's first school teacher. He began his school career when three years old, and at five was sent to the public school in Love Lane; but stayed there only a week. The boys were too rough to suit him, and his proud spirit was hurt by the master, who accused him of telling a lie. So he was placed at a private school kept by a Mr. Wright, and later by Mr. Carter, who, in 1813, took charge of the Portland Academy. Henry went with him, and at the age of six brought home this billet:

Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. He spells and reads very well. He also can add and multi-

ply numbers. His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable.

The next spring he had "gone half through his Latin grammar" and stood "above several boys twice as old as he."

Three years later his teacher certifies that he has "during the week distinguished himself by his good deportment, —Monday morning's lesson and occasional levity excepted."

Other commendations are "he is ambitious to do well" and "is wise enough to listen to the advice of his best friends."

About this time his mother refers in a letter to an accident that happened to Henry. He had lamed his elbow while turning a somersault as he came out of school. The injury seems to have lessened his activity only in one direction:

He went to dancing school Saturday afternoon, but excused himself from meeting on Sunday; Monday, attended at the Academy examination; Tuesday, attended the (military) review; Wednesday afternoon the boys went to school to contend for the prize in reading. Henry was in high spirits. He did not know as he should get it, but wanted to try, and have it over. Stephen was rather unwilling to go; he knew he could not get the prize; he did his best last time and could not get it, and he could not read poetry. However he went.

While at the Academy he came under the instruction of several teachers, and of the number one, at least, does not seem to be singularly fitted for his calling. His pupil thus records his impression of the master:

I remember the schoolmaster at the Academy, and the mingled odor that hovered about him of tobacco, india-rubber and lead pencil,—a nervous, excitable man. When we left school I went with a schoolmate to take leave of him and thank him for his patience with us. He thought we were in jest, and gave me a stern lecture on good behavior and the trials of a teacher's life.

THE LONGFELLOW CHILDREN.
Edith. Alice.
Allegra.

"From my study I see in the lamplight
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."

A family friend describes Henry, at ten years, as "a bright, pleasant boy;" the sunlight of the house, quick-tempered, quickly appeased, extremely conscientious, and "remarkably solicitous to do right." Though fond of boyish games, Henry did not fancy rude or noisy sport, but like all boys he favored the menagerie and circus; and after attending such performances gave exhibitions of riding, lofty tumbling, and other feats. But probably he was happiest in the company of his books and music. His father's library, though not large, gave him access to a number of books:

Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Thomson, Goldsmith, the Spectator, the Rambler, the Lives of the Poets, Rasselas, Plutarch's Lives, Hume's, Gibbon's, Gillies' and Robertson's Histories, and the like. For Sunday reading, which was scrupulously separated from that of "week days," there were Hannah More's works; for some reason, possibly theological, "The Pilgrim's Progress" seems not to have been on the shelves. Cowper's poetry the boy was fond of, and Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Robinson Crusoe, of course, and the Arabian Nights were read by the children together, and Henry took delight in Don Quixote and Ossian.

He also frequented the old Portland Library, and occasionally was given permission to go down to Mr. Johnson's store to look over the few books that came from Boston from time to time. Of his early reading he says himself:

Every reader has his first book; I mean to say one book among all others which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me, this first book was the Sketch-Book of Washington Irving. I was a school boy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever-increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of revery,—nay, even by its gray brown covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style. How many delightful books the same author has given us. Yet still the charm of the Sketch-Book remains unbroken; the old fascination remains about it; and whenever I open its

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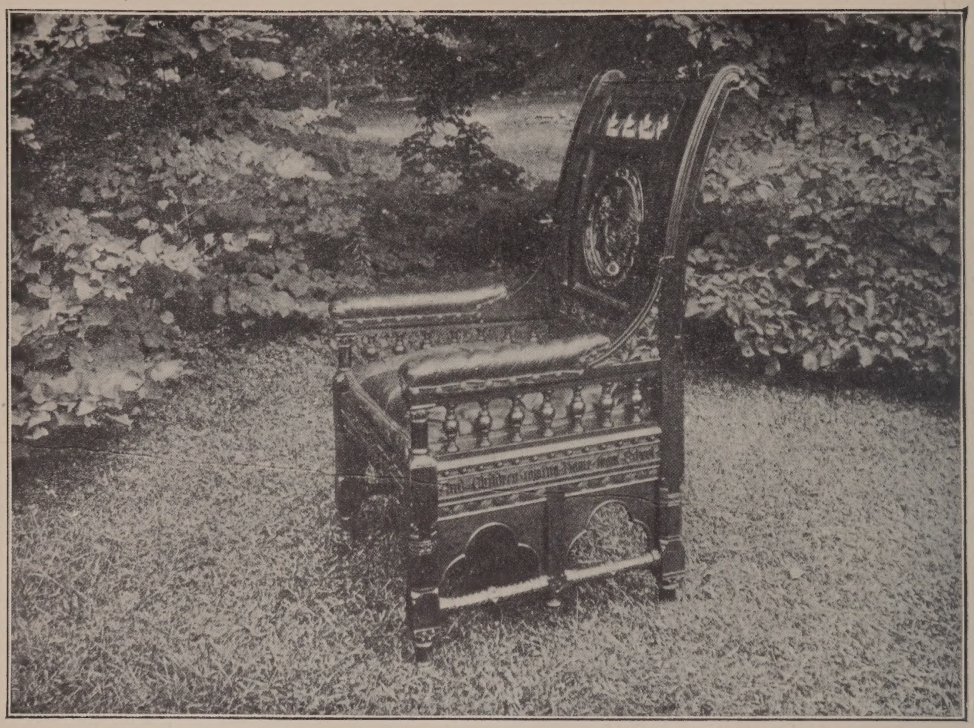
THE STUDY, CRAIGIE HOUSE.



CHAIR MADE FROM THE OLD CHESTNUT WRITTEN OF IN "VILLAGE BLACKSMITH," AND PRESENTED BY THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE.

pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth.*

According to the habit of the time Sunday was strictly observed. "Going to meeting" twice a day was never omitted, except for sickness. Henry walked beside his mother, in winter carrying the little foot-stove of coals for the family pew; in summer he carried a bouquet of pinks or apple blossoms. After meeting, the mother gathered the children around her, and heard them read from the Bible in turn; or talked with them of Scriptural scenes and events. The day closed with the singing of hymns.

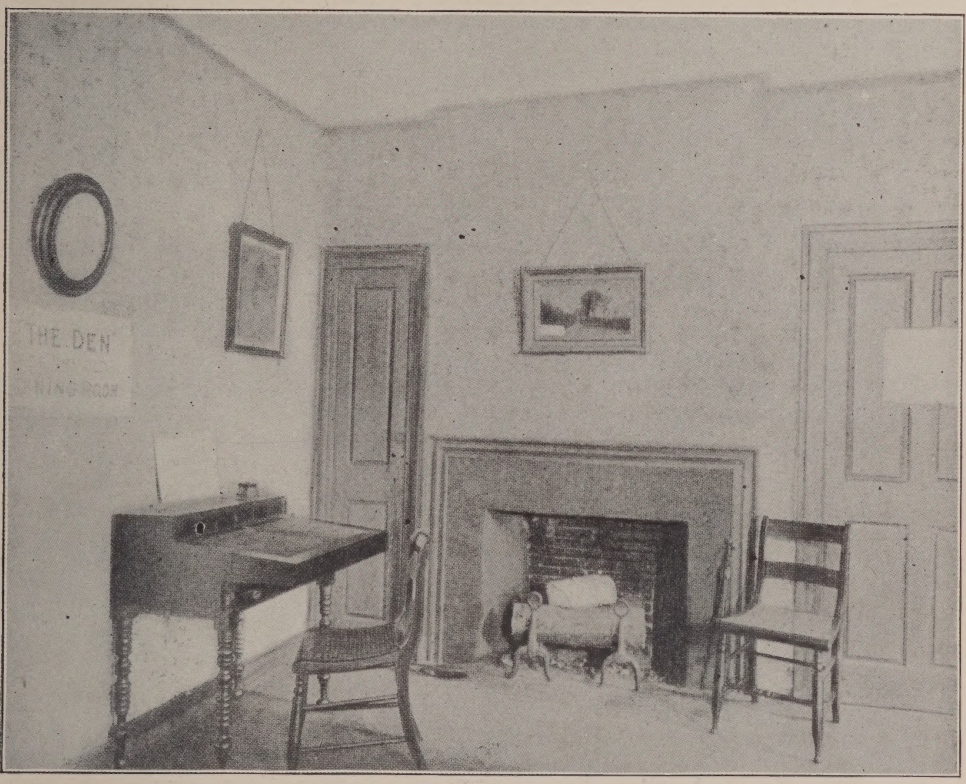
The home parlor was the scene of many innocent pleasures when the young people gathered around their sister's piano—(which had replaced the mother's spinet) and sang "Henry's Cottage Maid," "Bonnie Doone," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Oft in The Stilly Night;" or danced to the tune of "Money Musk," "The Haymakers," or "The Fisher's Hornpipe."

On week evenings the children brought their books to the table in the sitting room, and prepared their lessons, in a silence broken only by the blast of the horn announcing the arrival of the evening mail in the village. Study was followed by games, except when the father needed quiet to prepare his law papers, when the children retreated to another room; in winter, preferably the kitchen with its great open fireplace where the crane hung. To leave such cheery environment for the cold bedrooms upstairs was a hardship, only exceeded by the difficulty of leaving their warm feather-beds in the morning and

* Remarks in presenting the Resolutions upon the death of Irving at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Dec. 5, 1859. The first number of the Sketch-Book came out in 1819.

breaking the ice in the pitchers for washing.

During one of the pleasant vacations that marked the close of each school quarter Henry received from his grandfather Wadsworth the suggestion for the subject of his first poem, or rather the first that appeared in print. Not far from Hiram is Lovewell's (or Lovell's) Pond,—the scene of Lovewell's Fight



ROOM IN THE WADSWORTH HOUSE. AT THIS DESK "THE RAINY DAY" WAS WRITTEN.

with the Indians,—and having heard the story from his grandfather, Henry was fired with the desire to tell it in verse. On November 17th, 1820, the following poem appeared in "The Poet's Corner" of the Portland *Gazette:*

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead; but they live in each patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

HENRY.

"There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything."

Evangeline.

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"Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings."

Evangeline.

"There is very little, even of promise, in these verses," comments his brother, "other boys of thirteen have written better. Their only interest lies in their lines about 'Mr. Finney and his turnip,' which went the rounds of the papers a few years ago as his 'first poem,' were never written by him."

From a painting by T. Faed.

EVANGELINE.

"Mr. Faed, a Scotch artist, sent me a beautiful engraving of Evangeline. Everyone who sees it says, 'How much it looks like Mrs. Longfellow!'—and there is a certain resemblance."—*Journal, Dec. 15, 1855.*

being, as far as is known, the first printed verses of our poet." And in a foot-note he states, "on Mr. Longfellow's own authority, that some silly

As an instance of the difficulty of correcting an error or misstatement after it has appeared in print the present writer calls attention to the reap-

Holmes. Hawthorne. Willis. Paulding. Bryant. Kennedy.
Simms. Halleck. Longfellow. Prescott. Irving. Emerson. Cooper. Bancroft.

WASHINGTON IRVING AND HIS FRIENDS.

"Had my photograph taken this morning for Darley, to go into a picture he is making—Washington Irving and his friends, 1860."
Longfellow's Journal.

pearance (after twenty years) of this discredited poem, within the past year, with this introduction:

When Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was only nine years old, he wrote the following poem. We think many of our little readers could do better than this:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn;
And it grew, and it grew,
And it ne'er did any harm.

And it grew, and it grew
Till it could grow no taller,
When Mr. Finney pulled it up
And put it in the cellar.

And it lay, and it lay,
Until it there began to rot,
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And put it in the pot.

And it boiled, and it boiled
As long as it was able;
When his daughter Lizzie took it
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his family
They all sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate,
Till they ate the turnip up.

This might reasonably be considered final as far as the turnip is concerned, yet the real "first poem" does not seem to have had as wide a circulation as the "silly lines," and even after the centenary has passed there will be found readers young and old with Mr. Finney's overgrown vegetable rooted in their minds as the theme of the boy-poet's first poem, rather than the Battle of Lovell's Pond.

Longfellow recalled in after years the trembling and misgiving of heart with which he ran down to the printing office, and cautiously slipped his manuscript into the letter box: "The evening before the publication of the paper—it was a semi-weekly—he went again, and stood shivering in the November air, casting many a glance at the windows, as they trembled with the jar of the ink-balls and press—afraid to venture in." His sister alone shared the secret, and with it the excited expectation of the paper's arrival the next morning. And when it came there was an agonizing delay, while their father carefully dried it before the wood-fire, and then deliberately read the contents—and said nothing! Perhaps he had not seen the poem—but the poem was there. "Inexpressible was the boy's delight, and innumerable were the times that he read and re-read his performance, each time with increasing satisfaction."

But never was pride more promptly corrected. In the evening Henry went to visit at the house of Judge Mellen, whose son was his intimate friend, and presently the talk around the fire turned upon poetry. "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper?" asked the Judge, as he took up the *Gazette*. "Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it."

The author got out of the house as quickly as possible, without betraying his feelings, but he probably shed tears when in the safe shelter of his own room. It was his first encounter with the critic.

This first rebuff, however, did not discourage the boy poet, for from time to time he sent other contributions to the *Gazette*. "They are not worth reprinting," comments his biographer,* frankly; and, later, when the school-boy had become a collegian with residence at Bowdoin College, this impartial critic again remarks that his brother's contributions to the Portland *Gazette* "are not worth reprinting." These effusions are marked by the tone of melancholy so dear to the youthful poet of all times. The cheerful poet may reasonably be supposed to have some experience of life.

*Samuel Longfellow, who edited the "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" with "Extracts from his Journal and Correspondence." Published by Ticknor and Company, Boston, 1886.

At the same time Longfellow contributed prose to the *American Monthly Magazine,* whose editor warmly commended the youth's genius, flattered him by asking him his opinion, and assured him of a favorable reception for all his writings. "This praise was all the young author got for his pieces, the promised *honorarium* never being forwarded."

The appearance of a new semi-monthly, "The United States Literary Gazette," fittingly located in Boston, afforded a more lucrative opening, and soon readers looked for the familiar initials H. W. L. Present day contributors who find fault with their publisher's terms may like to read the following letter from the editor of the *Gazette:*

Sir:—Messrs. Cummings, Hilliard & Co. have handed me some verses sent by you to them for the Editor of the U. S. Literary Gazette. In reply to the question attached to them, I can only say that almost all the poetry we print is sent us *gratis*, and that we have no general rule or measure of repayment. But the beauty of your poetry makes me wish to obtain your regular aid. . . . Would you be kind enough to let me know what mode or amount of compensation you desire. For the prose we publish we pay one dollar a column.

Unpromising though a literary career seemed to be,—from a financial point of view,—the young poet was so strongly drawn to it that when the approaching close of his college life forced upon him the question, "What are you going to do when you leave college?" he importuned his father for permission to indulge "a particular and strong prejudice for one course of life." Outlining his plan for a year at Cambridge in the study of history and modern languages, he stated his wish to form a connection with a periodical,

"by which I could maintain myself and still enjoy the advantages of reading. . . . I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature, my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it.

"Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing, that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say I am unwilling to engage in the study of law."

The elder Longfellow's reply is a model of paternal counsel. He carefully avoids conflict by admitting that the literary life is pleasant to "one who has the means of support," though he believes that "there is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men." He warns his son that he must adopt a profession that will afford him "subsistence as well as reputation," and concludes by conditionally consenting to the year at Harvard, as a useful term of preparation for any profession.

The dependent condition of a young man of his standing is indicated by the request for small supplies noted in his letters,—chiefly to his mother—where he asks her to forward him such necessities as "a quire of letter paper, a bunch of quills, and half a quire of common writing paper." A postscript contains a more extravagant request. "There is no wood to be had from the College wood-yard, and very little from my wood closet, so I will thank you to send me without delay three dollars, to buy a cord of that necessary article."

Making sure of his father's consent the youth proceeds to furnish him with an estimate of the cost of a year at Harvard—"The expenses for one year will not be very great," he wrote, "$184 a year I suppose to be about a fair calculation." This estimate allowed a dollar a quarter for the use of the library, from thirty to fifty dollars a year for room, and from two to three dollars a week for board.

The close of Longfellow's life in Bow-

doin College brought him merited recognition in an offer that entirely changed the plans he had made for his future. Madame Bowdoin having given one thousand dollars to establish a Chair of Modern Languages, in 1825, the board of trustees decided to found it, and Henry Longfellow's name is mentioned for the professorship. It was also proposed that he should visit Europe to thoroughly qualify for the responsible position which he was to assume. Accordingly, in April he left for New York, to take the packet ship to France, followed by his mother's prayer, "May God be with you and prosper you. May you be successful in your pursuit of knowledge; may you hold fast to your integrity, and retain that purity of heart which is so endearing to your friends." His father's parting admonitions were equally earnest. "In all your ways," he counselled, "remember the God by whose power you were created, by whose goodness you are sustained and protected." There was also a word of advice to avoid taking part in opposition to the religion or politics of the countries he would visit.

"Love to all, farewell," the traveller wrote from New York, May 14, and, on June 15, he sent greeting from Havre de Grace. "We arrived yesterday at four P.M.!" The voyage had been a remarkably fine one. The New England youth walking the streets of the French town "was seized with divers fits of laughter at the strange sights and sounds," but, arrived in Paris, he soon became accustomed to the new life.

The stay in France was followed by a year in Spain, and during his residence in Madrid, Longfellow made a careful study of the people without, however, entering into the spirit of their public manifestations of religious belief. He does not hesitate to assert that the Spaniards "have as little pure religion as can be found upon the face of the earth." He thinks it is all outward show, even the carrying of the Host through the streets; the ceremony most frequently witnessed—"the Spaniard firmly believes it to be the Body of God Himself"—to the death-bed of some poor child of mortality.

> "It is carried upon the end of a silver staff by some bare-headed friar, preceded by the banners of the church and a short procession of priests with wax candles, and the tinkling of a little bell. As the procession passes through the street the people take off their hats, and throw themselves upon their knees; the noise and bustle of the city ceases, and you hear nothing but the tinkle of a bell. These are common, everyday processions. But the other night I witnessed a spectacle far more imposing. I was at the Opera; and in the midst of the scene the tap of a drum at the door, and the sound of the friar's bell, announced the approach of the Host. In an instant the music ceased; a hush ran through the house; the actors on the stage in their brilliant dresses kneeled and bowed their heads; and the whole audience turned towards the street, and threw themselves on their knees. It was a most singular spectacle; the sudden silence, the immense kneeling crowd, the group upon the stage, and the decorations of the scene produced the most peculiar sensations in my mind."

Witnessing a ceremony at the palace where the Queen waited on table, serving twelve poor women with her own hands, while the King performed a similar service for twelve poor men, the young American exclaims: "The Queen is eaten up by a most gloomy religious frenzy—and writes poetry."

That a longer residence among Catholic peoples altered Longfellow's opinion of Catholic belief is indicated in this extract from a letter dated Rome, June 28, 1828, though the beautiful ceremonies have still no meaning for him:

> "At Rome there is a great deal of religious superstition. . . . But I have been so long in Roman Catholic countries that the abuses in this religion have little effect upon me. Its principles are as pure and holy as could be wished."

While making preparation for a summer in Gottingen the traveller was summoned home, and landed once more in New York on the 11th of August, 1829. In the fall of the same year Mr. Longfellow took up his residence in Brunswick, at a salary of eight hundred a year, with an additional hundred for acting as librarian. As a professor he was extremely popular with the students whom he not only instructed in languages, but "guided, helped and inspired" in all the issues that they submitted to his judgment. That study and literary work did not absorb his entire attention is proven by the fact that in September, 1831, he was married to Mary Storer Potter, and set up a home of his own in Federal Street. Here "amid the fragrance of wild briar and mock orange, the carolling of birds, and the cooing of doves in the eaves," and with his young wife as his assistant, the poet prepared his first book, "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique," translated from the Spanish, and published in 1833.

After five years and a half in Bowdoin a larger opportunity came to Mr. Longfellow in the offer of a Chair at Harvard, at a salary of fifteen hundred a year—an offer too good to be refused.

"Good fortune comes at last," he wrote to his father, "and I shall certainly not reject it. . . . I think I shall accept that also," referring to the suggestion made by the President of Harvard, that he should first spend a year or eighteen months abroad to perfect himself in German. Accordingly, in April, 1835, he began his second trip to the Old World, accompanied by the gentle young wife, whose health soon became a source of deep anxiety. On reaching Amsterdam, Mrs. Longfellow became seriously ill, but after resting for nearly a month, regained enough strength to resume the journey. At Rotterdam she again fell ill, and on November 29, 1835, she passed away, "going without a murmur, and in perfect willingness, to the bosom of her God."

When Professor Longfellow entered on his duties at Harvard (1836) Cambridge was still a village, and the dwellers in its more remote sections spoke of going to Harvard Square as "going to the village." A trip to town by omnibus cost fifty cents, so the students generally walked in and out.

The new professor's first residence in Cambridge was in the house now known as the Foxcroft House. He removed in 1837 to the Craigie mansion, where he was fortunate enough to secure two rooms. His journal gives an interesting account of the poet's quest for lodgings.

"At first Mrs. Craigie declined to let me have rooms. She 'had resolved to take no more students into the house,' she said. But her manner changed when I told her who I was. . . . She then took me all over the house and showed me every room in it, saying, as we went into each, that I could not have that one. She finally consented to my taking the rooms mentioned above."

The back part of the house was occupied by Mrs. Craigie's farmer, whose wife supplied the students with meals and pious exhortations, though her exorbitant charges rather discredited her preaching. Her name was Miriam, and the witty Felton called her "Miriam the Profit-ess." The first winter in his new quarters was rather a solitary one for the professor. Mrs. Craigie sat alone in her parlor reading the newspapers—and Voltaire. In the summer she was more profitably employed, in protecting the canker worms which, she asserted, "are our fellow worms, they have as good a right to live as we have."

Established in this historic house, the professor pursued his various occupations with much diligence, and received many distinguished guests. Here he

composed all of his poems, issued from 1837 to 1845. The first poem written in the room was probably the one entitled "Flowers;" and was followed by "The Psalm of Life," written one bright summer morning, (July 26, 1838), hastily, on the blank portions of a note of invitation. These two poems mark an epoch in the writer's life. They were separated widely from his previous work, not only by the interval of time, but by the change and deepening of thought. The "Psalm" was published in the "Knickerbocker" in October, 1838, and was copied far and wide.

His renown as a poet brought also recognition in other lines and he was asked to deliver a course of lectures in Boston, at thirty dollars each. Men of note made their way to Craigie House, and the poet's correspondence teems with references to Charles Dickens, Charles Sumner, Hawthorne, and other celebrities of world-wide renown. Now, too, he began to enjoy the social gatherings that gladdened the sober round of village life. "Made my first appearance at a party this season. It was at Mrs. S. Appleton's. A very bright, beautiful affair."

With the summer of 1839 "Hyperion" was put in type. "I hope to have it out in about a month, unless Colman delays. As to the money part of the business he is to pay me $375 by his notes on the day of publication." And among the other productions of that season are "The Beleaguered City," and "The Village Blacksmith."

An entry in his journal, towards the close of this fruitful year, contains the suggestion for another famous poem.

"Dec. 17, 1839. News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner Hesperus. Also the Seaflower on Black Rock. I must write a ballad upon this; also two others,—'The Skeleton in Armor,' and 'Sir Humphrey Gilbert.'"

On the last day of 1839 he wrote the "Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus."

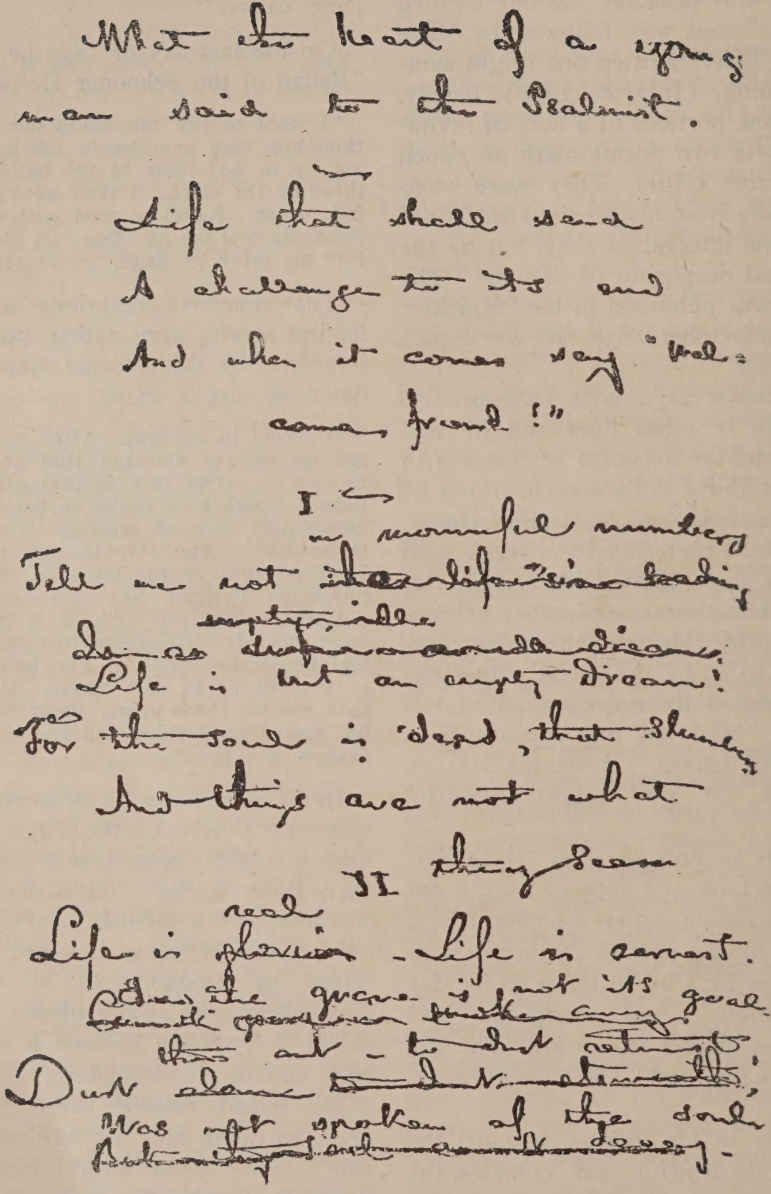
"I went to bed but could not sleep, new thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad, it hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas."

That financial conditions in the publishing world were rather uncertain is indicated by this extract from a letter dated January 2, 1840.

"I wrote to Sargent. After some delay I got an answer showing that nobody pays nowadays. 'The fact is that all our publishers whether of books or periodicals are desperately poor at present. Money is not to be had.' And this is very true. You have no idea of the state of things. My publisher, Colman, has just failed. Most publishers will not look at a book. Yet, don't despair. Clarke writes me that the Knickerbocker—that is, the business part of it—will be in new hands. He has not paid me for three years. Poor fellow! He has had a hard time, and has been almost desperate, I fear."

In the same letter he mentions the success of "Voices of the Night," nearly nine hundred copies being sold in less than three weeks. "Hyperion" is less fortunate; "the publisher fails, half the edition, that is twelve hundred copies, is seized by creditors and locked up." Nevertheless the author glories in it. "I called it *Hyperion* because it moved on high among clouds and stars."

His friend, Samuel Ward, writes, in 1841, to thank him for writing "Excelsior," "your finest effort; its effect is magical, electrical." And replying, the poet mentions writing the song to the "River Charles" and also a funeral chant called, "God's Acre." "Blind Bartimeus" is the subject of a later letter to this friend; and Longfellow complains of



FROM THE FIRST DRAFT OF THE PSALM OF LIFE.

8 VIII

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps : on the sands of Time.

9 IX

Footsteps, that perhaps, another
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again

10 XI

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait

Park Benjamin who "wants two poems, (orders two pairs of boots) and offers twenty dollars each. If you have not disposed of 'Charles River' send it to him." "O'Sullivan is to have the 'God's Acre' for the 'Democratic Review,'" he announces at a later date.

In the spring of 1842 the professor obtained leave of absence for six months, and went abroad to recuperate. Writing from Dickens' study in London he tells of Dickens' "American Notes," commending it as "jovial and good-natured, and at times very severe, with spitting and politics at Washington among the topics of censure."

On his voyage home Mr. Longfellow wrote some poems upon Slavery, which he published in a pamphlet. The feeling against the abolitionists was so strong that the editor of Graham's Magazine, in excusing his guarded notice of the book, said: "The word—slavery—was never allowed to appear in a Philadelphia periodical, and that the publisher objected to have even the name of the book appear in his pages."

Writing to a friend in May, 1843, Professor Longfellow hints at a possible change in his domestic affairs. "Of late my heart has turned my head quite out of doors," he admitted; and two months later he married Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, a woman of stately presence, of cultivated intellect, and deep, though reserved feeling. Her quiet face, though habitually serious, "at times seemed to make the very air bright with its smile." The wedding journey included a visit to Mrs. Longfellow's relatives at Pittsfield, at the old-fashioned country seat, in whose hall stood "the old clock upon the stairs."

It was during this journey that they visited the Arsenal at Springfield. "I urged H. to write a Peace poem," wrote Mrs. Longfellow, and some months later the "Arsenal at Springfield" was penned. The vacation over, the Professor and his bride returned to Craigie House—now their own, Mrs. Longfellow's father having purchased it for them. One of Mrs. Longfellow's first wifely duties was that of amenuensis to her husband, who had overstrained his eyes by using them in the twilight. Despite this drawback he accepted a proposal to edit a work on the "Poets and Poetry of Europe;" but was obliged to call in the aid of Mr. Felton, who prepared the biographical notices and shared the *honorarium*. In the spring of 1844 Longfellow again was able to use his pen a little and read a good deal. The entries in his journal show renewed activity; he resumed his lectures, and in the diary we find "Finished 'The Bridge Over the Charles,'" (October 9, 1845) and eight days later "retouched the Bridge." On the 24th of November, 1845, he notes "My second boy and my fourth volume of poems come into the world at the same time." On Thanksgiving Day, with Sumner as his guest, he says: "We drank the baby's health under the title of the Chevalier Neukomm, on account of his being a newcomer and a great musician,—in his way."

From this time on life flowed in a tranquil stream, filled with home affections and with his college duties as a background. The progress of his literary work is noted in the journal, together with the pleasant interruptions of literary friends and the intrusions of the less appreciated callers whom he names "my intimate bores." The quiet days yield many simple pleasures—such as are mentioned in these entries: "Drove to town with the whole family. C. was delighted, and cried 'Yide, Yide!' half an hour before the horses came. Little E. wagged his head in the carriage and nodded off to sleep, with his cape and

straw hat shaped like the helmet of Mambrino. We drove out along the river road through Watertown, down cross roads and alleys green, near Fresh Pond, and home again in the cool, sunless air." A longer entry records "a delicious drive through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead to visit E. W. at the Devereaux Farm by the seaside." And from this visit came the poem, "The Fire of Driftwood."

The event of 1847 was the completing and publishing of "Evangeline," the story inspired by H. L. Conolly, who had striven in vain to interest Hawthorne in an Acadian incident that had been related to him by Mrs. Haliburton. It was the story of a young Acadian maiden who, at the "Expulsion," had been separated from her lover. After years of exile they met again in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Touched by the constancy of the heroine, Longfellow said to Hawthorne, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem," and Hawthorne consented. The scenery of Grand Pré he painted from books, having never visited the place. The journal for 1847 makes frequent reference to the progress of the work, but on the 7th of April a new subject of interest is introduced: "This morning was born in Craigie House a girl, to the great joy of all." This was the little Fanny of whom—more than a year later he writes with sorrow, "At half past four this afternoon she died."

"The room was full of angels where she lay;
And when she had departed they were gone."

His love of children finds frequent expression and their presence in his home gave inspiration to some of his most tender verses. The children rejoicing overhead, while he sat in rather melancholy mood in his study, suggested the poem "The Children."

Shortly after the poet's forty-fourth birthday had arrived he received a despatch, from Portland, containing the message, "Your mother died to-day, suddenly."

"In a few minutes I was on my way to Portland, where I arrived before midnight. In the chamber where I last took leave of her, lay my mother, to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with her,—without terror, almost without sorrow, so tranquil had been her death. . . . I helped to place the body in its coffin, and looked for the last time on the mild, sweet face of my mother."

"The friends; the funeral; and afterwards the sitting together of us children in the chamber, out of which our mother seemed only to have passed for a moment into another room. It is ended." (From the Journal.)

Remaining in Portland only three days, Mr. Longfellow came back to Cambridge, to his varied activities.

Towards the close of this year (1851) "The Golden Legend" was brought out, and was an immediate success.

The plan of "Hiawatha" was outlined in 1854, the first reference to it in his journal being made on June 22.

"I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme." Working at this poem, more or less every day the poet soon became engrossed in the study of his theme. "Hiawatha occupies and delights me. Have I no misgivings about it? Yes, sometimes. Then the theme seizes me, and hurries me away, and they vanish."

Then, later, "I must put a live, beating heart into it." And on November 10, 1855: "Hiawatha published to-day, by Ticknor and Fields, who told me that more than four thousand out of the five of the first edition are sold. They ordered a new edition of three thousand."

Among the abundant literary notes the poet at times slips in a pleasing reference to purely home affairs, and never seems to mind the interruption to his labors caused by the arrival of his children, to make some demand, or to divert his attention by their charms. Of his three girls he gives a pretty description in a letter written to a child:

"NAHANT, Aug. 18, 1859.

"Your letter followed me down here by the seaside, where I am passing the summer with my three little girls. The oldest is about your age, but as little girls' ages keep changing every year I can never remember exactly how old she is, and have to ask her mamma who has a better memory than I have. Her name is Alice. I never forget that. She is a nice girl, and loves poetry almost as much as you do.

"The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks, which I sometimes call her 'nankeen hair,' to make her laugh. She is a very busy little woman, and wears gray boots.

"The youngest is Allegra; which, you know, means merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw, always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls, and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture, which I hope you will see some day. They bathe in the sea, and dig in the sand, and patter about the piazza all day long, and sometimes go to see the Indians encamped on the shore, and buy baskets and bows and arrows.

"I do not say anything about the two boys, they are such noisy fellows it is no use to talk about them."

In such tranquil ways the poet's life glided on; but presently the opening of the war gives a new tone to his diary, and then comes a sudden break, caused by the tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow. On the ninth of July, 1861, while she was sitting in the library, with two of the little girls, and sealing some small packages of their curls which she had cut off, her light dress caught fire from a match that had fallen on the floor. The shock was too great, and she died the next morning. Three days later, the anniversary of her wedding day, she was buried at Mount Auburn.

The terrible bereavement well nigh crushed her husband, but he bore his grief with courage and in silence. To a brother far distant he wrote: "And now of what we both are thinking I can write no word. God's will be done."

No word of his suffering found expression in verse, at this time, but feeling the need of some continuous occupation for his thoughts, after some months he resumed the translation of Dante, begun years before. This work occupied him for some years, and when he again began to write verses of his own, frequent lines and phrases revealed the sorrow lying ever at his heart. Eighteen years after, his attention was attracted by a picture of a mountain in the West, covered with snow and with a cross traced on its bosom. That night as he looked upon his wife's picture his thoughts framed themselves into the following lines, found in his portfolio after his death.

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

July 10, 1879.

From the date of Mrs. Longfellow's death a melancholy tone pervades the poet's journal; "the holidays are sad; meetings with old friends are reminders that 'we belong to the Old Guard;' Na-

hant is 'melancholy and slow,' and presently the Civil War is spreading its horrors over the land." Through all work was his solace, and, as a result, in the fall of 1863, "Tales of a Wayside Inn" made their appearance.

The poet's eldest son, a lieutenant of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac was seriously injured in an engagement and his father went to Washington to bring him home.

"He is now at home and doing well. The two anxious journeys to the army to bring him back, together with the waiting and the watching, have not done me much good," Mr. Longfellow wrote, in December, "nor left me much time for other things. However, I have contrived to get a volume of poems through the press." The book to which he refers was "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

His inability to accomplish large results is frequently complained of gently in his correspondence. "As one grows older the wheels move slower," he says. And in his journal he records his displeasure that the printers do not progress more satisfactorily on his "Dante." The passing years bring physical ills to increase his weariness and unrest, and the constantly recurring desire for change of scene induces him to again visit Europe. So, with a family party, Mr. Longfellow crossed the ocean once more. Some weeks in London, Paris and Florence were followed by a winter in Rome; with the coming of spring the travelers went southward to Naples and Sorrento, then north to Venice, and over the Brenner to Innsbruck, Munich, Nuremberg, and Dresden; across Switzerland to Paris, to London, and thence to New York and home, to Craigie House.

"How strange and how familiar it all seems, and how thankful I am to have brought my little flock back to the fold. The young voices and little feet are musical overhead—We reached home to-day at sunset, and found Cambridge in all its beauty; not a leaf faded.

"How glad I am to be at home. The quiet and rest are welcome after the surly sea, but there is a tinge of sadness in it also."

Here his life resumed its quiet tenor, and, as of old, guests came to Craigie House, where the master extended his kindly hospitality—even to unbidden visitors whose presence must have been a trial to the poet. Felton, Hawthorne, and Agassiz, passed out of his life and the death of Sumner severed an unbroken intercourse of forty years. The journal entries became more brief, and haunting memories were laid to rest only in the hours of literary activity.

Writing, revising, publishing, helped to fill his days, and added to his works "Three Books of Song," more "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and "Aftermath." "The Hanging of the Crane" appeared also in this year, (1874), in the *New York Ledger,* through the agency of Samuel Ward. Robert Bonner, the publisher, sent the author a check for three thousand dollars, and presented Mr. Ward with another for one thousand. The poet's work was becoming fruitful in monetary returns, as well as in wide renown. "Keramos" brought a thousand dollars from Harper Brothers.

The poet still spent his summers at Nahant, but a week was always given to his sister in the old home, where he occupied the room that had been his in boyhood.

Boston was visited but seldom now, and gradually Mr. Longfellow ceased to attend the many gatherings to which he was bidden as an honored guest. Of necessity, also, he limited the number of claimants on his time, but of a class apart were the children, who had a special claim on his affections and who invaded his home at all seasons to see and sit in the chair that they had presented

to him, on his seventy-second birthday. It was made from the wood of the chestnut tree under which once stood the village smithy, and was designed by W. P. T. Longfellow, the poet's nephew. Failing health compelled him to be more careful of his strength, and in the seclusion of his room he read a little, saw a few friends, wrote a very few letters, and played backgammon with his daughter and sometimes played at playing with his little grandson. At Christmas he went into Boston, but seemed to realize his changed condition, for on the next day he wrote the sonnet, "My Books," comparing himself as he looked at them, on the study walls, to an old knight looking at arms which he can no longer wield. The friends who saw him on his seventy-fifth birthday remarked how well and cheerful he appeared; and on the eighteenth of March he received four school boys—from Boston, showing them the things of interest in his study and writing his name in their albums. This was the poet's last public reception.

That night Mr. Longfellow was seized with violent pain, and six days later (March 24, 1882) sank quietly in death. The bells of Cambridge tolled the sorrowful news—that the long, busy, blameless life was ended. Early on Sunday afternoon the funeral services were held at Craigie House. The family and a few intimate friends met in the library where the body lay in its coffin, and after a brief service the remains were borne to Mount Auburn, under the gently falling snow.

"We have but one life to live," he had said, "and we must make that beautiful." So the close of his many years found the gentle poet possessed of fortune's gifts,

"And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1807. (Feb. 27.) Born.
1825. Graduated at Bowdoin College.
1829. Appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin.
1831. Married to Mary Storer Potter, who died in 1835.
1836. Appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard College, which office he held till 1854.
1843. (July.) Married Frances Elizabeth Appleton. She died in 1861. Their children were Charles Appleton, Ernest Wadsworth, Frances (who died in infancy), Alice Mary, Edith, and Anne Allegra.
1882. (March 24.) Death of Longfellow.

SOME POEMS, AND DATE OF COMPOSITION.

1820. The Battle of Lovell's Pond. (First Poem published.)
1825. Hymn of the Moravian Nuns.
1837. Flowers.
1838. The Psalm of Life.
The Reaper and the Flowers.
1839. The Wreck of the Hesperus.
The Village Blacksmith.
Prelude to Voices of the Night.
Footsteps of Angels.
The Beleaguered City.
1840. The Spanish Student.
The Skeleton in Armor.
Endymion.
1841. The Rainy Day.
God's Acre.
To the River Charles.
Blind Bartimeus.
The Goblet of Life.
Maidenhood.
Excelsior.
1842. The Slave's Dream.
The Slave in the Dismal Swamp.
The Quadroon Girl.
The Belfry of Bruges.
1844. A Gleam of Sunshine.
The Arsenal at Springfield.
Nuremberg.
The Day is Done.

1845. The Bridge.
The Old Clock on the Stairs.
Birds of Passage.
Evangeline (begun).
1846. The Builders.
1847. Evangeline (finished).
1848. Sir Humphrey Gilbert.
The Fire of Driftwood.
Resignation.
1849. Dedication to the Seaside and the Fireside.
The Building of the Ship.
Children.
1850. The Golden Legend (begun).
The Ladder of St. Augustine.
The Phantom Ship.
1851. The Golden Legend (finished).
1852. The Warden of the Cinque Ports.
Haunted Houses.
The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.
1853. The Two Angels.
1854. The Ropewalk.
Hiawatha (begun).
1855. Hiawatha (finished).
My Lost Youth.
John Endicott (begun).
1857. John Endicott (finished).
Sandalphon.
The Courtship of Miles Standish (begun).
1858. The Courtship of Miles Standish (finished).
1859. The Children's Hour.
The Bells of Lynn.
Paul Revere's Ride. (Wayside Inn.)
A Day of Sunshine.
1861. Interlude: "A Strain of Music." (Wayside Inn.)
1862. Prelude: The Wayside Inn.
1863. Five Interludes to the First Part of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
Something Left Undone.
1864. The Bridge of Cloud.
Christmas Bells.
Divina Commedia. (Sonnets I. II.)
1866. Killed at the Ford.
1868. Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.
1870. Prelude to Part II. of Wayside Inn.
The Divine Tragedy (begun).
1871. The Legend Beautiful. (Wayside Inn.)
The Divine Tragedy (finished).
1873. The Hanging of the Crane.
1875. The Sermon of St. Francis.
1877. Kéramos: A Ballad of the French Fleet.
Song, "Stay, stay at home."
1879. The Cross of Snow.
From my Arm-Chair.
1881. The City and the Sea.
1882. The Bells of San Blas.

AMBITION.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

The path, at first, leads thro' a sunny lane,
Then on and on thro' meadows over-ripe,
Where tiny insects lift their heads and pipe
In drowsy protest; lapse—and dream again.
The victim speeds across the whit'ning plain,
Intent upon that thing whose fingers gripe
And hold his very soul. Alas! a type
Of lunacy that leads to naught but pain.

And when, at length, he stands upon the height
And gazes backward o'er the thorny way
His feet have trod, a million bleeding things
Lift sad, reproachful eyes; and lo, the light
Reveals to him but foulness and decay.—
And, far beyond, the Siren-voice still sings!

IN A BURGLAR'S BAG.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Hugh Kennedy listened with commendable patience while Mr. D'Arcy, the celebrated geologist, discoursed learnedly of the different specimens of stratified and unstratified rock which he had been collecting for the fortnight past on the north coast of Ireland. The two men had been friends at college; and, Mr. Kennedy having no family ties, it was a common thing for him to spend a few weeks under his friend's roof. He had arranged to join Mr. D'Arcy on his homeward journey, and as they were the only occupants of the railway carriage, the latter was free to discourse on his favorite hobby.

"Igneous rock, you know," he began again, after a pause for breath, "is—"

"But you haven't told me how Anna is," Mr. Kennedy interrupted. He had listened resignedly for a good forty-five minutes to a harangue on a subject in which he had little interest, while in Mr. D'Arcy's only daughter his interest was great.

"Anna! Oh, she's well enough," Mr. D'Arcy replied. "In health," he added with a frown. "I was fool enough to let her go to Dublin for six months. Now she wants to get married."

Mr. Kennedy smiled. "Young women often have that idea."

"I can't understand how her godmother allowed her to make the man's acquaintance," Mr. D'Arcy went on, without noticing his companion's remark. "But, of course, one can't expect sense from Betty Costello."

"Mrs. Costello has seen a good deal of the world."

"She's old enough, if that's what you mean. Well, while I was engaged on that paper for the *Quarterly*, this fellow, Nolan, comes with his proposal for my daughter's hand. I suppose he found out that her mother's money makes her an heiress in a small way. However, she can't marry without my consent till she's twenty-five."

"You mean she forfeits her fortune if she does."

"Yes."

"Has this Nolan any profession, any means?"

"He's an engineer, come to gain further knowledge in the British Isles. He comes from Australia."

"Oh, Australia. Well, what's your objection to the match?"

Mr. D'Arcy looked at his friend.

"Why, he's a poor man, for one thing, and I have other views for Anna."

"I saw that the last time I was at Clonmore. You want to marry her to a man old enough to be her father, Sir William Kinghton, the brewer."

"Sir William's a good man."

"No doubt; but he's far over fifty."

"She isn't going to marry the Australian. His grandfather was a convict. Democratic as you are, you'd draw the line at a felon's grandson."

Mr. Kennedy's kindly face clouded.

"I should like Anna to be happy," he said. "And I think it unlikely she should care for an unworthy man."

"She isn't going to marry Nolan, at any rate," Mr. D'Arcy said, decisively. "I went to the trouble of having the fellow's antecedents looked up. His grandfather was transported for stealing a large sum of money—from whom, do you think? From Patrick D'Arcy, my grand-uncle, and my father's predecessor at Kingscourt."

"Oh!"

"Now you see why the match is impossible, surely. I have told Anna, and I have told Nolan."

"Well?"

"She says that has nothing to do with the matter. And for Nolan, he was genuinely astonished, and withdrew all claims on Anna."

"Poor fellow!"

"The affair had to be stopped. I had only a vague recollection of hearing that money had been stolen from my grand-uncle. I was brought up by my mother's people, and knew little of the family, its property or affairs. That's what comes of being a younger son."

Mr. Kennedy nodded, and asked:

"How is your brother?"

"Oh, very well, I suppose. Martin and I have not many tastes in common, and his wife did not like me. She thought I got too much money from my maternal grandfather." Mr. D'Arcy paused as the train stopped at a station. A rush was made on the carriages from a crowded platform, and Mr. D'Arcy muttered something not very polite as seven or eight individuals invaded the compartment. So ferocious was his look, that an excited gentleman began an apology.

"'Tis on account of Moyola races. We have to get places where—" The remainder of his speech was lost in the arrangement of parcels and bags and the settling into seats of the passengers.

Fortunately, Mr. D'Arcy's station was not far off; but fifteen minutes of noisy laughter and horsey talk left him irritated and angry. The train had scarcely stopped when he made a grab at the Gladstone bag containing his valued specimens, and hastened from the carriage. There was a private door leading to the street of the town, and an obliging official opened it for D'Arcy. The drive to his house was a short one, and the two gentlemen found Anna D'Arcy waiting to greet them. The visitor noticed, with regret, that the girl was paler and more thoughtful than formerly. He had a few minutes' conversation with her before he set off to dress for dinner. No, she was not going to marry against her father's wishes; but she was equally determined not to wed her elderly suitor.

Mr. Kennedy was still thinking of Anna and her troubles when his host led him, after dinner, to the library.

"You must see my specimens," he said, rather to his guest's annoyance, and he proceeded to open his bag. He had some difficulty with the lock, but at length it yielded. Mr. D'Arcy gave an astonished ejaculation.

"What's this!" he cried, in bewilderment. "What on earth is this!"

A few small articles of silver plate with stuffings of newspaper between met his gaze. He made a quick movement, and the bag with its contents fell to the floor.

"What does this mean, Hugh?" the bewildered geologist insisted, and Mr. Kennedy laughed as he picked up a burglar's tool from the floor.

"It looks as if you had got stolen goods," he said. "You must have taken some other bag than your own from the rack. One of our fellow-travelers had a bag exactly like that, I remember."

"This is dreadful, dreadful!" Mr. D'Arcy lamented, and he picked up a small box from the floor. On opening the case, a pearl necklace met his view. The poor geologist sank back on a chair with a groan, and with the necklace in his hands.

"What an unfortunate mistake!" he cried. "And my specimens are lost!"

"Oh, well." Mr. Kennedy laughed, and took the jewel case from the table. "There is no mark on this," he went on, examining the case. Unconsciously he touched a spring in the bottom.

"Why, the case has a false bottom, and there is a folded paper in the open-

ing!" he said, drawing forth a folded sheet of yellowed paper. He stared at the words on the back, and then placed the sheet in Mr. D'Arcy's hand.

"Confession of Martin D'Arcy," the gentleman read. "This is my father's writing. And I have just remembered that these pearls belonged to my mother. I have seen her wear them."

Mr. D'Arcy unfolded the paper and read it twice over with dilated eyes. His friend had walked to the further end of the room, and stood gazing at a bookcase full of works on geology. Then Mr. D'Arcy spoke:

"One can't be altogether a scoundrel," he said, with a strange laugh. "Look here, Hugh. I was tempted to throw that paper in the fire."

"Yes." Mr. Kennedy came towards the speaker.

"This is a confession made by my father previous to his death. He was a gambler, and deeply in debt. It was he who took the money which Nolan was accused of stealing."

"Your father!" Mr. Kennedy exclaimed. "Your father took the money, for stealing which the grandfather of this young Nolan was transported."

"Yes. His uncle was dangerously ill, the rents had just been collected, and he was deeply in debt. He thought the loss would never be discovered. It was; and Nolan—he and my father were foster-brothers—suffered himself to be accused of theft, and trusted that my father would save him in some way."

"And he did not?"

"He did not."

"And Nolan kept loyal to the end."

"Evidently. This confession is duly signed and witnessed."

"What will you do?"

"Send the bag and articles to the police, and give this confession to Nolan," Mr. D'Arcy said slowly. "It is his right. I fancy neither my brother nor his wife has ever seen it. Mrs. D'Arcy was a helpless invalid almost from her marriage."

"She is dead?"

"Long since; and there were no girls in the family. Probably the case was kept in the safe with the plate."

The next day the young Australian engineer was summoned by Mr. D'Arcy. He read the paper found in the jewel case, considered a few moments, and tore it into fragments.

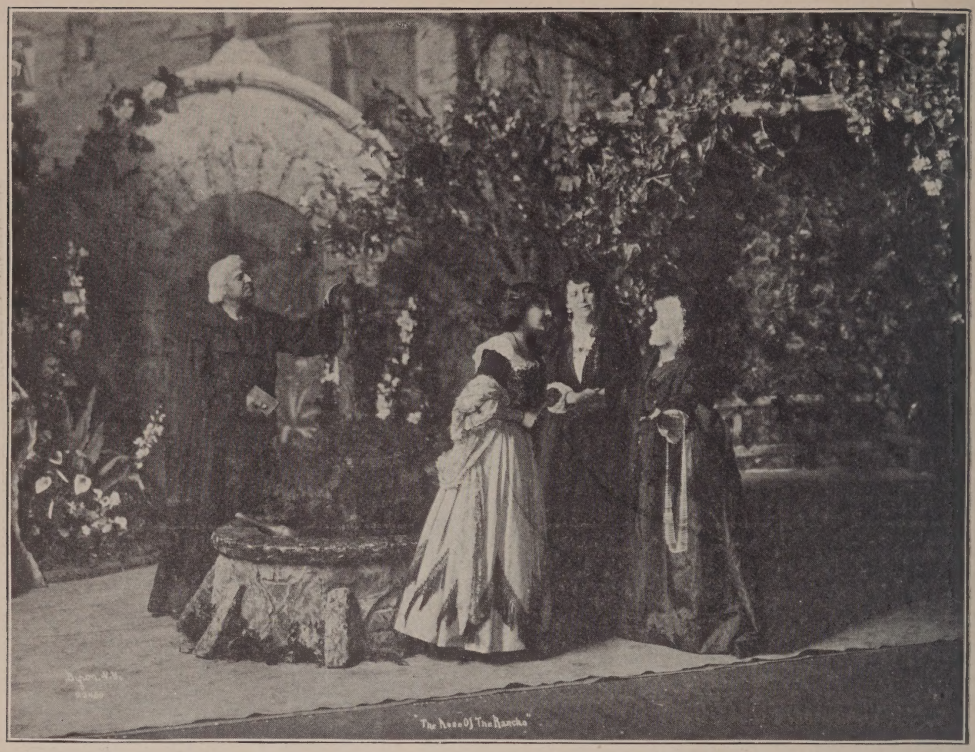
"I am the only person concerned," he said, "and there is no use in opening up the matter now."

"You will find Anna in the garden," Mr. D'Arcy remarked. "You can tell her I withdraw my opposition to your suit."

"That's a fine young fellow," Mr. Kennedy observed, when he and his host were alone.

"I suppose so. But do you think, Hugh, that the police will recover my specimens?"

"PLEASANT NEWS."



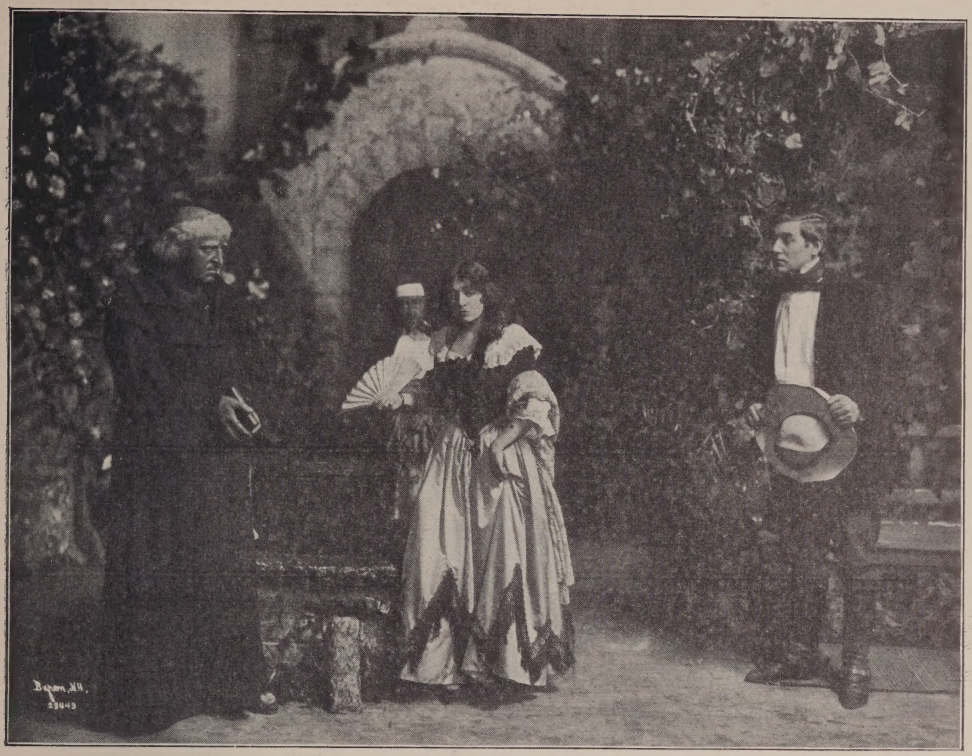
ACT I. "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO."

Frank Losee. Frances Starr.

A CHANCE FOR THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

At a Twelfth Night celebration by the National Arts Club of New York the main features were a medieval Epiphany show and a discussion on the revival of the religious drama. Nothing seems more hopeless than such a revival at the present moment; chiefly for the reason that profit-making has so strong a hold on the managerial class, and secondarily because the religious class, who are not playgoers, object to the supposed irreverence. The indifference of one class and the positive hostility of the other hinder the natural, proper and necessary development of the religious drama. The discussion displayed considerable unanimity among the speakers. Dr. James C. Bayles, while admitting his own indifference to religious belief, could not see any reason why religious standards, doctrines, histories and the like should not find reverent presentation on the stage, both for the delight of the cultured and the edification of the believers; and he did not think that scoffers would decry or belittle a dramatic rendering of the things believed in, respected and loved by millions of humankind. Mr. Charles Meltzer, press representative of the Metropolitan Opera, and translator of Hauptman's *Hannele,* declared that the religious play, whether in the ancient or



ACT II. "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO."

Frank Losee as Padre Antonio. Frances Starr as Juanita. Charles Richman as Karney.

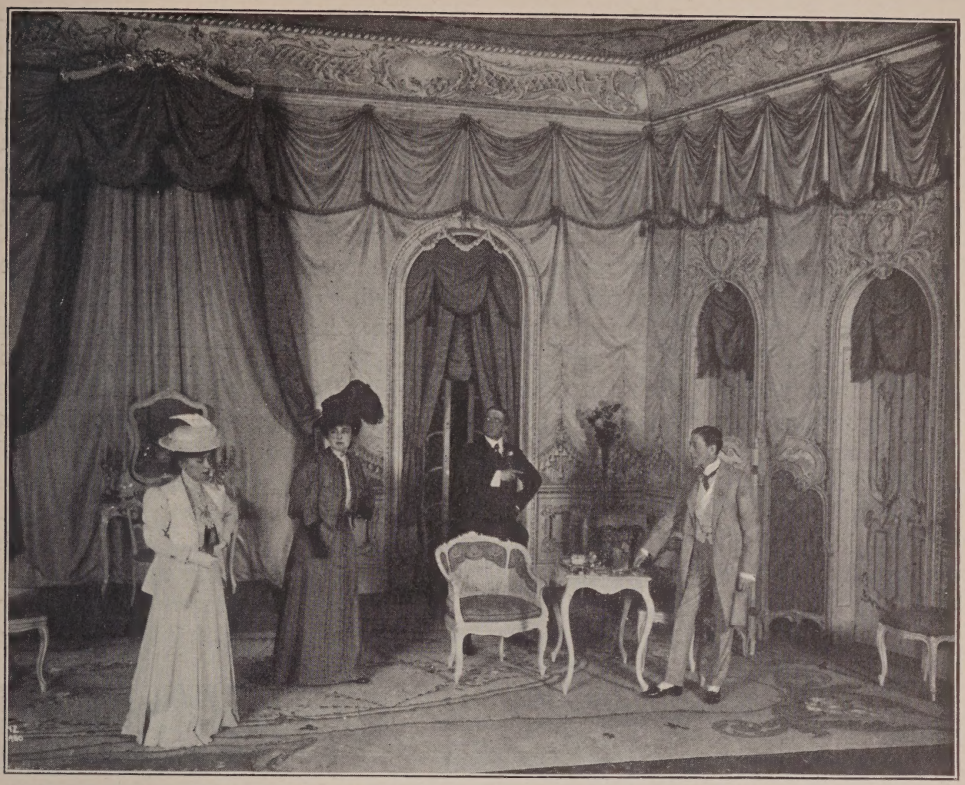
in the modern form, bred reverence both in actors and in audiences; that in the production of *Everyman* the crisis of the action brought the audience mentally to its knees in humble confession of man's dependence upon God; and that nothing stood in the way of a noble religious drama at this moment but the inertia of its promoters.

Mr. Charles DeKay pointed out that as the drama began in religion it could not get away from it, even in these times, and had in some way to express the eternal hope so deeply implanted in human nature; therefore, it merely remained for the religious to insist steadily upon the proper emphasis of faith and hope and love in dramatic art to secure a faithful representation of religious emotion and belief upon the stage. Mrs. Beckwith maintained that our American spirit is too practical, too commercial to devote any part of its golden time to the religious plays of ancient or modern times. The debate was summed up and decided by Rev. J. T. Smith, the president of the Catholic Summer School of America, who placed before his hearers the leading arguments in behalf of an immediate revival of the religious drama, and answered the usual objection: St. Gregory of Nazianzen, once Patriarch of Constantinople, had the honor of founding the Christian drama; finding the people devoted to the ancient tragedies, and too fond of the licentious contemporary stage, he wrote religious dramas upon Scriptural themes and presented them, in churches and monasteries, to the general public; the actors were clerics, and no laymen would have attempted to act in them, so ex-

clusive was the character of these earliest Christian dramas; the English prelates at the Council of Constance in 1414 witnessed these dramas in the intervals of the sessions of the Council, carried them back to England, played them first in the seclusion of monasteries, then introduced them to the people at large, developed and popularized them, until finally they became the noted Mystery and Miracle and Morality Plays of England, out of which grew the modern English drama.

Father Smith thought that the modern world should get back to the enterprise and freedom of action displayed by St. Gregory and his English imitators; the so-called reverence, which shuts out religious drama on the score of profanation of sacred things, is a dangerous exaggeration of virtue, and leads almost to the opposite vice; the world is seeing a brilliant example of its folly in that exaggerated reverence of the Bible which placed the Sacred Writings above the Living Church; and now the day has come when reaction against exaggeration leaves the Bible quite low in the esteem of the Protestant millions. So deep

BLANCHE WALSH IN "THE STRAIGHT ROAD."



MRS. FISKE IN "THE NEW YORK IDEA."

was the reverence of the English Puritans for God and the Elect that they resented all representation of the Creator and His Saints in plastic and pictorial art, smashed statues, altars, windows, and paintings, priceless in value, in their mad zeal, and finally killed religious art in England and its dependencies. The same spirit to-day has driven religion out of the press, out of the drama, out of the plastic arts, out of the school, and out of the government. This desertion of so many important things, on the plea of reverence, had discredited the plea and brought such reverence into deserved suspicion. For his own part he would not be content until religion resumed her ancient relationship with all art, and in particular with the dramatic art; he could not praise the folly which deserted a plain duty on the excuse of reverence; and he hoped to see the day when the great saints of the past would live again on the popular stage, preaching in word and deed the splendid principles which their lives so beautifully illustrated. He decided in favor of the religious drama and its speedy revival.

The Epiphany show which followed the debate proved to be as interesting a spectacle in a modern environment as ever it had been for the Catholic people of England in the twilight of good Queen Mary's short reign. The stage bore a likeness to its prototype; two thrones occupied the centre for the court of the period; the right corner held the throne of King Herod, the left the throne of the new-born King. The white dove of the Holy Spirit hovered near the Child's throne, and over it glowed the Star: the black raven perched on the throne of Herod. To appropriate music the players entered; first the monks and nuns

who sang the hymns and carols; then the robust young herald who announced the arrival of the monarch of the time, the monarch of Galilee, the King of Heaven, and finally the Kings of the Orient, the wise men; at which announcements, first there entered a knight in armor, a clown in motley, a lady of honor, a cardinal in his state robes, and King Benedict and his Queen; after them came three devils, special intimates of the Herodian Court, an Arab guard, a Roman guard, the Jewish High Priest, Salome the dancer, and Herod and his scornful Queen; and when these were all seated in their proper places, amid the singing of carols came a humble shepherd, Elisabeth and her child John the Baptist, the aged Simeon, Joseph with grave youth and pensive mien, and Mary carrying the Child; while they took their places the angels entered and sang glorious hymns; and at last came the Three Kings with each an attendant bearing his gifts. The picture was complete. The action was simple and the speeches few. Simeon adored the Lord. The Three Kings took counsel with King Herod and discovered his deceit. When they had discovered and adored the Child, they climbed off the stage at the opposite side to indicate their return by another way into their own country. Perhaps the show lasted an hour, the audience was enchanted with its simplicity and devotion, and the impression left upon all fairly illustrated the contention of Charles Meltzer in the debate: that a reverent play makes rev-

SCENE FROM "THE NEW YORK IDEA."

erent both actors and auditors; which is its intention.

Both the debate and the Epiphany show struck me with sadness, inasmuch as they had been organized and carried out by people less interested in them than the people whose ancestors founded the Christian drama and enacted the old English mystery plays. I saw around me non-Catholics of every creed and none at all: in fact the gentleman who played the part of the senior Magus informed me of his agnostic condition, although he bowed profoundly before the Child in the crib; yet all were as interested in the discussion and the show as the ancient audiences. And I reflected that among the Catholic millions of this Republic there was neither the spirit nor the interest to do as much. We need another Nazianzen and another devoted band like the men who wrote the ancient plays, to inspire this generation with their practical application of the faith. The prejudices of men are unaccountable. The great Nazianzen thought it no scandal to enact his plays in the churches. What a scandal such an event would be to-day! Yet our people think nothing of a so-called sacred concert in the church of a Sunday night, a thing which Nazianzen would have flung out with scorn as an abomination. And there you are!

Meanwhile, the dramatists and the amateur managers at odd times try their hand at the religious play with effect so disastrous as to deter the skillful from attempting it. Someone, it matters not who, recently staged at the Astor Theatre a grewsome and sticky affair with the title of *Salome* and the theme the execution of John the Baptist. It was a poisonous plant from a corrupt soil, fortunately killed at once by the crudeness of the actors. What survived the performance, Alan Dale, a popular critic,

PAULA EDWARDES IN "THE PRINCESS BEGGAR."

gently obliterated with acid pen in this way: the lady who played Salome was not siren-ic, but precise, emphatic, very tidy, rather pleasant, ice-cream-y, and harmless; in her dance before Herod she picked up the chiffon encircling her corsage, waggled once or twice in a most lady-like way, and then claimed the head of John; Herod was badly sold but he had to pay up like a gentleman; the whole affair was stupefying; and it is good sound sense to maintain that we do not go to the theatre to be stupefied. Incidents of this sort are not illustrations, but warnings. The religious play of the present is not to be a reproduction of the Mystery plays, nor the presentation

of purely Scriptural themes like *The Shepherd King;* but rather the natural introduction of religious scenes and emotions as they display themselves in our ordinary life. David Belasco has given a hint of what may be done in this direction in his latest production, *The Rose of The Rancho,* wherein the character of the old Spanish missionary illumines the play and the audience by its exquisite tenderness and religious feeling.

The scene of the play is laid in old California, before that territory became part of our Republic. It was then the land of *manana,* the land of to-morrow, where everyone put off till to-morrow what could easily have been done to-day.

PAULA EDWARDES IN "THE PRINCESS BEGGAR."

The detested Americans had already invaded the pleasant, sleepy domain, and begun that frightful campaign of violence, robbery, plunder, legal chicanery, and political trickery which our histori-

ans politely call the advance of civilization. It is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon, and has ever the same result, the extinction of the more indolent and artistic race, unless numbers or vigor make actual extinction impossible. The French of Quebec survived because of their proximity to the American Republic; the Irish, through their faith, race-vigor and insularity; the Spanish-Mexicans of California vanished before the advance of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The conflict between the two races provides the atmosphere, the characters, the incidents and plot of the drama. It is unnecessary to enter into any description of the play, for our concern is chiefly with the dear old Padre Antonio, really the leading character in the drama, although outside the conventional plot and its development. The partner of Mr. Belasco in writing the drama must surely have been a Catholic, so perfectly has the character of the old priest been drawn; but even if he were not, Belasco himself would have given the character the vivid expression, the likeness to life, which make it so delightful to Catholics and so helpful to the drama itself. At first Padre Antonio is the lovable parish priest, dozing in the sun, blessing the little children, dreaming his dreams of to-morrow with the rest; but the moment he learns the precise nature of the American gringo invasion, the wrongs and injustices which it brings for his people, he lays aside routine and comfort and gets into the thick of the fray. Mr. Frank Losee plays the part to perfection. He makes it a typical part. For various reasons the American actor has a singular respect for the Catholic priest; and all that respect Mr. Losee puts into his interpretation of Padre Antonio. As the scene and the spirit of the drama are purely Catholic, David Belasco has taken special pains to emphasize artistically the Catholic life. Many of his actors were specially chosen for this play because of their Spanish blood: the little prayers and blessings peculiar to Catholic peoples are done and spoken properly; a Spanish priest was engaged to teach the actors these pretty details, so as to avoid such blunders as making the sign of the cross with the left hand; all which shows the fine artistic spirit of the true manager.

Even Clyde Fitch took up the religious element for at least one scene of his latest play, *The Straight Road*. After a temporary eclipse due to overwork and a few failures, which this dramatist minds no more than the summer breezes, he is strongly in evidence again in the metropolis, using this word to measure the height of his achievement; for what might be done in other large cities with comparative ease is usually an impossibility in a metropolis. Well, Clyde Fitch had three plays running in January, in three important theatres of Broadway; Clara Bloodgood played *Truth* at the Criterion, Eleanor Robson played *The Girl Who Has Everything* at the Liberty, and Blanche Walsh *The Straight Road* at the Astor. A critic said to me the other day in explanation of the phenomenal career of Clyde Fitch that he had been a vogue for a while, and then everyone wanted to see a Fitch play; but now the said vogue having faded he has to work for a living like all the rest. With three plays going at the same moment in Broadway theatres Clyde ought to be able to pay his board in New York. The critics did not receive the three plays as cheerfully as did the audiences. They were good, interesting, decent dramas of everyday life, written chiefly to give three clever women some opportunities. Passing over the first two for the moment *The Straight Road* afforded Mr. Fitch the chance to introduce the reli-

gious idea smoothly and effectively. His theme is the reformation of a wild girl. Ever since Blanche Walsh electrified her audiences a few years ago with her acting of an abandoned woman in Tolstoi's *Resurrection,* there have been many attempts to provide her with a similar theme on a more modern method. The present effort is not convincing but it seemed to please the crowd. It is unconvincing because Clyde Fitch has no more understanding of the saving of a soul than of the question of Chinese labor. He simply places a virago of the tenements under the influence of an affectionate and silly missionary of the slums; the influence lifts Mary to the proper standard of living; and when she has become accustomed to pretty aprons and Swiss muslin dresses and good manners, so that she curses and swears no more, then the test of her sincerity is applied by the dramatist. Everything goes wrong with Mary. Her patron and her lover reject her as a hopeless liar, from various incidents which occur in the course of the play. Finding herself scorned and discarded Mary resolves to return to the old life, and begins in a paroxysm of rage and despair to smash the furniture in true tenement style; she bites the cork from a bottle of gin and is about to drink when a ray of sunlight falls suddenly on a picture of the Blessed Virgin and draws her attention to the pathetic figure. She hesitates; her better nature gets a fresh grip on her will; she falls on her knees weeping, and is saved. This is simply a duplicate of the scene in *Resurrection* where her hand comes in sudden contact with the shrine, and the fallen woman looks up to see the figure of the Crucified looking down upon her. It is effective, and it is true, in fact, about the only true touch in the series of facts leading up to Mary's final salvation and triumph. Miss Blanche Walsh plays the sodden creature much better than the redeemed; the contrast between the two is so sudden that one is unable to realize the nature of the progress towards redemption. It would be well, therefore, for the next dramatic tailor who has to fit the actress that he take at least two acts for the picture of degradation and uplifting, and delay the final phase till the last act.

Next to the religious play itself in importance stands the eminence attained by actors of Catholic faith in the dramatic profession. Frank Keenan played all January at the Academy in *The Girl of the Golden West;* William J. Kelley, erstwhile the pride and delight of Harlem made his Broadway appearance in *Truth* and earned commendation; William B. Mack, a former capable member of Mrs. Fiske's company, earned praise in the same production; Margaret Anglin continued her great success in the play of *The Great Divide;* Marion Lea played opposite Mrs. Fiske with tremendous emphasis; Dorothy Donnelly was the salvation of Klein's stuffy and stilted drama, *The Daughters of Men;* Thomas Shea enraptured Yorkville with his repertoire; Elsie Janis repeated her success of last year in the ridiculous but entertaining skit, *The Vanderbilt Cup;* and finally Paula Edwardes won a real triumph at the Casino with her comic opera of *The Princess Beggar.* It is two years since she made her great success in *The Belle of New York* and earned the right to be considered a star. To the bazaar of the Catholic Summer School of America, held in the Waldorf last winter, Miss Edwardes contributed a magnificent doll, dressed in a costume resembling her court dress in the present opera. The little lady is well known for her many charities and for her thoroughly Catholic life; and it is pleasant to record her real success in the most difficult de-

partment of stage work, comic opera. Her new opera is better than any she has yet tried, and comes from Edward Paulton, a good Catholic and a playwright of far better caliber than more noted craftsmen.

The play of the season naturally was Mrs. Fiske's, the cleverest actress of the time, and the most careful play-producer in the country. She presented *The New York Idea,* a satire on divorce and the divorce crowd, genteel rather than biting in its arraignment, but so witty and bright and funny and farcical that the metropolis gave it three months of profitable attention. Mrs. Fiske in the character of a diverting madcap, just divorced from a society colt and about to marry a society judge, whose blood is indigo and whose brother is a Bishop, just missed an achievement equal to *Tess* and *Becky Sharp* in the matters of temperament and deft acting. Cynthia Karslake, however, happened to be a character without much depth to it, and the actress could put none into it. The scenes of the first act were simply side-splitting. The home of the Phillimores had the stately gloom and ponderous furniture of the ancient day; the Judge and his female relatives were no less ponderous and gloomy; and into this ponderosity bounded Cynthia Karslake with the briskness of a March hare, not to mention the curiosity, the friskiness, the astonishment, the deviltry of the same pretty animal in such surroundings. The ladies described to her in grave tones the glories of the past; the Judge read a newspaper while she drank tea and told her at intervals how profound was his satisfaction at the domestic peace of the hour; wild but self-controlled Cynthia had hard work to keep from screaming with laughter. It was a welcome if embarrassing interruption when the former Mrs. Phillimore and the divorced Jack Karslake intruded themselves on the scene.

The incident showed its utter impossibility in real life, and the structural weakness of the play; but it was funny enough to be permitted. A young Englishman called to pay his respects to the Judge and brought about by his questions and his blunders the grand mix-up of the scene. He was introduced to the former and the soon-to-be Mrs. Phillimore, and got into a fearful tangle. The audience screamed. The play finished with a wedding at which Cynthia bolted the Judge and fled back to her former husband. The supporting company with John Mason, George Arliss, Charles Harbury, and Marion Lea at the head seemed perfection; and Mrs. Fiske fluttered in and out, radiant, mischievous, biting, driving both sides to desperation with her moods and fancies, sticking little barbs of wit into the ponderous Phillimores, speculating wickedly on the final disaster, raging with jealousy, a modern society Puck, all daring and mischief. The play by Langdon Mitchell was remarkable both as a satire and for its fetching lines, which have passed already into the common speech of the town. "If we can't be decent, at least let us be graceful," is one of Cynthia's biting remarks. It did not, however, touch the serious and revolting side of American divorce. The flippancy and dirt of the smart set were made very apparent, however, and the play has certainly opened a way for further contributions to the theme. The average American is utterly unaware of the divorce evil, its frightful extent and deep ravages; and Protestant religious leaders seem afraid to touch it lest the vengeance of the smart set strike at their salaries.

CLAIRFONTAINE.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER I.

The sweet little village of Clairfontaine is nestled on the sunny slope of a mountain away in a corner of Normandy, not far from Brittany, and rather near St. Michael's Mount. The cottages are almost all thatched, but the roofs are so covered over with wild flowers,—even the purple iris and scented wallflower,—that they look both quaint and picturesque. The only objects worthy of note in this out-of-the-way place are the pretty Gothic church and the handsome old stone fountain, which stands in the middle of the village and gives it its name. This last is the meeting-place and centre of gossip for all the young maidens of Clairfontaine. And how they enjoy it! Through the valley runs a broad, lazy river, bordered with trees, and lovely flower-sprinkled meadows stretch up the mountain side, where the handsome sleek cattle browse in dreamy bliss.

It was early morning, and the river was still wrapped in a chilly veil of mist, as Father Charriere, the pastor of Clairfontaine, climbed up the rather steep pathway which led from the valley to the village. Grisette (pet name for Margaret), his niece, walked beside him,—a fair young girl with a most refined face, and a very pleasing expression.

The two chatted with the easy tone of good-fellowship.

"Uncle," said Grisette, "why did you not tell me about the event of yesterday?"

"What event, Grisette?"

"The visit of the two gentlemen who arrived a few days ago at the inn of the 'Three Maries,' and who visited you yesterday. I want to know why they intend to remain some weeks in Clairfontaine?"

"How do you know they intend to remain several weeks in Clairfontaine?" asked the pastor, pausing suddenly, and crossing his hands on the head of his cane, while he scrutinized his niece's face with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, for she blushed red at his very simple question. After a moment's silence, he frowned slightly, and raising his finger with affected severity, he said: "I shall tell you, Miss, how you know! You listened at my window while those gentlemen were in the parlor!"

"But uncle—"

"Do not deny it; it is useless. I heard you; you know how keen my hearing is. You were in the garden, for I heard the gravel crunching beneath your feet as you stealthily approached the window, with the very reprehensible intention of listening to our conversation. I closed the window to prevent you from satisfying your indiscreet curiosity—and to punish you."

"Unkind uncle! Very well; I shall no longer hunt with you for insects, and you may finish your 'Natural History of Longicorns' as best you can!"

The old priest laughed merrily, for, notwithstanding his sixty years, his laugh was still youthful, and it brightened his extremely kind, intellectual face in a wonderful way.

"Let us not quarrel, Grisette. You must acknowledge, my child, that curiosity is a vulgar fault, and I have a right —nay, it is my duty—to correct you, if I can."

"Bah! Why should I not have some defects? Come, uncle, do not keep me any longer in suspense. Since yesterday every one in the village has been questioning me. They all want to know who those gentlemen may be, their name, so-

cial standing, why, wherefore, how long, etc."

"Ta! ta! What a volley of words! Once for all, my child, I *forbid* you to repeat anything you may learn concerning Mr. Grisard and his nephew."

"Ah! the old gentleman is named Grisard! And the young man is his nephew?"

"Yes, George Langeais, a very shy young fellow, delicate, too, I believe. All the mystery is reduced to this: his uncle, who acts as his guardian, has brought him to make a tour in Normandy. When any spot attracts them, they make a halt till they weary of it. They are to breakfast at the rectory to-morrow."

"O dear!" cried Grisette, pausing suddenly, and facing her uncle with a look of alarm in her pretty eyes.

"Well, what is the matter with you?" asked the old man.

"What is the matter with me? Why, here you are, inviting people to breakfast without giving notice in time. What shall we give them to eat? What shall we do? Yesterday was St. Mary's market, and to-day where shall we find fish for to-morrow? Worst of all, what will Seraphine say."

Seraphine was the priest's old servant, who, notwithstanding her angelic name, was the terror of her master, whom she ruled despotically. At the mention of her name, he seemed not a little disturbed; but feigning indifference, said:

"What do you think she will say?"

"She will be furious, and surely sulk all day!"

The pastor got a sudden fit of courage.

"I should like to see if Seraphine dares to disobey my orders," he said, with a defiant air.

"Ah! you have seen that more than once," replied Grisette. "All the same, we had better tell her immediately when we go in. Do you not think so, uncle?"

The pastor walked on a few paces, not by any means as joyously as before; then pausing suddenly, he said:

"If you were amiable now, Grisette, do you know what you would do?"

Grisette glanced up at her uncle with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes,—she knew quite well what she ought to do "if she were amiable."

"No, uncle, really, I have no idea what I should do."

"Well, then, go and tell Seraphine all about the breakfast, while I am saying Mass. Do you understand?"

"Yes, uncle, I understand; you wish *me* to brave the storm all alone!"

The pastor bit the handle of his cane in evident embarrassment. Grisette's heart softened.

"Well, then, I will," she said, "but if I were the pastor of Clairfontaine, I give you my word I should soon send that old fire-brand, Seraphine, packing!"

"O Grisette! 'old fire-brand,' what an expression!" murmured the priest in a horrified tone; "where is your charity?"

"Yes, it is all very fine, but it is insufferable to have you tremble before the old fury. What does she say when you ask any one to dine without consulting her? *I* know well what she says —the ogress!"

"Margaret!" The pastor tried to look severe.

"Does it not prove she is insupportable when you yourself, uncle, dare not tell her you have invited two guests to breakfast to-morrow?"

A bell sounded in the distance; the pastor glanced at his old-fashioned watch, and exclaimed:

"Half-past six! and my Mass! I must hurry on, Grisette. You cannot walk so fast, but go at once to the presbytery and tell Seraphine about the breakfast—

a really good old soul she is, poor creature!"

"Uncle, you say that pretty much as one might speak of a toothache!"

While climbing the hill with brisk steps, the old priest could not help laughing at the merry sallies of his saucy little niece, but he sighed as he thought of Seraphine's sour temper.

CHAPTER II.

Father Charriere was a devoted naturalist; his one hobby was entomology. For twenty years he had been making a collection of insects, of the value of which he was hardly aware. His first parish was a little village in the south of France. It was there he began his entomological studies under the direction of an old soldier, who, thanks to his hobby and pension of forty pounds annually, was the happiest of men. In company of this old man, the young priest passed many a happy hour in hunting for and observing the habits of insects. In this village he spent three years, and was then sent to a miserable parish, high up amongst the mountains of Savoy. His parishioners were all shepherds, who drove their flocks to the upper heights in summer, and descended to the intermediate valleys during the winter months. Several villages, all far apart, and to be reached only by difficult and dangerous pathways, were placed under his care. Many a time he had to perform heroic acts of courage, as his colleagues had done before him, in traversing pathways cut by mountain torrents, at the risk of being buried beneath an avalanche, or swept away by one of those same torrents, now swollen to fierceness by the melting snow. Meantime his cherished collection of insects grew richer by the addition of many rare specimens peculiar to that region. But his health gave way. His delicate constitution could not endure the bitter cold and strong air of the Savoy heights, and he almost succumbed to a fit of bronchitis.

It was then he was sent to Normandy, his native country, to Clairfontaine, which he had never since left. There he continued to lead a calm, happy life, still making his collection, and adding to it year by year, for he had many friends with whom he exchanged specimens, and who shared their treasures with him. Every one in Clairfontaine loved him; even those who were hostile to the *priest*, revered in him the good and true *man*. He quickly recovered his health in his native air.

A few years after his arrival in the village, his little niece, Margaret, a child of six, came to live with him. She was the daughter of his only brother, and the death of the latter was the first great sorrow he had ever experienced. The little child soon won his love. He could not be severe to her; on the contrary, he was indulgent to a degree that he himself thought was not quite judicious. But then Grisette was such a lovable little witch, and had such a good heart, not to mention the really rare specimens she found for him from time to time. How could he have the heart to contradict or give occasion for tears to such a charming child?

. . . . . .

When the pastor arrived at the square before the church, he perceived the two travelers, whose recent arrival had so much interested the gossips of the village. Mr. Grisard was a tall old man with a stiff, precise manner. His hair was white, and his beard gray, and there was something very disconcerting in his cold glance. His nephew was quite a different type; just then he seemed very shy, suffering, and exceedingly weary of everything.

The gentlemen, seeing the priest, advanced to meet him.

"I have been admiring your church, sir," said the elder man, saluting him. "It is a very remarkable monument of the lancet style; though small, it is extremely pure in form."

"Really?" said the priest, whose knowledge of architecture was very limited and rudimentary. "You are an artist, sir?"

"Only an amateur," replied Mr. Grisard. "I visited this little church yesterday, and think it beautiful. Unfortunately, the interior is deplorably poor; the benches in ruins, the choir stalls worm-eaten; in fact, it is in a sad condition."

The good priest saw the poverty of his church quite as clearly as Mr. Grisard did. He felt the old man might have spared him the covert reproof for a state of things he was unable to remedy. Making a move towards the door, he said simply, as if he had not heard the last remark:

"I am already rather late for my Mass; pardon me if I pass on."

"I am going," said Mr. Grisard, "but I hope you will allow me to call on you this morning, if you have time to receive me."

"Very willingly, with pleasure," said the priest, turning to enter the church.

As he did so, Mr. Grisard's nephew addressed him:

"Pardon me, sir, if I detain you for a moment. Are you not an entomologist?" I think you spoke yesterday of a collection—"

"Which I hope we shall see, presently," interrupted the uncle, amiably.

"Certainly, I shall show it to you with pleasure. I have fifteen thousand insects —not counting caterpillars, larvæ and nymphæ of all kinds."

"Entomology is a very interesting science," sighed Mr. Grisard.

His nephew glanced at him in surprise. It was the first time he had known him to show the least interest in that science. However, he made no comment.

"While wandering through the pine and larch wood in the timber yard yonder, I found this," said the young man, displaying a velvety grayish-blue insect with felted spots on its wing shells, which he held in a little box.

"Now here is a most astonishing 'find,' and in Normandy! Why, it is the *Rosalie Alpine*, and must have come here in the pines of which you speak, and they came from the mountains!" exclaimed the priest.

"Look closely at it," said the young man, "the *Rosalie Alpine* has always six spots on the wings and corselet; this has only five. It is a very rare exception."

"Quite true!" exclaimed the priest, joyfully. "It is a specimen of extraordinary rarity, a unique insect. It is probable this freak of nature will not be reproduced. I have never seen one like it, and if you permit me, sir, I shall examine the little creature and write an account of it to the Entomological Society."

"But it is yours, sir; it was for you I caught it," said the young man.

The pastor pressed his hand in an ecstasy of gratitude. "Ah, my boy, what a service you have rendered me! But we shall talk about it afterwards, and you must read my report. I shall give you the bulletin of the Society when it appears; but now I must really go, or my Mass will be very late to-day." And the priest hurried away, glowing with such joy as collectors only ever experience.

While vesting for Mass, his conversation with Grisette recurred to his mind, and gave him no small uneasiness. What if Seraphine should prove ill-tempered with this generous boy? He felt courageous enough now to resist that female dragon, that fierce Tesephone in a Normandy cap who kept such jealous

guard over the presbytery,—the region of the kitchen in particular. But he cast all those disturbing distractions aside as he went out on the altar to begin his long-delayed Mass.

Very few indeed were those whom he had kept waiting; only some poor old women, who were placidly passing the beads of their rosaries through their fingers as they prayed. The chapel *did* look very poor, perhaps worse than usual today. The moth-eaten benches, with their straight backs, did not look inviting; the confessionals, manufactured by some rustic carpenter, were of the rudest; and the red-tiled floor offered many a pitfall to the unwary visitor. Close by the principal door hung the long ropes which reached to the top of the graceful, sculptured, granite spire where the bells slept, except when they awoke on great festivals to send their joyous peals down through the valley, challenging the chimes floating up from the charming villages scattered along the banks of the river.

Mr. Grisard and his nephew assisted at Mass, and the good priest was touched by this act of piety; had he seen the two men more closely, and observed the expression of indifference on George's face, and craftiness on the uncle's, he would have changed his opinion of both.

In a corner of the choir stood one of those high-backed benches called "churchwarden pews," and it attracted and held captive all Mr. Grisard's attention. The pew was a marvel in sculptured wood, in the Renaissance style, almost as beautiful as the bas-reliefs of that period in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. A series of scenes, into which were crowded scores of little figures perfectly carved, represented the story of the Prodigal Son; each panel was surrounded by leaves, flowers and fantastic arabesques, very rich looking, and designed with exquisite taste.

Mr. Grisard, like the pastor, had a mania for collecting, but the wonders of nature had no charm for him. He preferred to hunt up old furniture, pictures, sculpture, old china, engravings, etc., bequeathed by the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. His taste had been well cultivated, and it was not easy to deceive him in matters of art, for he had made ancient art his life-study. Though not a very wealthy man, he had succeeded, little by little, in making a very beautiful collection of rare curios, which he loved better than anything on earth,—his nephew included,—for he was a cold-hearted, unsympathetic man. To obtain any single article in that collection at as low a price as possible, he had stooped to all the cunning of an Apache. When he saw any rare object of value, he presently desired to possess that thing; and he stopped at nothing, no matter how tricky, till the wish was gratified. He flattered himself on his "cleverness." On any other point he was not really a dishonorable man, but this was just the vulnerable spot on which his conscience concluded to capitulate; and as the hunting for knick-knacks was his hobby, he *did* yield.

Now it chanced that in passing through Clairfontaine to a little thermal station, the old amateur saw the church, and was so struck by its style of architecture, that he stopped the carriage in which he was traveling, entered the church, and caught sight of the warden's pew. Said he to himself: "I want that bit of carving." Then and there he resolved to break the journey, remain some time in Clairfontaine on some pretext or other, get into the good graces of the pastor,—and for the rest, count on his own cleverness.

He could willingly have embraced his nephew this morning, so grateful was he for the progress which that unsuspecting young man had made with the priest. The *Rosalie Alpine* had made the way

easy for him. He, himself a collector, had understood the joy of the old priest. Being of a cautious nature, he did not confide his hopes to George; he had too much distrust of the boy's frankness.

When Mass was ended, the priest found his new friends at the church door, and again thanking the generous donor of the *Rosalie Alpine*, he invited both gentlemen to accompany him to his home. The presbytery was a very pretty white house surrounded by a garden, wherein bloomed roses, stocks, and all kinds of old-fashioned flowers; the sanded walks were shaded by elms, the homes of countless birds, and bordered by strawberry plants, whose crimson fruit shone brightly through the morning dew. The pastor generally breakfasted in this garden, and a rustic table now stood prepared for the morning meal, beneath one of the shady elms. A very simple breakfast it was, truly, composed of a bowl of cream and some freshly baked bread, which smelt deliciously. But this was not a breakfast to be despised; first, because the cream looked most inviting; then, too, the pleasure of taking it amidst the sweet-smelling flowers and joyous little birds that hopped around and beneath the table with an audacity absolutely astonishing. In fine, to complete the picture, there was Grisette in her dainty white apron seated at the head of the table and demurely doing the hostess while she sipped the cream with her rosy lips. Mr. Grisard made a wry face at the sight of the homely meal, but George was seized with a sudden and irresistible desire to taste that brown-bread and cream. Grisette, blushing vividly, rose at once to receive the guests. Poor child! she felt horribly shy; it was such a novelty to entertain strangers; but her confusion only made her look prettier than ever. More cream was brought,—not in Sèvres china, but in quaint old bowls, on the sides of which grew most fantastic flowers. It was delicious cream all the same, and the young hostess was charming in her simplicity, while the genial priest gave them such a hearty welcome, besides offering them flowers from his garden and a peep at his famous collection, that George began to think he had never before sat down to such a pleasant breakfast table.

As for Mr. Grisard, he was dreaming of the pew and the best means of making his attack. The priest, not having the least idea of the cause of his guest's preoccupation, invited him after breakfast to see his collection. Mr. Grisard's eagerness to see it was quite touching.

Meanwhile, Grisette had seated herself beneath an elm near a little table, upon which stood her work-basket. She seemed absorbed in a piece of beautiful embroidery; but though she did not even glance towards the strangers, she knew that George remained in the garden instead of following his uncle to see the collection, and admire it, as common politeness required of him. Old Seraphine, wearing her sourest expression, was busy clearing away the breakfast table. Grisette worked on assiduously without raising her eyes, yet she felt George was looking at her as he drew near; but she was quite unconscious of the pretty picture she made, surrounded by flowers, and looking as sweet and fresh as any of them—in George's opinion.

"May I ask what is that you are working at, Miss Grisette?" he asked, when he reached the table.

"Something for the church—a chasuble for my uncle," she answered, without looking up. It was really a beautiful piece of work; and though George was delightfully ignorant of any kind of embroidery, he could not but appreciate in a vague kind of way the blending of the shades on the roses and lilies, and the exquisite regularity of the stitches. Wishing to see how it was done, he drew a chair near the young girl, and seating

himself quietly, watched her busy fingers with much interest.

CHAPTER III.

George was a highly cultivated young man. He had become master of various dry sciences, and, as he was still almost a boy, was rather conceited about his vast store of knowledge, and vain enough to believe himself superior to nearly every one he met. He had been brought up by Mr. Grisard, whose sceptical doctrines were all the more pernicious because he was a very intellectual man. The result had a bad effect on George. He looked down with contempt on all who had not been educated to his own standard. He despised a certain class of people, whom he declared he could not understand,—the village pastor, for example, whose life flowed on in this tranquil valley, amidst peasants, who, to the young mathematician, seemed a medium between the human species and the brute.

That same morning Mr. Grisard and his nephew agreed on one point in speaking of Father Charrière; namely, that he must be a poor creature, bereft of spirit and ignorant of science; that his life, in consequence, was brutalizing; that a really intellectual man—Mr. Grisard or George, for example!—could not resign himself to such mean occupations,—say Mass for these ignorant brutes, preside at their baptisms, marriages and funerals, and have for his sole distraction the pleasure of collecting insects and pinning them on corks, or that of conversing with his niece! And on what subject could he speak with her? Such a little girl—her dolls possibly!

. . . . . .

"What a pretty thing that work you are doing is," said George, approvingly. Now, as he had sat there nearly ten minutes, silently watching her busy fingers, Grisette began to think him impolite; and as she was a dignified little person, she made no reply to his comment.

"I had no idea tapestry was so interesting," he continued; "in fact, I have never seen it done before, as I do not know any ladies. My mother died when I was very young; I scarcely remember her,—and I have no sister, no cousin, no one."

Grisette's blue eyes rested pityingly on him for a moment.

"Ah! really, no one but *that* old gentleman?"

George smiled at the accent with which she pronounced those words. Evidently she did not appreciate the remarkable Mr. Grisard!

"But you—are we not in the same circumstances? Are not your parents dead, also?" he asked.

"I? I have my uncle," she answered quickly.

"Mr. Grisard is my uncle; I have that relation, also, you see."

Grisette shook her head in an expressive way.

"I, too, scarcely knew my mother," she said; "but my Uncle John has been as kind to me as she could possibly have been. You cannot imagine what Uncle John is; you have no idea what he is like! To compare that old gentleman with my Uncle John!—such a thing!"

Grisette was ignorant of the most elementary rules of politeness, yet George laughed merrily.

"Well, now, really, Miss Grisette! and you are barely acquainted with that *old gentleman!*"

"Yet I know him quite well enough," she said with conviction. "He is totally different. He never troubles himself about you; he never looks at you; he does not even seem to love you. Now, my Uncle John thinks only of me, he listens when I speak to him, as if everything I

say interested him deeply—and then he is so generous to me!"

"Really?" questioned George, highly amused, "and what does he give you—dolls?"

"Not now; but he *has* given me many; and what do you see laughable in that? Did you not also like playthings when you were a child?" said Grisette, who had a logical turn of mind. "And he never failed to play Santa Claus when I used to put my shoes by the chimney place. So, you see, I have reason to say he has been like a mother to me, and I have been quite as happy as any child with a mother could have been."

While she spoke, George could not help reflecting how very little "that old gentleman," his uncle, had ever troubled himself with regard to his shoes or Santa Claus either—yet such apparently silly things are the very life of children. All his uncle ever thought of was his progress in his studies. A sudden fit of sadness fell on the young man's heart.

"And do you still hang your slippers by the chimney, Miss Grisette?" said he, trying to jest.

"Oh, no! my uncle no longer puts bonbons or dolls in my slippers. But when I want a new costume or pretty hat, or even a piece of jewelry, I simply tell him; he first gives me a lecture on vanity—"

"Ah? and then?"

"And then he gives me whatever I ask him for."

"That is what I call a right kind of uncle!" cried George, much touched.

"I should think so," said Grisette. "Look," she added, showing him a circlet of gold which she wore on her slender wrist. "You see this bracelet? Is it not pretty?"

"Charming," said George, gravely.

"Well, one day my uncle took me to C—. I saw this in a jeweler's shop, and that moment I was seized with a mad, irresistible desire to possess it. I told my uncle about it, and when my feast day came round he presented that bracelet to me. But do you know how he paid for it? He gave all the money he had been hoarding up to buy an Entomological Dictionary to purchase the bracelet for me! Ah, how vexed I was when I knew that! I wept and told my uncle how full of remorse I felt!"

"And what did he say?"

"'So much the better, perhaps it may cure you of your vanity'! but he went without his dictionary."

Mr. Grisard and the pastor returned to the garden at that moment, and George Langeais looking up in the priest's kind face felt a sudden throbbing of the heart. Then, glancing towards his uncle, he was forced to acknowledge—mentally—that he was stately and had the finished air of a fine gentleman; but George's views were undergoing a slight change; he began to think that the little maiden to whom he had been speaking was perhaps right; goodness was such a beautiful quality, it might easily make up for all the rest.

Mr. Grisard was rapturous over the entomological collections; he had taken but a slight view, he said, of the enormous number of insects, he had so to speak but glanced at them,—they were wonderful!"

"You have some very rare specimens," he said to the priest, "this splendid collection is worth a considerable sum of money; you could readily sell it for ten thousand francs."

The pastor started. "As much as that? Impossible!"

"It is a fact," said Mr. Grisard. "I know men in Paris who could sell them very profitably for you, that I am sure of."

"Oh, no! not while I live! I could not part with them. Remember, collecting them has been my sole distraction for the

last twenty years. I myself found the greatest number of them; the others have been sent to me by men whom I love and esteem. Many of my rarest beetles were sent to be by Father Grayson, collected by him when on the African mission. Others came from China, America, Oceania, all sent to me by former college friends. Those I could not sell—impossible!"

One should have a hard heart to force him to dispose of his treasures, or indeed not agree with the old priest at that moment. The extreme anxiety depicted on his face plainly showed how much the sacrifice would cost him. Yet the truth was, that in the depth of his heart he reproached himself for possessing anything so valuable while so many of his parishioners were in absolute want. Grisette, divining his thoughts, cast a reproachful glance at Mr. Grisard. Nothing daunted, the latter continued:

"If you had ten thousand francs in specie you could easily make your church more comfortable."

"It is very well as it is; quite comfortable enough for us. Modern furniture would ruin the appearance of our little church," exclaimed Grisette.

Mr. Grisard gave her a grim look.

"Uncle," continued the young girl, energetically, "you have been saying Mass there for fifteen years, and I do not think any one is the worse of its poverty. I could not bear to see you deprive yourself of your collection for the glory of purchasing a few benches, a carved pulpit, or some wretched pictures in gilt frames!"

"Quite true," chimed in George, approvingly.

The pastor thanked him with a smile.

"If I had ten thousand francs," he said simply, "I would not use it in furnishing my church, which I also consider quite beautiful enough."

"You astonish me!" said Mr. Grisard sharply. "I was under the impression that the highest ambition—a most honorable one—of every parish priest was to furnish his church as handsomely as possible. I understood you wished above all things to adorn what you call the House of God."

"No," said the priest, gently; "I believe that our good God has less need of richly adorned churches than the poor have of food and clothing. If I possessed any money, I would spend it on my poor people. I should find it very easy this moment to dispose of five hundred francs in repairing the house of a poor, infirm, old woman who lives at the entrance to the village."

"You are a good man," exclaimed Mr. Grisard, seizing the priest's hand and pressing it. "Do not sell your collection; it would be a pity. How much would it take to repair this woman's house?"

"At least five hundred francs, I should think."

"I will give you that sum, Father Charriere."

The pastor was certainly surprised; Grisette more so; but George's surprise was greatest of all; he never suspected his uncle capable of such a generous act.

"I cannot, dare not, accept such an offer," murmured the priest.

"Do accept it, please. Come, now, I shall absolve you from all thoughts of gratitude towards me. Give some trifle instead of this paltry five hundred francs?"

"But what? I have nothing in my possession of that value, except, indeed—"

"No, no, I do not say you have anything valuable. I only wish to leave here a souvenir of my visit. I should like to do something for your church. It would be so much more beautiful, say what you

will, were its poverty less apparent. Allow me to replace your warden's pew, a worm-eaten antiquity, by one in light wood, upholstered in crimson velvet."

"The pew is very ugly, truly," murmured the priest, who knew nothing about art, "but I cannot allow you. I should have a scruple were I to take advantage of your generosity."

"Do not refuse," persisted Mr. Grisard eagerly; "the light wood and red velvet would look charming in the dark church. If you insist in giving me something in exchange, allow me to take away the mouldy remains of the present pew —I might get something made of the panels—little boxes or a chest. But perhaps my request is unreasonable."

"Not at all, quite the contrary!" said the priest. "It is I who ought to reproach myself for being such a miserably selfish man. If I made the sacrifice of my collection, I should not be obliged to accept such a gift."

"You will allow me, then, to perform an act of charity, sir?"

That decided the question. Nothing now remained but to consult the Vestry Board, a few good honest peasants entirely ignorant of art, who would be only too eager to agree to what seemed to them a most profitable arrangement.

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"Is this pew very valuable?" asked George when he found himself alone with his uncle.

"No," answered Mr. Grisard, dryly. "It is an old worm-eaten bit of carving, but I have just taken a fancy to the thing, though worth so little."

George, whose suspicions had been aroused by the foregoing scene, went to the church to form his own judgment; he was soon convinced that the pew was a really remarkable piece of work. He could not bear to think of the pastor being deceived,—that good, kind priest who had such a splendid entomological collection, pleasant garden, excellent cream, and such a very attractive niece!

. . . . . .

The valley lay steeped, literally, in the afternoon sun. The bright rays of light seemed to accentuate the tints on the broad acres of wheat and the waving golden plumes of ripening corn. Each breeze that stirred the tall grass and leafy underwood bore the balsamic perfume of new-mown hay, and the merry sparkling river flowed softly over its pebbly bed, beneath the varying shade of tall poplar, graceful willow, and the silver birch. George had sauntered into a shady spot and thrown himself down full length on the grass. Trifles he had not heeded previously now arrested his attention, and he gazed with interest at some meadow-sweet which hung gracefully over the brink of the river, as if admiring its own reflection. Then he caught sight of some long-legged spiders which seemed to be running races over the surface of the water, while a green frog came and ensconced itself on a tuft of grass beneath an iris.

The day was intensely hot. The hum of countless insects vibrated in the quivering air, and from behind a hedge came the voice of a gleaner, sharp and discordant, not unlike a grasshopper's, thought George.

The young man was dreaming over the morning's events. He recalled his conversation with Grisette, and began to compare notes of his childhood and hers. One common loss they had both sustained: they were orphans. But *his* memory could not call up anything pleasant in his childish days. Lonely, dreary days they were; dry studies and no love; that was all he could recollect. Even during vacation he could not remember that he had ever been happy. His uncle could not endure noisy games; and as he

was an unsocial man, he never permitted his nephew to invite boys of his own age to his house, or even to associate with them. Occasionally his uncle took him for an excursion, but even that variety brought him no pleasure. His guardian always maintained the same dry, stiff manner towards him, never a caress or passing word of kindness; in fact, he never took the least trouble to please the boy, or noticed him, except to ask how his studies were progressing. No wonder, then, that the poor little lad was not sorry when those tiresome trips ended; he had been *so* bored the whole time. George had no friends, and finding neither affection nor happiness in his home, he gave himself up entirely to study. By reason of his intense application he easily surpassed all his class fellows, but the result was almost fatal to his character. He began to believe himself a wonderful genius, and consequently assumed a haughty manner, which was extremely disagreeable in one so young. He had passed a brilliant entrance examination for the Polytechnique and won his B.A. Unfortunately, while training his mental powers to the utmost, he had quite ignored the culture of his heart and was almost a stranger to kindly emotions. His self-complacency was extreme, and unless some strong influence for good came in time to save him, he was on the brink of being an exceedingly egotistical young man.

And as he lay dreaming of his proximate exit from college, taking first place, of course, his thoughts suddenly reverted to the country priest whose acquaintance he had just made, and of the uselessness, according to *his* ideas, of the life he was leading.

"Is it not delightful to rest here on the banks of the river and watch its waters flowing on and forever on?" said a joyous voice behind him.

George started and grew red as he turned to recognize the man whom he, at that moment, was mentally condemning.

The priest had walked under the burning sun for some distance, and now, much heated, was glad of a cool resting-place and the pleasant distraction of a possible chat with his newly made friend. Taking off his hat to wipe his forehead, he seated himself beside the young man. How little Grisette would scold if she found him resting in such a damp spot!

"I am sure you admire our valley, my dear boy; allow me to call you so. For my part I do not know any place so restful or so peaceful."

George smiled pityingly:

"It is because you have never been out of this miserable hole," he answered.

"Pardon me. For several years I was in charge of a parish situated high up amidst the mountains of Savoy. There was no want of magnificent views certainly; fearful abysses, and a very chaos of fallen rocks suggestive of terrible convulsions of Nature; but it was that kind of beauty which makes the head giddy and overwhelms one with a sense of destruction on a grand scale. I far prefer my dear little valley here with its charming river, never fierce enough to overflow its banks and do mischief; and these gently sloping hills, all covered as they are with wheat fields, orchards and gay little homesteads. Then, too, we have no terrible avalanches to keep us in perpetual fear for our lives. I love all that is calm, tranquil and beautiful, unmixed with a single element of the tragic."

"That would not be my taste at all," said George. "True, the country is pleasant in a way—but how monotonous! The fields have all a strong family resemblance; the apple trees are wretched blackened old things; and as for the hamlets, they are miserable and quite

worthy of the brutes who dwell in them."

The priest fixed his eyes steadily on the young man.

"Whom do you call brutes?" he asked.

"Well, those peasants of yours, who have no other thoughts but of their harvests and the health of their cattle! I wonder how an intelligent man could resign himself to live among them. As for me, I should die—I should die of weariness!"

"You are very young," said the priest, smiling. "When you are my age you will appreciate the calm and repose to be found in the country only. I confess I have not great talents, nor have I received an education like yours; but, my child, I have the experience which comes with years, and I warn you not to desire a turbulent, agitated life, like that of the mountain torrent. Choose an existence as peaceful as you can possibly make it. See this river of ours. How gently it flows on between its flowery banks! Ah! how few know the blessings, the infinite blessings of a quiet life!" The pastor spoke with such kindly simplicity that George felt conscious that his own words had been unjustifiable, not to say ridiculous. His face flushed uncomfortably.

"I should be very sorry to offend you, Father," he murmured.

"You have not hurt me in the least," said the priest, sincerely. "At your age, I repeat, it is quite natural to have high aspirations. I understand perfectly how you feel. After the brilliant examinations you have made—they certainly denote remarkable intellect—you see before you the vista of a future which—well, perhaps, makes your head a little dizzy; the consequence of venturing on the heights, my friend! Then you begin to despise all who appear to be, intellectually, your inferiors!"

"You are greatly mistaken, sir," cried George, wincing under the old man's diagnosis of his frame of mind.

"Oh, no, I do not think I am," continued the priest, with an indulgent smile. "It is true I do not know much about mathematics, very little of chemistry, and nothing of algebra, but I have studied mankind and have learned something of mind and character. At your age one wishes to see life and Nature in their grandest aspects only. You dream of a brilliant future and extraordinary adventures, never suspecting that happiness is more surely to be found in simple things. The young admire the Alps and their glaciers; they despise the humble fragrant valley—yet better far this little blade of grass than yonder stately cedar, which inevitably attracts the thunderbolt! My friend, do not scorn the blade of grass; multitudes of such go to form the chief beauties of Nature."

"Come, Father, is it because I have called your parishioners brutes, that you say all this to me?" exclaimed George. "It is true," he continued, "that I know little about them, but they all seem to have such stupid faces. They appear to have no thoughts except for purely material things; why, the poor devils hardly know how to read! Then what can such individuals have to think about? Their life is all animal!"

"Not quite; you exaggerate," said the priest, rather sarcastically. "Those *brutes* do not know mathematics, it is true; neither do I, for the matter of that; but a close observer might be able to discover in them some human sentiments; they love and help each other; they are even grateful when one is kind to them! If one of those *individuals* loses one of his children or any other of his species, he is grieved, and his tears very much resemble those of an intelligent man. I even think those tears of his are of the same chemical composition."

(To be continued.)

THE BOSTON CITY CLUB.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

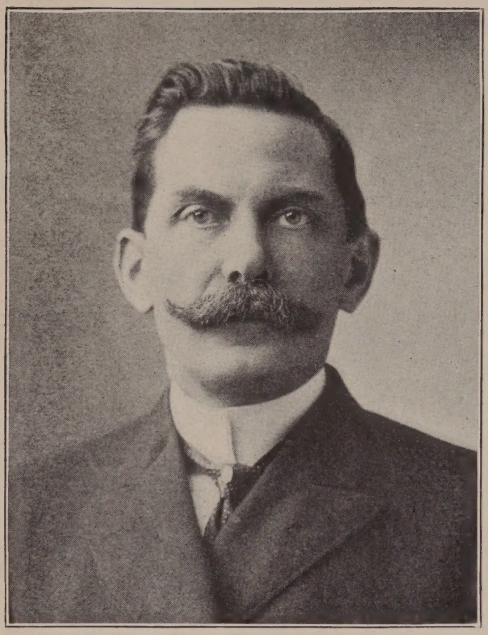
Boston is primarily a city of clubs. The community spirit was the foundation stone of the original settlement, and that spirit, modified to meet changing and expanding conditions, still asserts itself. To the Bostonian there is no place on earth like his home-city and this characteristic loyalty, this unity of purpose for its civic and intellectual advancement early won for it the complimentary designation—the "Athens of America." Up to less than half a century ago it was the chief centre of American literary activity and the Mecca of intellectual pilgrimage in this country, and if much of this distinction is now shared with other cities there still remains sufficient of the old-time uplifting and informative influence to add to its honor and to show that the traditions of the past have not wholly lost their inspiration.

In a broad sense the original settlers had much of the unity and singleness of purpose that is the dominant note of club life. They were bound together by the closest ties of association, self-interest and self-protection. There may have been a certain sort of narrowness of view and a harshness in the way the lines of limitation were drawn; but it is not for us of the twentieth century to view with indiscriminating eye the life and conduct of those of the seventeenth. They were graduates of a stern school of experience and it is not surprising that to the new land in which they sought religious freedom they should carry something of the narrowness and intolerance that had been ingrained into them and which was not to be eradicated for years. Whatever their shortcomings in other respects, they set a splendid standard of civic duty and in the city whose foundations they laid "builded better than they knew."

Then, there was but one body of people feeling the bond of common religious and racial ties, but with the passage of the years the conditions have become altered and consequently more complex. The oppressed of Europe have sought and found here conditions of life long prayed-for but never found on the other side of the Atlantic, and as a result the Boston and New England of to-day presents a showing in sharp contrast to the conditions of a former time when practically dominated by a single class of people. Immigration from Europe has given to Boston a cosmopolitanism such as the Puritan settlers of the city never imagined would be the case. The newcomers brought with them their own fondness for racial associations, and so, in addition to the fraternal, commercial, literary and political bodies represented in the city and which are more or less general in regard to membership, there are many other clubs and organizations whose work is in a more restricted field. Thus the old community organization, representing in itself the best civic life

LOUNGING ROOM, BOSTON CITY CLUB.

"A COSY CORNER."



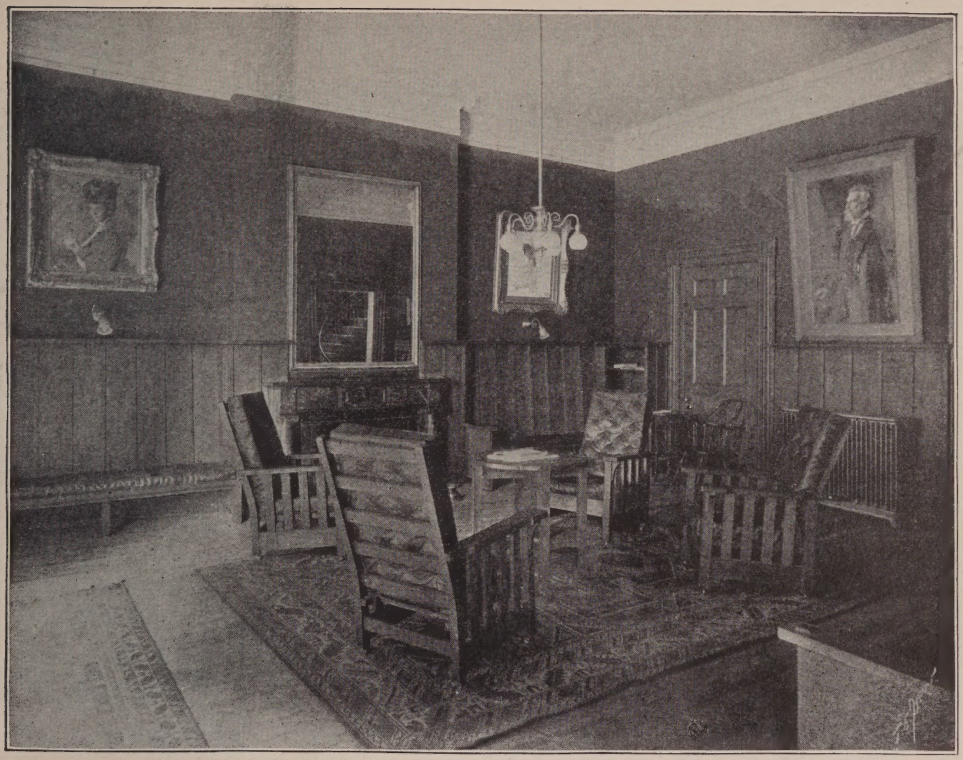
GEOFFREY B. LEHY.
President Boston City Club.

and shared in by all classes of people, has been lacking until the inception of the idea of the Boston City Club, the latest, most needed and most worthy organization in its way that could be promoted for the welfare of the city and the advancement of its every interest. Other clubs have their social, benevolent or fraternal uses, but in possibilities of civic usefulness, there is an expansion to its horizon extending beyond that of them all, while its influence instead of being antagonistic to any existing organization is, on the contrary, calculated to inspire all with a common and united purpose to work together for the promotion of the well-being of the city and to secure to it the full measure of its splendid civic destiny.

Those who are to be credited with originating the movement which has happily crystallized in the Boston City Club may well feel satisfied with the work accomplished. The proof of the place it is destined to fill in the city's progressive life is seen in the splendid momentum with which it is going forward—having already attained a membership roll reaching 2,000, with a constant accession of new candidates for membership—representing all phases of Boston's social, intellectual, commercial and political life. A single glance at the names of the members, a single visit to the club's headquarters at times when there is a large gathering of members, carries conviction of the organization's potentiality in all that can best serve the city, and the worth of its accession to the helpful influences that are bound to augment and multiply the greatness of the Greater Boston—the Boston of the future which will overshadow all present conceptions of its destiny.

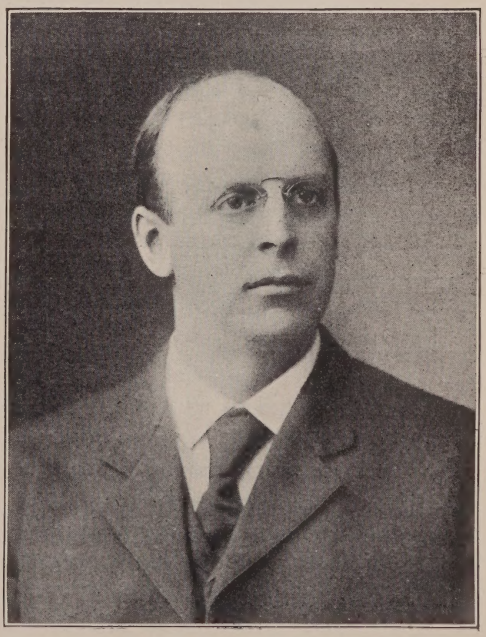
Benefits incalculable must result from an organization such as this which furnishes opportunity for general acquaintanceship, and harmonious appreciation

WILLIAM S. YOUNGMAN.
Secretary Boston City Club.

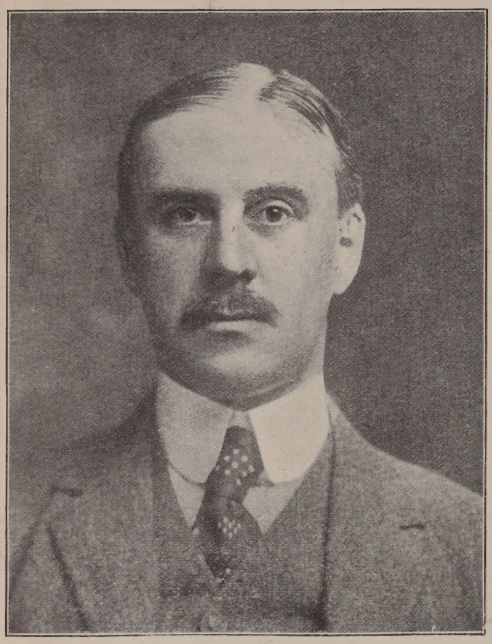


THE LIBRARY.

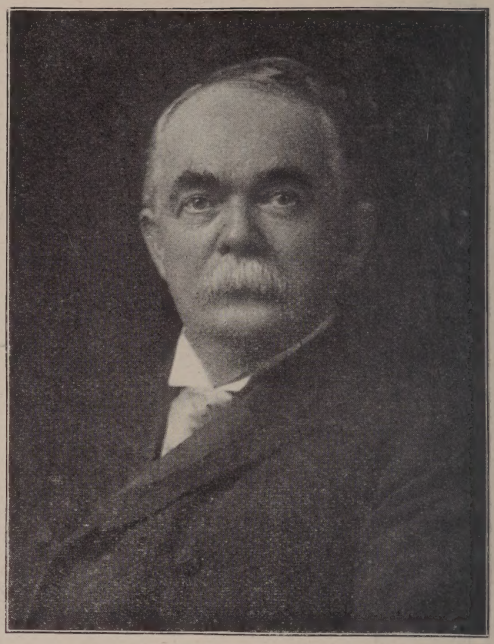
and unification of all lines of municipal effort. It likewise will make for the breaking down of the barriers that hinder the fullest and most generous co-operation, and it offers an atmosphere of genial and helpful good-fellowship in which all misunderstandings will be cleared away, all racial or political prejudices find no resting place, but all be moved and animated by the common purpose to lend the best that is in them for the greatest good of the city and the highest civic fruitfulness of their own lives. It will be a potent agency for counteracting the influence of organizations which, whatever their claims in their own particular sphere, yet have a tendency to the cultivation of caste distinctions—something foreign to the genius and spirit of this republic of ours—which divide the people in small factions and groups and are the elements of civic discord rather than of harmony.



RICHARD WATERMAN.
Assistant Secretary.



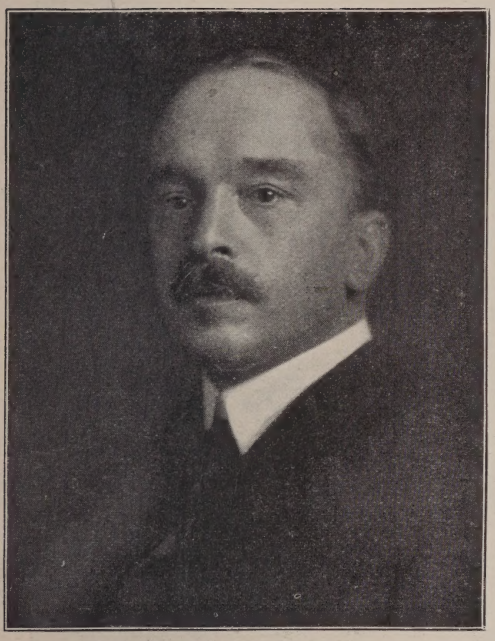
JAMES J. STORROW.
Finance Committee.



THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK.
Finance Committee.

The closer men are brought in touch with each other the sooner the appreciation and furthering of the common purpose which all have sincerely at heart. Only in a very restricted way are they brought together in religious, racial or other bodies that impose particular requirements, aside from the worth of manhood. Such organizations have their place in the social body and the world is better for them, but in this land of ours we are all citizens of a common country and whatever our racial antecedents, whatever the creed to which we pay the homage of allegiance, we should never forget the common tie of citizenship, and that no special class of citizens has a monopoly of civic intelligence or special claims to popular consideration. It is in the unification of the best, brightest and most loyal effort of all classes, working for a common height of achievement that the destiny of nation, state or city is advanced, and to promote such unity is the underlying principle upon which the Boston City Club is founded. Its purpose is to be a social and educational centre where representatives of all helpful phases of the city's life may meet on a common genial footing, where religious, racial or political differences are not permitted to intrude, and all meet as fellow members, however prominent or modest may be the worldly position of the individual. In other words, it is a place where man meets man and manhood is the sole passport to such meeting. Who can doubt the vast worth to the city of an organization built on such broadly human and helpful lines, or its title to the most generous consideration and support.

Happy in the work it has mapped out for itself, happy in the response it has won as evidenced by its wondrously expanding membership, it is likewise exceedingly favored in having secured such



EDWARD A. FILENE.
Finance Committee.

BERNARD J. ROTHWELL.
Chairman Entertainment Committee.

beautiful, central quarters—a club-house that in location, in the expansiveness of its accommodations, in the taste and adaptability of its furnishings and interior embellishments, and most of all in the atmosphere of genial, earnest good fellowship, may well assert its title as a centre from which cannot but radiate the happiest civic influences. An organization that is bound to make history for Boston and bring a strong factor in the onward march of city affairs, it has chosen quarters that are socially historic, for the estate acquired on the westerly corner of Beacon and Somerset streets, being numbered 9 and 11 on the first-named street, was the former home of Mrs. Paran Stevens and during her residence there was a centre of social festivity and hospitality. Its spacious rooms attest the generous proportions of the abodes of the old-time favorites of Fortune; but of more moment than all the social achievements of the past witnessed under its roof are the triumphs the old mansion is yet to know, and immeasurably more helpful will be the forces at work there than the ephemeral displays of a former day, since the benefits conferred upon the members, and through them upon the city, will have enduring and ever expanding worth.

The lower floors are devoted to the office, coat room, a general dining room and a Dutch café, which accommodate 150 guests; the second story contains lounging and reading rooms, a library, and several handsomely appointed private dining rooms, while on the upper stories are pool and billiard rooms and several apartments which will probably be fitted up as sleeping rooms for club members. Many of the interior features of the old building, including the quaint winding stairways and windows of a period long since past, have been preserved. It is this homelike atmosphere that most impresses the visitor and he

THE DINING ROOM.

realizes that here is an environment in happy keeping with the club's genial and helpful purpose. Then there are the pictures by well-known Boston artists which add to the generally pleasing effect. So far as the color scheme of the various rooms is concerned it is essentially restful and attractive in the richness of its very simplicity.

The small group of men to whom is due the inception of the club are already in a position to realize how well they guaged the need of an organization of this character and how happily that need is being met. Thought out and evolved in a spirit of civic unselfishness, it must be a source of extreme satisfaction to them to note the crystallizing of their plan into a most helpful reality. In November, 1904, they invited co-operation and entered upon the work of enlisting the interest of those for whom the benefits of the club were intended. The response was encouraging and in May of the following year, a stage was reached where a definite organization could be effected. From this vantage point the work went forward, the friends of the project, representing all classes, rallied to the support of the movement, and on December 12, 1906, but little more than a month ago, the Boston City Club signalized its appearance on the stage of civic and social activity by the formal opening of its club-house, the occasion being honored by the presence of Governor Guild, Mayor Fitzgerald and a crowded gathering of members and friends, making the night a memorable one in the social chronology of the city. The exercises of the dedication are too recent to need recapitulation; sufficient it is to say that the keynote of every address was a congratulatory one, affording assurance of the club's splendid civic mission.

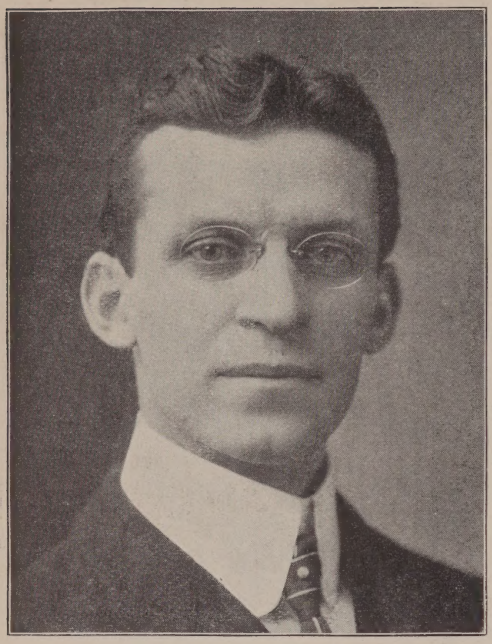
Its broadly representative character is happily shown in the composition of its official board and it needs but a glance at the names presented in this list to bear home to the mind that here is a body that reflects the very vitality of Boston's professional and commercial activities and one from which great things may be expected for the city's greater honor and its higher achievement. The list follows and speaks for itself:

President, Geoffrey B. Lehy; vice-president, Henry L. Higginson; secretary, William S. Youngman; assistant secretary, Richard Waterman; treasurer, David F. Tilley; executive committee, Edward A. Filene (chairman), Henry Abrahams, Jesse W. Beatson, Charles V. Dasey, John H. Fahey, James E. Fee, Edward A. Grozier, Henry L. Higginson, Randall G. Morris, Joseph C. Pelletier, Elwyn G. Preston, Frank V. Thompson, George Holden Tinkham, Alfred E. Wellington, Bernard J. Rothwell; finance committee, James J. Storrow, Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Edward A. Filene; chairman of the membership committee, Alfred E. Wellington; of house committee, Joseph C. Pelletier; of entertainment committee, Bernard J. Rothwell; of acquaintance committee, Francis Hurtubis, Jr.; of art and library committee, Charles M. Cox.

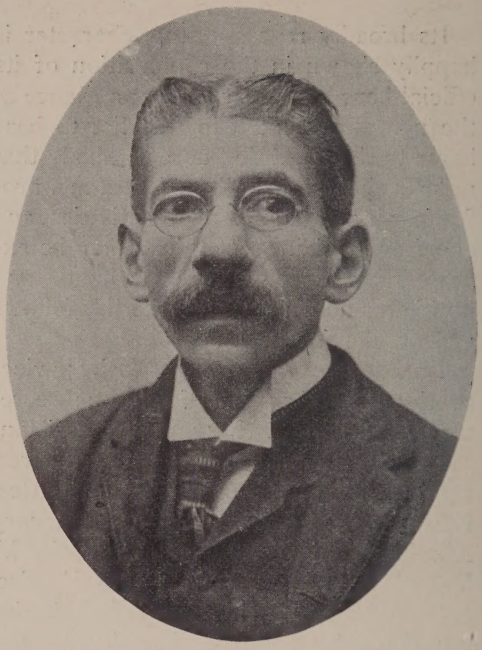
JOSEPH C. PELLETIER.
Chairman House Committee.

ALFRED E. WELLINGTON.
Chairman Membership Committee.

Thus the Boston City Club starts on its broad and beneficent mission; rallying around its standard and constantly adding to its membership-roll are the best, the brightest and most helpful of Boston's sons, representatives of all creeds, of every shade of political affiliation, of all the races now contributing to the intellectual and business life of the city. Its platform is big enough and broad enough for all helpful humanity, for narrow discrimination has no place within its hospitable, genial environment. It aims at the attainment of the highest



FRANCIS HURTUBIS, JR.
Chairman Acquaintance Committee.



HENRY ABRAHAMS.
Executive Committee.

civic ideals, at the accomplishment of all that is calculated to give to Boston the position among municipalities of the country its past intellectual traditions, its historic associations and its exceptional geographical position for commercial advancement, to which it has the clearest title; it seeks to brighten and broaden the lives of the people through the welding of a closer and more fraternal bond of union and the discouragement of anything antagonistic to such unity. It is for Boston and all its people first, last and all the time. In the beneficent course mapped out for it, comparison may well be challenged with any other organization in the country. In breadth of usefulness it is singularly and originally unique and its place is as secure as its purpose is high. Boston has been the fountain seat of movements philanthropic and educational that other cities have been pleased to pay the flattery of imitation and, with the success achieved even in the infancy of this organization, it is safe to say its career is the object of interested attention beyond the confines of the city of its birth. The story of the years are yet to be written, but it needs no especial prophetic gift to pierce the veil of the future and get a glimpse of the possibilities. The danger lies in the way of a prediction falling short of what the reality will prove. Forward it must go to heights of great and ever expanding usefulness and honor, for the momentum already imparted is but an earnest of that which is bound to be the legacy of the years. For the good it is bound to accomplish, for the fairer and more considerate understanding it is designed to promote between man and man, and for the happiness of its perennial contribution to the sum of a generous and uplifting good-fellowship, one may salute it as did Henry Grattan the birth of the Irish Parliament, with a heart-felt "Esto Perpetua!"

REMOVING BAGGAGE OF EVICTED PRIESTS AT ST. SULPICE SEMINARY.

EXPULSIONS AT FRENCH SEMINARIES.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BRUNEAU, S.S.

It will appear from the following pages how the French ministers show themselves more autocratic than the Czar himself, evicting seminarians and stealing (this is the proper word) property which belongs to the Church. It reminds one of a razzia of Bedouins.

Mr. Briand calls it the "liberal organization of the Church."

I.

If any one can justly claim any object as his own, surely Bishop Latty can claim as his personal property the theological seminary of Châlons. It was Bishop Latty, as is well-known at Châlons, who bought the land, built the seminary, supervised its erection, had the deeds drawn up, and paid all the bills of expense.

Of the seminary one can truly say that it is a grand memorial, the offspring of his own mind, his own labor, and the many earnest efforts he made to bring the work to a successful issue. For five years he toiled unceasingly in the support of his cause, writing countless communications, addressing the public in every manner of discourse, presiding over the many assemblies and festivals throughout the diocese, and all to solicit the support he so much needed. His indifference to the many inconveniences involved won for him a heartier response from those with whom he pleaded for help.

Of the spirit with which His Grace was laboring no one was less ignorant than the Minister of Public Worship. So evident was this, that when the Bishop had set before the Minister his plans, that same official said to him:

"You wish to have a home of your own?"

"If you put it that way," answered His Grace.

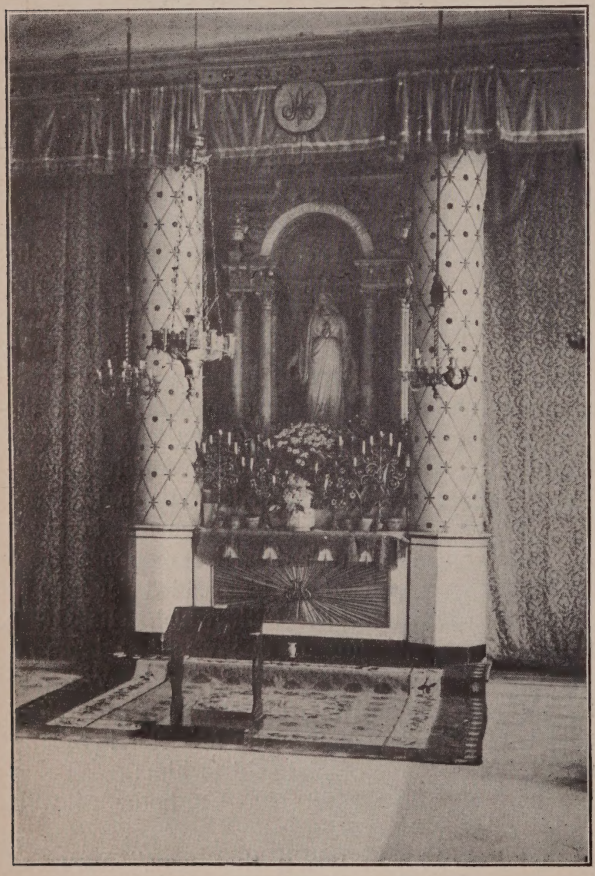
"Indeed, you do well," said the official.

"You're circumspect, I see—And when may we expect you to turn over the old seminary to us?"

"As soon as possible," replied the Bishop.

And in fact within five years the old seminary passed into the hands of the State, and in turn was sold at a profitable price.

If anywhere there is a proprietorship based on solid titles, known and affirmed by all and even explicitly recognized by the State itself, it is that held by Bishop Latty over his seminary. Doubtless, one would think, that here at least, where the rights are so patent, the State would hesitate.



STATUE OF OUR LADY—VIRGO FIDELIS—ST. SULPICE SEMINARY.

But no—on Saturday evening, December 7th, 1906, the State, in the person of the Commissioner of Police, appeared at the seminary to inform the Superior that immediate expulsion was to take place.

"I am at the home of Bishop Latty," replied the Superior, "and refuse to go."

Five minutes later, the secretary of the prefect came upon the scene, escorted by the police of the city, and proceeded in person to conduct the expulsion. The Superior endeavored to protest, but was immediately ejected. The seminarians, who were shut up in their rooms, were then expelled. In order to induce them to leave their rooms the general secretary was not ashamed to adopt an expedient as ridiculous as it was infamous.

"In the name of your Superior," he cried to them, "come out of your rooms," and obediently they went to join their Superior in the street below.

Hardly had the expulsion been finished, when Bishop Latty came in haste to the door of his house, now closed upon him, and in a voice trembling with emotion he claimed his right of ownership.

"Monsieur l'évêque," said the secretary, "you had better state your claim to the tribunals,"—about as much consolation as is given by the rogue who steals a watch and refers the owner to the courts to vindicate his rights.

Some one gave a picturesque appreciation of the case in the bill which was posted the following day on the main door of the seminary, saying:

"I have no use for you folks; but, however, it is disgusting to see those d— Freemasons robbing you of your factory."

THE DEPARTURE OF EVICTED PRIESTS FROM ST. SULPICE SEMINARY.

II.

Bishop Delamaire, the valiant Coadjutor of Cambrai, was arrested on December 24, arraigned before the tribunal, and, under the following circumstances, condemned by that judicial body.

An order had been sent to the seminarians who still remained in the seminary at Cambrai,—which institution, by the way, was built at the expense of Catholics,—to leave immediately. As they had decided to go only when expelled by force, a battalion of infantry, followed by a squadron of cuirassiers, marched to the seminary shortly after seven o'clock in the morning, and surrounded the building. Fifteen minutes later the Commissioner of Police, escorted by a body of gendarmes and two city wardens arrived at the main gate, forced it open, and entered the courtyard. Here the Bishop stood surrounded by a score of seminarians. The sub-prefect, Mr. Blanc, who came up after the Commissioner, approached His Grace and gave the order for immediate departure.

"Not before I have read my protestation against such injustice," replied the Bishop.

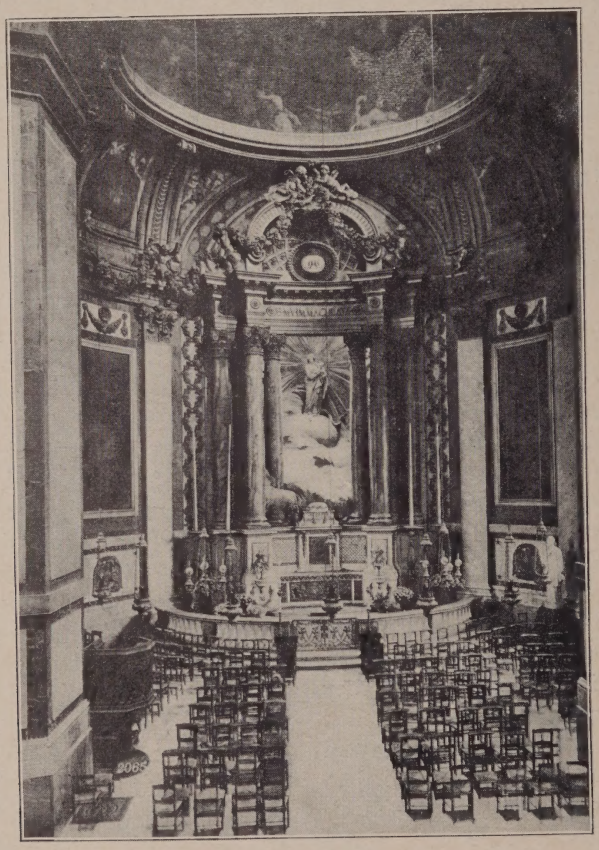
Upon the order being repeated, the prelate said, with a slight gesture, "Surely you can allow your victims at least the privilege of protesting."

In saying these words the Bishop accidently touched the sub-prefect, who stood at his side. Immediately the official cried out to two of the gendarmes, "Arrest that man," and the Bishop was hurried off to the office of the commissioner, under the custody of two gendarmes; and, after a brief interrogation on the part of the general-attorney, he was led before the tribunal. The deputy vehemently conducted the prosecution against the Bishop, and M. Tribou, the chief barrister, supported the defendant. The case resulted in the imposing of a fine of twenty-five francs on the Coadjutor of Cambrai.

When the tribunal adjourned an enthusiastic demonstration took place. The assembled citizens, who had seen the Bishop arrested and convicted so unjustly, cheered in sympathy, and against the

orders of the police conducted the prelate in triumph to his home. Standing at the top of the stairs leading to his door he gave them his blessing.

The text of the protest which Bishop Delamaire read to the sub-prefect of Cambrai, who instigated his arrest, reads partly as follows:



LADY CHAPEL, CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE.

"Mr. Sub-Prefect: — I feel it my duty before allowing you to proceed to the confiscation of our seminary—to make this final protestation. This is the second time in my life as a priest, and a citizen of France, that I have seen unfolded before me so heart-breaking a spectacle. The first time was thirty-four years ago, in Paris, when M. Clemenceau, who commands you now, and who was mayor of Montmatre, countenanced the assassination of two French generals. To-day this same unprincipled man does not ratify the slaughter of soldiers before his eyes, but he gives to his poor officers the execution of orders which, alas! are their dishonor. Is there not a greater responsibility here than in the shameful act of '71, I ask you?

In that year of 1871 I saw what everybody sees to-day. I saw uniformed soldiers of the Commune enter my father's house, and take the goods of the Church and the furniture of the convents. This was all a prelude to the events we witness to-day.

AN ORDINATION AT ST. SULPICE.

Then I felt it my duty in the name of justice to appeal to these soldiers of the Commune, to desist from such dishonorable action, and so indeed they did. Now I appeal to your conscience, and ask you also to cease, but, alas! will you, as did these soldiers, hear my appeal? No. I see, on the contrary, that you will go on. Why this difference, I ask you? Tell me that if you can."

CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE.

III.

Some thirty years ago there was a terrible conflagration in the city of Vannes, in Brittany. A quarter of the city was destroyed by fire. The population rushed to the help of the firemen and of the soldiers, whose barracks was consumed by the flames. Among them, in the front rank, were the seminarians, who, as is usual in such occurrences in provincial towns, had come to the rescue of their neighbors.

From the first moment the military authorities, giving up the rest, had concentrated all efforts on keeping the flames from the powder magazines. If the fire should reach there the whole city would be blown up. All seemed to strive in vain, and finally the military chiefs, giving up the fight, ordered all to retreat and look out for their lives. Then one of the priests of the seminary, Father Le Bideau, begged to be allowed to remain with the seminarians and con-

tinue the struggle. After some hours of most heroic work they had the fire under control.

At the time, their deed created the warmest feeling of admiration, all over France. The priest and his seminarians were offered crosses of the Legion of Honor, but they refused the decorations with the same simplicity with which they had done their heroic duty.

Jules Simon, who was then Minister of Worship and Education, decided that in reward for their bravery a new building—which was badly needed—should be erected for the seminarians of Vannes.

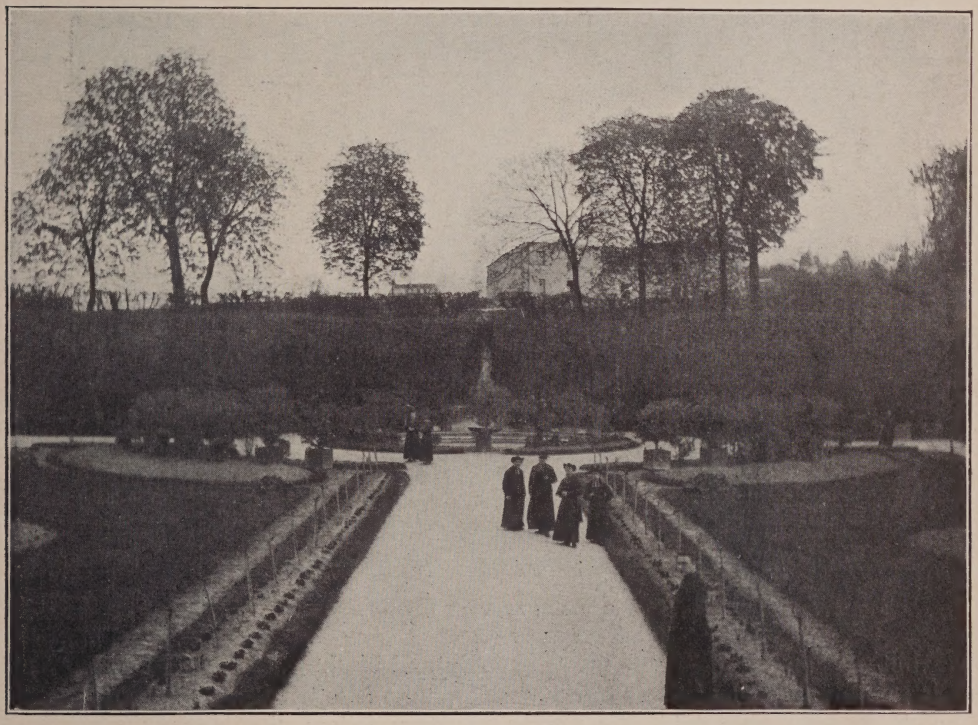
Some weeks ago priests and seminarians were driven away by policemen and gendarmes, acting under the order of the gentle Aristide Briand, from the seminary which had been the reward of the gallant deed of their elders.

IV.

The scene enacted in the grand seminary of Agen, at the expulsion of the students, loses none of its tragic beauty in the simplicity with which it is told by one of the witnesses:

With Bishop Sagot of Vauroux, the professors and students of the seminary are assembled in the chancel, where stands the Commissioner of Police giving his orders that all should depart. Unflinching in the conviction of his true position, His Grace strongly protests against such a step, and having ended his declaration he seats himself before the assembled clerics. As the Commissioner wishes to begin the expulsion with the Bishop he puts out his hands towards him.

"Sir," said His Grace, "as I do not reside here at the seminary I need not be



PARK WHERE SULPITIANS TOOK REFUGE.

expelled. When the others are gone, of my own accord I will follow them."

As the Commissioner then approaches the Superior, the reverend Father also claims the privilege of leaving last, and so they begin the expulsion with one of the seminarians. Pushed by the Commissioner he is led to the chancel, and handed over to one of the gendarmes. The Bishop calls the young man as he passes and bidding him kneel down he gives him his blessing. Then the poor boy is roughly led out of the church.

So the march continues. For nearly an hour we have before us the heart-rending spectacle of these calm, dignified, noble young men submitting themselves to the hands of the police, and, after having knelt before the Bishop to receive his blessing, allowing themselves to be led from their chapel.

As soon as this villainous act had begun the *"Miserere"* had been entoned, and was followed by the *"Conserva me."* But, oh! the grandeur, the sublimity in the *Dominus pars hærditatis meæ,* sung in full voice and with all their hearts by these young men, in the bitter hour when public authority was wresting them from the altars of God.

Few, indeed, who witnessed this dramatic scene remained unmoved, and many a strong man was heard to sigh.

THE EVICTION OF CARDINAL RICHARD; FERVENT CATHOLICS DRAWING HIS CARRIAGE.

By and by the choir dwindles away; the organist is taken from his seat; the professors follow the students, and now there remains but one solitary voice—that of the Superior—to chant the last verse. In its turn, it, too, dies away, and now all is silent. The Bishop rises from his place, and we, distracted by what we had beheld, follow him from the chapel.

"It is horrible! It is horrible!" is all one can say.

THE LAST DAY AT THE SEMINARY OF SAINT SULPICE.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN ALUMNUS.

On Thursday morning (December 20th) as early as ten o'clock I sought to pay a last visit to our dear old seminary, but I was emphatically denied admittance by the police. None but the students and servants employed about the house were allowed to enter. When M. Mouquin, the Police Commissioner, that morning expelled the Superior of Saint Sulpice, he was wrong in designating the act of placing a hand on the shoulder of the master of the house, a trifling formality. It was an act, however trivial in itself, fraught with serious meaning. It made only too evident the fact that the police are absolute masters in those hallowed precincts where we were sheltered in our first peaceful days as young clerics.

Towards one o'clock I made another attempt to gain admittance. This time the policeman on duty allowed me to enter, giving me the liberty to visit the occupants, for well he knew that in that house, lately so full of life, I would not find a soul. I walked about the courtyard, the corridors, the rooms, the chapels,—all is deserted; all is silent. Where could I find consolation but in the large chapel where I had prayed so often? As I knelt there at my old place I offered up a tender prayer from the depths of my soul. How I thanked our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph, Saint John, and all the other patrons of the seminary, for the extraordinary graces which during 260 years they had showered down upon this house. I begged them to quickly restore to the seminaries of France the priests of Saint Sulpice, the sons of M. Olier, that again they might continue their mission.

I would pay, also, my usual homage at the foot of Mary's throne. But, alas! Our dear Lady's statue—*Virgo Fidelis*—was no longer on its throne. I saw it standing on the pavement a few steps from me; facing the door as if waiting to go. The Fathers of Saint Sulpice did not wish to leave that image to be desecrated, before which so many a precious petition has been raised to the glorious Queen of Heaven. Such foresight was worthy of these holy priests.

At five o'clock as I passed under the vestibule on my third visit, I met a number of professors and students taking away the last objects to be removed. It was necessary to do so, for at six o'clock that evening the prefect would take definite possession of the entire establishment. It was hard to say if even the porter would then be admitted to his apartment. Our attention was attracted to eight workmen who moved towards the door a great wooden framework. It was the throne of Our Lady. This throne with its colors of blue, yellow, and rose, has indeed little artistic value, but ah! it is Mary's throne! The Fathers of Saint Sulpice must see that Mary leaves last and that, too, with her royal throne. When Father Olier founded a house he made it a point to have the image of Mary enter before anything else. This same pious fidelity lives in the sons of Father Olier. When leaving their house, with loving care they take the precious image as their most cherished possession. Who would not be affected in assisting at such a departure from the house which to Our Lady was ever an object of tenderest solicitude!

Worldly people who read these lines

will hardly appreciate the trifling details we give of this removal of the statue of our dear Blessed Mother. Perhaps in their scorn they may even laugh. Former students, however, will understand and many will be moved even to tears when they read of this little scene, so tender are the memories it recalls. They will be happy to know that the *Virgo Fidelis* will not be dishonored, and that she still lives with their venerable and revered masters.

She will, we are confident, guide them with her loving care; she will protect them. Saint Sulpice is not separated from Mary. Mary will not separate herself from Saint Sulpice.

"THE NEXT PARISH TO AMERICA."

The Story of a Spell.

BY SEUMAS O'KELLY.

When our boat was breasting the ripples in the miniature harbor under the shadow of the shoulder of Cape Clear, shrugged up to the left, and setting her snout for the little quay to the right, those on board were talking in the most matter-of-fact tones about the new pier the Government was to build, at the cost of £5,000. In my normal condition I would be interested in all signs and tokens of material progress, but now I was a hundred million miles away from the conversation. What had come over me? I was then too wrapped up in dreamy thoughts to notice the change, but since, reflecting on the metamorphosis in the calmer light of reason, I am forced to the conclusion that, whatever be the cause, a spell was woven about my spirit.

I have made out as strong a case of enchantment against myself as the prosaic dictates of modern thought will allow. I think I first felt its influence when the shadow of the Cape fell across our boat, and we were not two minutes on the island when I delivered myself up unconditionally to the witchery. I know that one can be powerfully influenced by surroundings when the spirit is in a highly reciprocal mood, but I was more than influenced by my surroundings. I lived in them. I was wafted away into the past which they symbolized.

There was an old man—a middle-sized man, with a sturdy figure, wearing the blue jersey, the blue clothes and the black slouched hat of the fisher-folk—on the landing-stage, and when he had given us a salutation in Irish, and we had answered him, he came walking up the road with us, chatting freely as if we had all been old friends and he had been awaiting our coming. We had not gone many yards when he stopped to point out to us a rude stone—very like one of those oval-headed tombstones one sees in ancient burial grounds. He said it was put there in honor of St. Cairn, or by St. Cairn, and drew our attention to the cross on the face of the stone—a cross manifestly wrought with bad tools and by a "gubbaun." But the fisherman seemed very proud of it.

"You know," he said, "St. Cairn was born in Cape Clear." He looked from one to the other, quickly, as he spoke, as if he expected a contradiction and was prepared to fight out his assertion to the death. But there was no contradiction. "St. Cairn's Day," he then added as if to clinch the matter, "is always a holiday here. It always was and al-

ways will be as long as the Cape is the Cape."

The old man had one of his hands resting lightly on the stone and his face lit up with great animation as he spoke. I looked hard at him. I understood him thoroughly. It was not the rude stone he felt proud of. It was the saint—the saint born on Cape Clear—that the stone bore a testimony of.

And then that spell! Here was the home of Cairn. Not the Cairn who had the great school at Clonmacnoise—for he was baptized years afterwards in County Roscommon—but the first Cairn, the Cairn who was a Christian and a bishop even before St. Patrick himself. It was in this little island the saint first saw the light. It was here the first dawn of the glory of Christianity struck the future island of saints and scholars. Historians might differ about the birthplace of the great man whose life was but a faint tracery in the dim and distant past, but this old man with his hand resting lightly—almost lovingly—on the rude commemorative stone had no doubts and I, therefore, had no doubts!

There above was the pass, cutting through the shoulder of the Cape, down which the saint came with the light of Christianity burning in his heart in a land of dark Paganism. There were the fields which he walked through—and there was the shingle which had crunched under his feet as he made his way down to the water—and out there he had sailed in his curragh for the mainland, to teach the benighted heathens the Gospel of Christ and raise their eyes from Pagan idols to the glory of an eternal life. In this very spot stood "the first born of the saints of Erin," the oldest of the four who were in Erin before Patrick came to preach and to teach; the colleague of Ailbe, Declan, and of Ibar. In this storm-swept patch of ground was raised a great prince of Israel—the first of the saints of Erin to follow in the footsteps of the Master—the first of what a great, great army of soldiers! Soldiers of Christ who bore aloft the Cross through all the centuries of strife, and blood, and persecution, to this day; soldiers—yes, brave, unswerving, unfaltering soldiers from this island of ours—who may be destined to bear the standard of Christ on to the end, to the end of all things worldly and perishable. Declan had doubtless come out to this island home of Cairn's to pray and to preach—to pray on the hill above with his eyes to the heaven which was as yet a dark, unknown land to the Gael—to send up the same prayers that will be sent up to Him from the homes in Cape Clear to-night.

Over the blue water out there past the shadow of the Cape, with the waves breaking into crystal ripples on its heaving breast, went Cairn to meet the great apostle who had lit the Pascal Fire on Slane above the green slopes of Tara of the Kings, and to yield to him "all subjection and concord and supremacy when present and absent," and to join him in his marvelous mission. It was out the same way, too, that Cairn must have sped, when old age had laid a heavy hand upon him, to hurry to the great oral school of Clonard and there drink the freshening draughts of faith that flowed from the lips of Finnian. Here was the sacred spot on which fell the first spark of the divine Light that has burned brightly since in the land of Erin—the Light that will burn in this land until time shall be no more. Was it any wonder that this old man was proud of the claims of Cape Clear—that his face lit up when he spoke of St. Cairn—that he said St. Cairn's Day would be kept by prayer and peace, a

holiday, "as long as the Cape is the Cape?"

. . . . . .

"Are you coming?" a voice called out, and I wakened up. I was standing beside the stone, and the others had moved a hundred yards along the road unnoticed, up a very steep road between small, well-kept, fairly tilled fields, and by comfortable dwelling-houses, and public-houses with their doors wide open on the Sunday.

"They have Home Rule here," said somebody, laughing. "They can open the publics on Sunday and the people can sit outside the doors with pints in their hands taking the world easy. There are no peelers on the island, and they cannot come in without being spotted, and signals are given. And the best of it all is you never see anybody drunk. They're not half as much inclined for the drink when they get it so handy. Sure if you go into another place—Schull or Baltimore or even Sherkin—you'll maybe see a fellow drunk, although the peelers are watching the pubs all day. It's a fact, man."

We were all astonished and interested. The story suggested so much—suggested in fact that the Sunday Closing Act was an incentive to drunkenness and that where is was suspended Sunday drunkenness disappeared! But this was Cape Clear—"the next parish to America"—and the rest of the world would not, perhaps, be so sober on Sunday if it had the same facilities for getting drunk.

Then we heard more about the people of Cape Clear—how between the fishing and the land they were the most comparatively prosperous people on the coast, and how they had other sources of revenue which it would not be fair to enumerate because the coast guards were plenty enough, stuck as they are in every unexpected creek on the coast, and always on the look-out for the spoil which has not contributed to the British Exchequer. But let it be known that a more honest or industrious people do not exist on the look-out for spoil which has four corners of the mainland than the people of Cape Clear. They are people of high intelligence, religious and conscientious, and with all the warmth of heart of the true Celt. They have preserved their language and they are a living testimony of the dictum of Thomas Davis that a Nation's greatest bulwark is its language. They are, as well, a chaste, spiritual people, among whom immorality it unknown. They may be a bit superstitious, but it is a superstition that raises them high above those who boast of advanced thought and up-to-date reasoning.

We struck off the winding road and crossed in through the fields, which were in places very rocky, in order that we might get on the top of the hill for a good view of the scenery. There was an exhilarating breeze from the great foaming Atlantic, but landward the eye wandered for scenery. Facing us was the Three Castle Head, and further out the dark hulk of Mizen Head pushing its brow into the foam. High over the hills that made a zigzag outline against the blue sky Mount Gabriel raised its rugged head in splendid isolation. To the right was Innisherkin Island, and over the foam-tossed, rock-bespattered bay were "Carbery's hundred isles."

I sat down on the grass to drink in the freshening breeze and gaze on the fair scene. The first few lines of the last poem Thomas Davis ever wrote came back to me:

"The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles,
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles,
Old Innisherkin's crumbling fane looks like a moulting bird,
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard."

It was an incongruity to give up thoughts of Thomas Davis for those of Hall Caine; just as it was an incongruity to be swung down in a snap from the times of St. Cairn to the days of the Sunday Closing Act, but it was all a dream and dreams are ever incongruous and of violent transformation.

From my surroundings I could not help thinking of something Hall Caine had written. It was a description of his native Isle of Man, and he pictured up the old-world atmosphere of the place so vividly in the opening chapters of "The Christian," that they impressed themselves indelibly on my mind. Cape Clear brought it all home to me. There was an old-world air about the place that charmed one. It was the place for the boyhood and girlhood of another John Storm and Glory Quale. Coming out in the boat I heard snatches of stories of the place—snatches which fed the imagination and set one weaving romances about every nook and cranny and creek in the place. There was the sack of Baltimore nearly three hundred years ago. It was in under the shadow of the spot where we sat that the Algerines probably stole on their mission of plunder and rapine, and it was out that way they set sail with the beautiful maidens and youths—including O'Driscoll's child—in their galleys:

"Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear,
and saw five leagues before
The pirate-galleys vanished that ravaged
Baltimore."

Beyond in the little town I could see in fancy the lurid flames of the burning hamlets lighting up the night, and I could hear, in imagination, coming over the still waters, the wail of the dying and struggling inhabitants as they fought and were massacred on their doorsteps.

And around the rock-bound coast were the ruined, solid, square castles of the great Munster clans. With the aid of glasses we could count eight of them—all perched within signaling distance of each other. What tales those walls could tell! What memories clung round their crumbling battlements—memories of the great O'Sullivans, O'Driscolls, O'Mahonys, O'Donovans and McCarthys who fought the Danish pirates and Saxon invaders with such fierceness and such valor on land and sea:

"They loved to meet their country's foes
On battlefields, with axe and lance,
As maidens, blooming like the rose,
Loved the sweet song and merry dance."

One of the castles—Dunanore, or the Golden Fort, belonging to the O'Driscolls, Kings of Cape Clear—lay at our feet, sheltered by the cliffs of the Cape. It called up visions—rightly or wrongly—of perhaps the greatest of the O'Driscolls, Fineen the Rover:

"An old castle towers o'er the billow
That thunders by Cleena's green land,
And there dwelt as gallant a rover
As ever grasped hilt by the hand.
Eight stately towers of the waters
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,
And over their twenty-score sailors,
Oh! who but the Rover holds sway?
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!
Straight as the mast of his galley,
And wild as the waves of the sea!

"The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,
They harried his lands with their powers;
He gave them a taste of his cannon,
And drove them like wolves from his
towers.
Then men of Clan London brought over
Their strong fleet to make him a slave;
They met him by Mizen's wild highland,
And the sharks crunched their bones
'neath the wave.
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!
With step like the red stag of Beara,
And voice like the bold sounding sea.

"Long time in that old battered castle,
Or out on the waves with his clan,
He feasted and ventured and conquered,
But ne'er struck his colors to man.
In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country,
He died as a brave man should die,

And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,
Where the waves sing his 'caoine' to the sky.
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!
With eye like the osprey's at morning,
And smile like the sun on the sea."

This quaint old Castle of Dunanore is perched in the most extraordinary place —clung on a rock cut off from the island, with the waves eternally lashing and roaring around its base. The water has lashed and roared around it to some effect, for its little territory is sadly honeycombed. It is very desolate and deserted now. I saw some rooks enter it with a swift motion of the wings begotten of long and undisputed possession. Yet once it rang with the clang of arms and the heavy footsteps of fierce, fighting warriors—men whose names brought the blanch of fear to the faces of pirates and invaders. Many a fierce struggle had likely centered round its sturdy walls and within many a bloody deed was doubtless done.

I was told that once a young man—a fine, strapping, handsome youth, lost his life there. He was in love with a beautiful girl who was held captive within the grim battlements. While her captors were away, one day, she managed to have a message smuggled to her lover bidding him come to rescue her that night, and she would put a light in one of the windows as a beacon. The youth, who dwelt on the mainland, set out in a small boat in the darkness of the night for Dunanore and steered for the light which his lady love had placed in the window. But the light lured him not to love, but to death! The boat was wrecked on the rocks, and he was drowned. All night the girl waited his coming, and her anxious ears, strained to hear the gentle call of her sweetheart come to give her love and liberty, heard only the wail of the *bhean sidhe* mingling with the roar of the waves. And in the morning she heard the seals whistling sorrowfully, and then she knew he was lost. She pitched herself from the turret, and she was dressed in a long white gown, and her hair, which was the color of ripened corn, flew wildly from her head. So she, too, sank beneath the water in the same place as her lover she had unconsciously lighted to death, and the people will tell you that the seals carried the two bodies into McCarthy's Island and buried them there when they had sung a funeral dirge. The seals always bury those lost at sea, and you will not get a man on Cape Clear, or on the coast, who was born and reared there, to raise a gun to a seal for all the bright gold you could give him. The seals are sacred, and you will see plenty of them on the rocks around Carbery's hundred isles. You may see, too, another little island where there are no inhabitants, but with little crosses raised over soft, green mounds. Once in a storm, a great ship was wrecked near the Cape and the bodies of the sailors were washed ashore there. Nobody knew the poor fellows—they were foreigners—but the people buried them in the little island and put wooden crosses over the heads of their graves and prayed to God to have mercy on the souls of the wanderers.

But at night the ghosts of the sailors —the islands are full of ghosts—are abroad, and strange sounds can be heard from the place, and sometimes you can see the ghosts. For that reason few people care to go abroad after nightfall in Cape Clear, and it is only on very urgent business one of them will leave the island after dark. The light of day was failing when we left the Cape, and the fisherman who sat at the stern, steering, heard the sounds where the sailors were buried and he blessed himself so that no evil might befall him. The men out in the Fastnett, too,—out there in that great

lighthouse which is the beacon for boats approaching the southern coast of Ireland,—can tell of the strange things they hear in the long vigils of the night, and the weird sights that flit by in the mysterious water while we are all sleeping so snugly in our inland homes. Every month the men come in from the Fastnett, others taking up their duties, because if they stayed out in that sad place longer they would either get deaf from the boom of the big guns they have to keep firing off as signals in bad weather, or else they would lose their reason—so I was told—from the terrible loneliness of it all.

And at night, too, the "good people" are abroad on the Cape, and they do not like to be disturbed in their revelries, there being a time, the old people say, when they used to carry the children off if they were vexed. Sickness is also much feared in the Cape, and when the measles break out they carry grown people away very fast, and once a very virulent outbreak swept the island, and the terror it put into the people's hearts is with them to this day. Nobody was allowed into or out of the island while it lasted save the doctors and the Sisters of Mercy, who came to nurse the people. They say that the people are too fond of inter-marrying, and that it has weakened their physique and rendered them too liable to disease. But they are a fine, hardy, lovable people for all I saw of them. I have said already that they are an intelligent people. A man of about forty years of age told me he had nearly all Oisin's songs, and he recited a lot of the poetry in Irish. He could also put very good English on it, but Irish is their language, for all their folk-lore and song and traditions and faith are bound up in it. Clever people landward—the Capers are too charitable to call them "land-lubbers"—would sneer at this sun-tanned fisherman or at least judge him as an ignorant toiler. But this sun-tanned fisherman knew his Oisin. Here in this little isle the spirit of Oisin was preserved from generation to generation—the poetry of the grand old warrior bard of Ireland, the son of the great warrior, Finn MacCumhail, who lived farther back even than St. Cairn, lived in a time of heroic doing when the champions of Erin fought their great fights, and moved and lived in an age of fierce conflict and bloody battle and chivalrous deeds. Yes, the spirit of Oisin was preserved here, and well might the poet exclaim:

Oisin! two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name—
Thy Fenian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very name of Finn and Goll sound strange—
Yet thine the same,
By miscalled lake and desecrated grange
Remains and shall remain.

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
We scarce can trace;
There is not left one undisputed deed
Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their speed
And strength and grace.
In that sole song they live and love and bleed,
It bears them on through space.

The lines call to mind the name of a graceful living historian who quoted them in this connection—Dr. Healy, now Archbishop of Tuam. "Oisin," wrote His Grace, then Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, "is the Homer of Gaedhlic song, whose name and fame have floated down to us on the stream of time from those far-distant and misty ages. Many poems still extant are attributed, and perhaps justly, to the grand old warrior bard of Erin. . . . More than one of our Irish poets, too, have, with the quick ear of genius, caught up the faint echo of Oisin's songs and once more attuned the harp of Erin to the thrilling melodies of her heroic youth. Once more

the Fenian heroes begin to tread the hills of fame, and the spirit of Oisin's famished muse, like the quickening breath of spring, is felt over all the land." It is not, however, the faint echo of Oisin's song, weakened by the corruption of translation, that is felt or heard in the island of Cape Clear, but the strong, vibrating Irish original in all its forceful, strenuous throbbing.

The shadows were gathering thickly about the hills; "Gabriel's rough defiles" were waning into the purple of advancing night, and "Carbery's hundred isles" were sinking their individuality in the darkness of the clouded waters. The breeze from the boundless Atlantic without was growing sharp and biting, and the gulls were hushing their discordant cries in the cliffs below, while Dunanore Castle began to grow faint and blurred, the water rushing through its honeycombed territory singing a lullaby for the rocks sleeping within the walls. The men out in the Fastnett were sending the first revolving rays over the mysterious waters on which they see flitting at night the many weird sights. It was time to be going. The wind had gone down and the waters were calm and the stars shone brilliantly in the blue of the heavens above. When our boat went quietly out of the little harbor, under the shoulder of the Cape, shrugged up to the right, the shadows had grown long and deep and were shimmering strangely in the dark waters. A Caper who stood on the little pier advised us not to put out that hour of the night, and there was mystery in his voice. When he was answered cheerily back from the boat, in a ringing voice, the sound was echoed in the hills loudly, and there was an ironical, mocking sound in the voice in the hills. As we passed out I looked up to the gap above, clothed in the spreading veil of the night, but I expected to see the "good people" trooping around the rocks and the hillocks in fairy revels, the scene illumined by the golden light. The sails caught a little gust of wind and the boat heaved forward! What was that gust of wind, I wonder, that came so suddenly and went so quickly when it had hummed and whispered through the sails and the rigging? Could it be a cavalcade of fairies traveling from one of the Carbery's isles to the other? I could see where it passed swiftly along the deep-blue water, where the stars were bathing themselves, and as it swept along the surface on which the golden phosphorescence was here and there glowing and blending itself in ecstasy with the starlight, I saw the waters lift themselves with a gentle murmur and a sparkle—and surely they were lifting their lips to kiss the Fairy Queen that the cavalcade was carrying along in the gentle breeze, with whispering music.

But the boat was now skimming along, dashing the star-lit water into sparkling spray from her bows, and the shadows of the Cape were left trembling far behind. The lights on the mainland were growing more distinct. I gave one last, long look behind. Cape Clear was fading into the purple shadows of the night, sinking silently into the deep-blue waters of the sea, in which the stars were dancing and the golden phosphorescence was glowing—melting away between the sea and the sky like some Hi-Breasail which stands out bold and glorious in all the splendor of a brilliant sun-burst, and then vanishes at the first shadow of the gloom of the night.

A voice in the boat began to talk again about the pier the Government was going to build at Cape Clear at a cost of £5,000. I wakened up with a start.

The spell was broken!

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VIII (Continued).

"Let them think what they will. It will not harm you, who will have saved two human beings to happiness. My God, Grace, is it not worth the loss of their opinion to do that?"

"But they are not all—" she began, and stopped short.

"You mean there might be children, who must be considered," he exclaimed roughly. "I have told you before, and I tell you now, that the mother of my children should suffer nothing from my interference, and I am willing and ready to sign that promise with my blood, if you demand it."

"But you are the child of a mixed marriage, and you have no faith," she said.

"And you set the possible infidelity of children, who may never be, before our sacred love and holy happiness?" he asked in a low, stern voice.

"I must!" she said; but her voice broke.

"Very well," he said, gently. "I bow to your decision."

For another moment he waited, then he turned and walked quickly back over the path by which they had come. She stood rigid as the trees around her, until the sounds of his steps died in the dead leaves; then came the low cry:

"O Godfrey!"

When he did not return, she flung her hands before her face, and, thus blinded, groped her way to the house, leaving Sarah lying prone on the aftermath, crushed by the woman's cry for the life she had foresworn.

CHAPTER IX.

The days slipped on—the golden chain of childhood's days. Sarah, looking back on them in after years, knew they were singularly quiet and lonely days for a child to spend. Some change, she was too young to define it, too sensitive not to feel it, had stolen over the atmosphere of the house. Her aunt talked less, Alice became more querulous, and Nettie more openly neglected her work and more boldly assumed the airs and rights of young womanhood. Though conscious of these facts in a way they failed to explain the change to the child; but one day the light broke on her; Grace's playfulness of manner and light laughter were gone. When she observed her cousin by this revelation she saw that Grace's youth and Maytime beauty had also departed. Then the little girl crept out to the meadow and sat alone with her questioning heart. But the answer did not come, and she shuddered at the vagueness around her. In such an hour, happy and blessed beyond measure is the child who has an understanding friend to turn to, be it parent or teacher. Sarah had none such, and the thoughts shut up within her soul gathered strength and force, later to tear it asunder.

The unhappiness brought them by what appeared to be Grace's failing health made Sarah's selfish relatives less and less thoughtful of the child. Apparently she was one of the family, but had she lived in another world she could not have been more apart from them. When she was at home she spent her time out of doors with Rover, or sat on a stool by her aunt's bedroom window, gazing down the white road that crept

over the hills and through the valleys. When at school she lived another life, a life of action as unnatural as was her quietude at home.

As a scholar Sarah made little progress except in reading, and because it was a necessity she advanced in her spelling. Soon every lesson in the second reader was familiar to her, and borrowing a third reader from a more advanced pupil, she soon mastered its contents. No reprimands could send her to her lessons when the older pupils were reading, and their recitations awoke the latent dramatic fire of the young nature.

But the five months' school term soon passed, and Nettie being still occupied with her studies in the town school, Sarah was thrown back wholly on herself. At least such was the general impression, but from the bursts of confidence with which she usually enlivened their Saturday and Sunday companionship, Sarah believed that books played but a small part in Nettie's days.

"I've got a secret to tell you, Sarah," confided Nettie, one Saturday, as she vigorously plied the churn-dash. "As soon as I get this old cream churned I'll tell it to you. But you must not breathe a word of it. Will you promise me you won't?"

"I won't ever tell, Nettie," said Sarah, fervently, and then her eyes wandered from the flushed face of her cousin to the green field stretching away from the spring house, at whose door the churn and the impatient Nettie stood. Splash! Splash! went the milk; and presently Nettie saw the indications of the coming butter, when, dropping the dash, she exclaimed:

"There! it's broke, and I must rest a minute."

She took a seat on the bench near Sarah and said without further preliminary:

"I've got a beau, Sarah."

Sarah's eyes came back slowly from the green field, bespangled with dandelions. Nettie's love adventures had long since ceased to excite her wonder.

"He's a new scholar from Flat Rock. He is boarding at Ida's cousin's, and he's as handsome as a picture. We'll go up to Ida's on Sunday, when we go to catechism, and then you'll get to see him. Ida's struck on him, but it won't do her any good. I don't tell her that, for she would get mad, and there is no knowing what she might do. She might tell Alice or Mr. Archer about it."

"Why?" inquired Sarah, interest beginning to revive.

"First, because it makes Alice furious for me to have a beau, and if she knew he was a Protestant she'd go crazy. Now don't you give me away, Sarah!"

Sarah promised to observe silence, and Nettie continued:

"He is the handsomest boy in school. He is ever so much older than Sam. He used to attend college in Lexington, but he got sick this year, and wouldn't go back. When he got well his father sent him here to keep up his Latin and mathematics. He says this is no school at all and he would go home, if it weren't that I am here. He says he is going to try to get his father to send him back next year. He is afraid he won't do it, for his father wants him to go to the Bible college and be a preacher. I hope he won't. I know mother would die if I were to marry a preacher."

"Are you going to marry him, Nettie?" asked Sarah, her eyes wide open.

"Of course!" replied Nettie. "Don't people always marry when they are in love?"

Sarah made no answer. The question was beyond her power of expression, and Nettie continued:

"Of course, it won't be any way soon. We'll wait until Grace and Ben Ander-

son marry. I don't want to miss the wedding, and they mightn't let me come to it."

"Is Cousin Grace going to marry?" asked Sarah, and a strange sinking came into her young heart, for again she seemed to hear that cry in the autumn twilight.

Nettie did not answer for a moment, and her lovely face grew preternaturally wise as she leaned forward.

"Sarah," she said, "there's something the matter with Grace. She is either going to marry or going to die."

"Must she do one or the other?" cried the little girl, but Nettie ignored the question.

"Grace isn't like herself any more," she said, soberly, "and it's worrying mother to death. I reckon she thinks more of Grace than of any of us, and I don't blame her, for Grace is the best one of us. I came upon mother the other night in the kitchen. It was dark and she didn't know I was there. She was kneeling by the chair. I suppose she had been praying, but then she was crying, and she kept saying Grace's name over and over again. Once she cried: "My God! what has come over my child!"

As Nettie dramatically repeated the exclamation, Sarah felt the chill dart along her veins, the while the color fled from the young face. Her clasped hands flew to her breast, and in awe and silence she gazed at her cousin who had witnessed this tragic scene.

"And when mother acts like that you may be sure there is something the matter," concluded Nettie, nodding her head.

"Do you think Cousin Grace is going to die?" asked Sarah, in a hushed voice.

"No, but I think she'd rather than—"

"Than what?"

It did not seem as if it were the timid child she had known who now, almost demanded an answer, and, much against her will, Nettie said:

"Than marry Ben Anderson."

"What makes her marry him, then?"

"Because she must. There is nobody else, if she didn't marry him she'd be an old maid, and that would be awful. Miss Dane's got her cap set for Ben, and sister Mildred is trying to help her. Sister Mildred wants Miss Dane to get married to somebody. You see brother used to go with Miss Dane at first, but mother and father didn't like it because she wasn't a Catholic. She didn't belong to any church, just went to all of them. They liked Mildred because she was a Catholic. Mildred and Miss Dane were always friends, and when Mildred cut her out, and married brother, everybody thought the friendship would go to pieces. But it didn't, and Miss Dane is as much at Mildred's new home as she was at her old one. I reckon sister is getting tired of always having her hanging around, and that's why she is so anxious to get her married. But I do think it is mean in her to try to marry her to Grace's beau."

"But you said Grace would rather be dead than marry him," reflected Sarah, whose interest in the conversation brought surprise even to Nettie.

"She might not feel so bad about it after a while. But there is something the matter with Grace just now. I wonder, Sarah, if she could be in love with some one else!" exclaimed Nettie, a light suddenly breaking upon her.

"I don't know," said Sarah, slowly, and fully conscious that she was uttering a falsehood. She knew now why the strange man was seen in the churchyard, by the pond, and in the orchard. He was the one her cousin loved, and because of that love she would rather die than marry Ben Anderson. The weari-

ness of knowledge fell upon the child, so prematurely wise, and she seemed to bow under it.

"O goodness! here's mother coming to make up the butter, and it isn't churned," cried Nettie, hurrying to her neglected work, while Sarah slipped away, glad of the chance to escape from her garrulous cousin.

Going to catechism had lost its novelty for Sarah, and after a few repetitions it assumed the nature of a penance. The catechism, like the arithmetic, was difficult for her. She could not understand it, and consequently she could not memorize it. She was the despair of Mr. Archer, as Sunday after Sunday he passed the questions from Sarah to the more glib-tongued children. As well as he could he tried to explain the meaning of the words to her, but only plunged the child farther into the blankness, and scattered what little knowledge she had patiently gleaned.

"I do not understand, Sarah," he would say, "why you cannot learn your catechism. Nettie never had any trouble, and your cousin Alice has told me that when she was your age she knew it by heart. You are not a dull child. You could learn if you were not prevented. But you are prevented, my child, you are prevented by the devil. He is always sorry when he sees a little child studying catechism, and he tries to prevent it by various ways. You study faithfully, your cousin Alice has told me so, but he keeps the words from sinking into your mind. You must pray, Sarah, that is the only way to overcome the evil work of the devil."

When first the astounding explanation of Sarah's dullness,—which was a source of mortification to Nettie,—had been made before the assembled Sunday-school, Nettie's indignation overleaped the bounds of prudence and she boldly contradicted the assertion that her cousin and the devil were on such terms of acquaintance. Mr. Archer contended that no disgrace was attached to Sarah in consequence of the suggested nearness of the enemy of mankind, and a theological discussion ensued. While it left the man and girl somewhat heated it was a boon to Sarah, as it absorbed the time which had otherwise been devoted to the exposition of her ignorance. In the end, however, she became accustomed to hearing of the intervention of the devil, and finding that Mr. Archer's suggested remedy was of no avail she ceased trying to learn her catechism.

"The devil won't let me study you," she would say to the pages, as obedient to Alice's injunction she sat down with the little book in her hand, and then eyes and mind would drift away to a world where there were no unintelligible words and no devils to bother little children.

And so not even the prospect of seeing Nettie's new beau made Sarah regard the approaching trip to town that Sunday morning with pleasurable anticipation. She would much rather play in the fields with Rover, where the dandelions were blooming, and the violets lifted their dew-wet faces. But she made no protest; and mounted on Billy, her little arms clasped around Nettie's waist, she set forth to endure an hour's martyrdom on the long hard bench in the little church, which having lost its mystery for her had also lost its attraction. The sun streamed in mercilessly through the small-paned, unshielded windows. Outside the bees buzzed disconsolately, and within the flies sung monotonously. The crowd of boys and girls looked warm. They seemed physically and mentally oppressed. Their feet, in tight new shoes, were aching for the splashing waters of the brook, and their thoughts followed the speckled

turkey-hen to her stolen nest or revelled in the young leafiness of the woods. Had he been a wise man, Mr. Archer would have taken his pupils to the "first temples" that morning, and instead of drilling them in the book, he would have talked to them of God. Ah, me! how St. Francis of Assisi would have taught that catechism class!

But Mr. Archer was not a Saint Francis, but a straight-laced unimaginative little man, and to the accompaniment of the bees' droning and the flies' buzzing he explained according to his opinion the profound doctrine of faith. Suddenly, Sarah found herself listening. The blue eyes settled on his face with intensity, that would have made one less phlegmatic than the teacher feel uncomfortable.

"What is faith, Mr. Archer?"

The question seemed to be hurled at him, although Sarah was scarcely aware that she had spoken until she found the startled face of the teacher turned upon her, and felt the stir of surprise and awakened interest among the children. For a moment he paused, taken aback by the suddenness and nature of the question. He had no answer of his own ready and so quoted from St. Paul.

As the last word left his lips the speaker and the children were startled by a low bitter laugh. Every head was turned to the door, and Sarah gave a little cry, at sight of the stranger standing there.

"I beg pardon," he said, removing his hat, "but I wish to speak to Sarah Kenny."

Without asking permission, or waiting for it to be given, Sarah rose slowly from her place by the wondering Nettie, and with colorless face and frightened eyes went down the aisle to his side. He took her hand and drew her into the yard.

"The cherries on these trees looked so good I came in to get some, although they do grow in a churchyard. Then I heard the preacher's voice, and I looked in. Then I saw your chip hat, and I laughed. Are you glad to see me, Sarah?"

"Yes, sir," she said. "And I've got the little ship you made me, only I don't sail it on the pond any more."

"Why not? Is it old and worm-eaten so soon?" he asked, and his clutch on her hand was painful.

"Oh, no, sir! It is as pretty as ever. I just put it away in my little trunk, after—after—"

"After what?" he demanded, but her fear of him could not break the silence.

"I have come to say good-bye, Sarah," he continued. "I am leaving Kentucky forever. I felt I had to say good-bye to somebody. That's why I called you out of Sunday-school."

She wanted to cry out to him that he had Grace; she wanted to repeat to him what she had heard from Nettie the day before, but the tyrant silence still held her lips. Then he stooped and kissed her, and strode away, while she stood in the burning sunshine, looking after him. How long she stood there she did not know, but she was recalled by Nettie's excited voice at her side, saying:

"Oh, Sarah! Mr. Archer said that is Dr. Hayward. It is the man we met that day in the field, and don't you remember I told him about what Ben Anderson said the doctor had said about niggers having no souls? No wonder he got so red in the face. But what on earth did he want with you?"

"He wanted to get some cherries," she said, mechanically.

"Cherries! Does he think the church belongs to you?" Nettie eyed her cousin suspiciously. "What did he want

with you?" she demanded, as Sarah offered no explanation.

"He wanted to know if my ship is old and worm-eaten," said the driven child.

"Sarah Kenny, you're telling a story," announced Nettie. "If you don't tell me what that man wanted with you, I'll tell mother when we get home."

"If you do, I'll tell her about that Protestant boy, and that you intend to marry him," announced Sarah. Nettie stepped back aghast, for the eyes before her were leaping like blue flowers, and the white face and lips trembled with passion. The fawn driven to bay had turned on its tormentor, and Nettie was wise enough not to retreat.

"You needn't get so mad," she said, carelessly. "I was only joking. Mr. Archer sent me out for you."

"I am not going back," announced Sarah. "I want to go home," and two tears gathered in the blue eyes and rolled over the quivering cheeks. Sarah's mood offered Nettie escape from duty, and opened the way to pleasure.

"All right, Sarah," she said. "I'll tell Mr. Archer you are sick, and that I must take you home." She flaunted back into the church, and presently returned and started towards the post to which Billy was tied.

"Mr. Archer is dying of curiosity to know what Dr. Hayward wanted with you," she communicated, as she led the horse to the stile. "I pretended it was a family secret. But he will be sure to talk to Alice about it, and what will you say to her? You can't put her off as you did me."

Sarah climbed on Billy's back in silence, but her heart was troubled and as the old horse plodded down the street she cudgeled her young brain for a plausible story to tell her cousin.

"Why, I thought we were going home, Nettie," Sarah exclaimed, as Billy stopped before the house where Ida dwelt.

"I thought you wanted to see my beau?" cried Nettie, reproachfully, and they again dismounted and wended their way up the green knoll. Ida was in the kitchen preparing dinner for her wealthy relative, and the young student whom she had taken to board because of an ancient friendship with his father and mother. This youth was at present also in the kitchen, and looked the surprise he felt when Nettie, blushing, appeared at the door. As the three exchanged awkward greetings, Sarah stood in silence. She saw a boy of about eighteen years of age, with mastery already stamped on every line of the firm figure and handsome face. Instinctively, Sarah drew back, feeling how easily his nature could crush hers, and she marveled that Nettie could like him. Meeting him appeared instantly to transform Nettie. The determination that even her mother was powerless to cope with was softened and all her aggressiveness disappeared. She seemed to blend into his nature, and as they laughed and talked, forgetful of the other two, they conveyed the impression of being especially moulded to meet the requirements of each other. When, finally, Nettie, to Sarah's relief, announced her intention to continue her interrupted journey he offered to unhitch Billy. As Ida could not leave her cooking the boy and girl went down the walk together, Sarah following.

"Weren't you surprised?" cried Nettie, her voice overflowing with laughter.

"Yes," said he, "and glad, too."

"Put out, you mean. You were having a good time; I heard you laughing."

"That's nothing," he announced. "I have a better time with you. That's the difference, you see."

"That's what you say," she retorted. "I suppose when I am gone you'll say the same thing to Ida."

"I don't," he contradicted. "And I tell you you must believe me. You have got to quit this teasing. I know well enough you don't mean what you say, and I tell you, Nettie, you've got to mean what you say when you talk to me on some things. You know I love you, and I'll never love any one else but you, and you've got to stop teasing me about other girls. I am not going to stand it. It makes me angry, and I don't want to get angry with you."

His young face was white under its sunburn, but his dark eyes were flashing with indignation. Seeing this, Nettie's high spirit of fun gave place to a feeling in which there was something of awe and much of tenderness. In a vague way she realized she was trifling with something sacred, and out of the knowledge a saving reverence was born.

"I won't any more, Roy," she whispered, penitently, and then they said a lingering good-bye.

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., professor of ethics and political economy in Boston College, has been elevated to the presidency of that college,—to succeed the Rev. William F. Gannon, S.J., who has entered new fields of labor, in New York City;—and by virtue of that position also becomes rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The official appointment was made by the Very Rev. Francis Xavier Werns, general of the Jesuits, and was forwarded to Boston by the Very Rev. Joseph F. Hanselman, S.J., head of the New York-Maryland Province.

Father Gasson is well known in Boston as a professor, lecturer and preacher. He is a convert from the Episcopal Church. Father Gasson is one of the widest known priests ever connected with Boston College. For twelve years he has been a member of the faculty, and during the last ten years he has been actively interested in the senior class work as professor of philosophy. He has a high reputation as an orator, and his activity in the religious field has won many converts to the Church.

Father Gasson is an Englishman by birth. He was born in the picturesque town of Sevenoaks, in the neighborhood of Knole Castle, Kent County, on Sept. 23, 1859. His father came from an old French Huguenot family, while his mother was descended from an old Kent family by the name of Curtis, several of whose ancestors held the rectorship of the parish church of St. Nicholas in Sevenoaks.

Father Gasson went to London at an early age and began his preparatory studies in St. Stephen's School. At the age of eleven years he began to apply himself to the Latin language, under the

Rev. Allen T. Edwards, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England. In 1872 he came to visit his relatives in America, and continued his studies under a private tutor in Philadelphia.

He entered the Catholic Church in 1874, being received by the Rev. Charles Cicaterri, S.J., a learned Italian Jesuit, in the Chapel of the Holy Family, Philadelphia. On Nov. 17, 1875, Father Gasson entered the Society of Jesus, and took the simple vows of religion on Dec. 8, 1877. After completing the regular studies in Frederick and Woodstock, Md., he was appointed one of the professors of the classics in Loyola College, Baltimore. This position he held until 1886, when he was called to fill the chair of rhetoric in St. Francis Xavier College, New York, where he remained until July, 1888. In August of that year he was sent to Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol to study dogmatic theology, moral theology, canon law, church history, Hebrew and Scripture in the famous Imperial Royal University of that place.

On July 26, 1891, in the university church in Innsbruck, he was ordained to the priesthood by the prince-bishop of Brixen. After his ordination, one year was spent at the university, performing, in conjunction with his studies, the duties of chaplain in one of the charitable institutions of the city.

In 1892 Father Gasson was recalled to America. Two years were then spent in Frederick, Md., and in August, 1894, he was assigned to Boston College to take charge of the junior class, and two years later was promoted to the chair of metaphysics and of ethics. In the summer of 1900 he relinquished the professorship of metaphysics to the able direction of the Rev. John M. Colgan, S.J., and took control of the professorships of ethics and of economics; and this position he held at the time of his appointment to the presidency of the college.

In charitable endeavor the new rector has been very active, and he has aided many an ambitious boy to secure a good education.

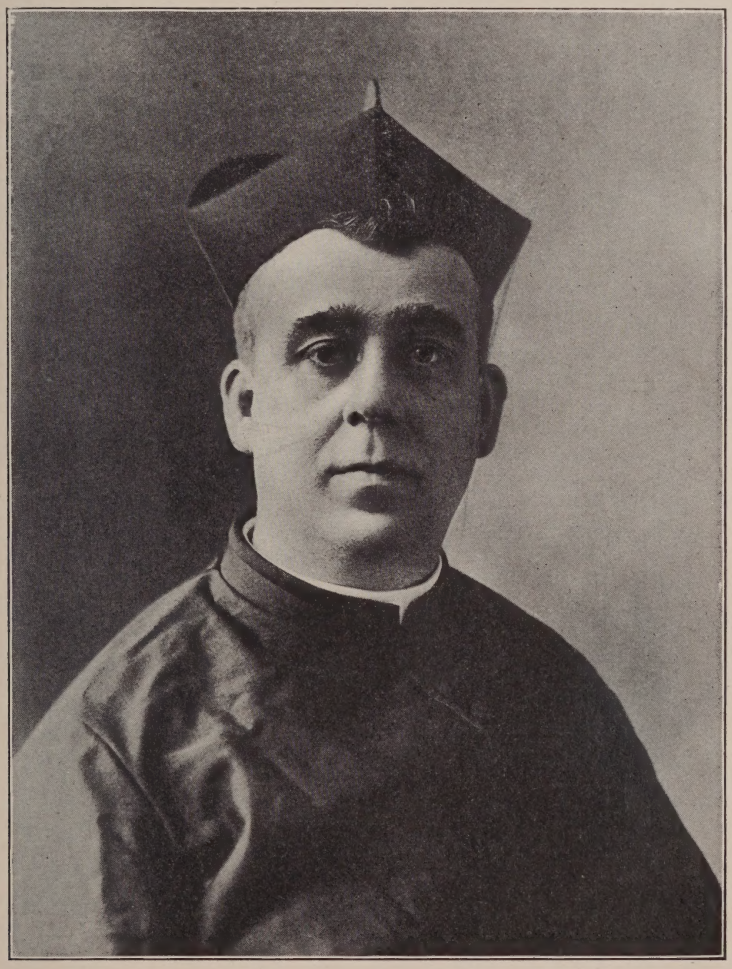
Some years ago he founded St. Elizabeth's Guild for social settlement work.

When asked what would be the characteristic traits of his administration, the new president replied: "My aims are those which every Jesuit is taught to cherish; namely, unswerving loyalty to ecclesiastical authority, hearty co-operation with our noble-hearted, devoted diocesan clergy in their grand work of saving souls, and earnest efforts to plant the seeds of deep piety, high principle, broad knowledge and Christian refinement in the mind and heart of every student of Boston College. We are here to serve the Church generously and ceaselessly, and to educate young men along the lines of solid Christian character and of broad intellectual training and of a lofty Christian civilization."

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who has had many honors conferred upon him here and abroad because of eminent work in gynecology, was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, with picturesque ceremonies, in the parlors of St. Patrick's archiepiscopal residence at 452 Madison Avenue, New York. The decoration, which carries with it the title of Count, was conferred upon Dr. Emmet by Pope Pius X in appreciation of the doctor's work in his profession and for his labors for charity.

Rev. Dr. McMackin, of the cathedral, read the papal brief that told of the eminent physician's work in the cause of religion and science. With most impressive ceremony, the Archbishop conferred knighthood on the surgeon. He spoke of the work which Dr. Emmet has done

for humanity. The blessing of the large gold cross of the Order and the investiture were performed by Archbishop Farley, who then gave the kneeling man the accolade by touching his shoulder three times with the blade of a sword.



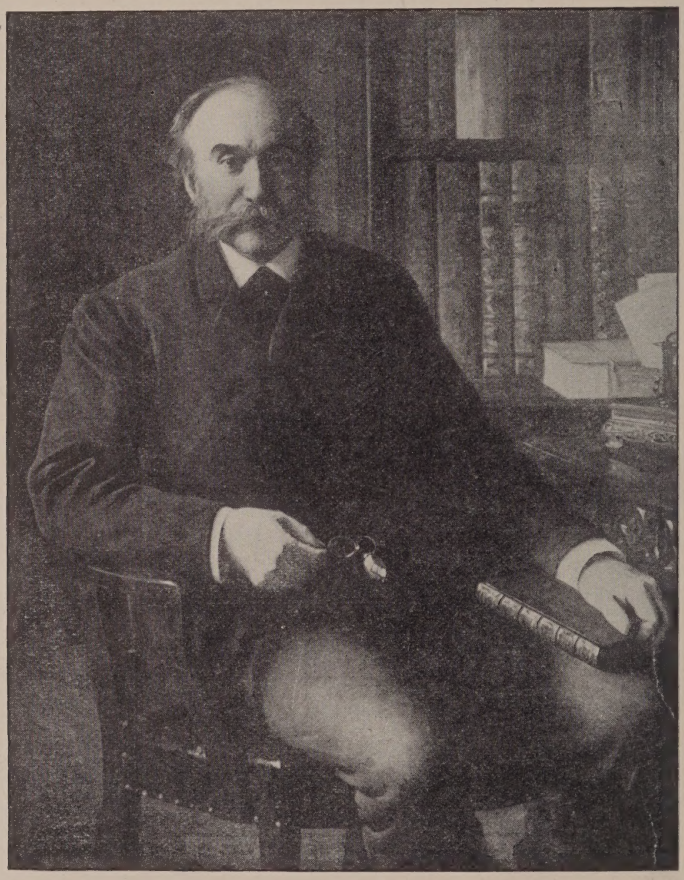
REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.
President of Boston College.

Dr. James J. Walsh, dean of the medical school of Fordham University, paid an eloquent tribute to his colleague. He told of the struggles of Dr. Emmet, now near the mark of fourscore years, in younger days; of long night vigils in behalf of science; of an unerring persistence in the duty which the young physician felt he owed to the life-work he had planned out, and of the final recognition from the leading clinics of the world.

"Dr. Emmet stands to-day," said Dr. Walsh, "as the leading light in the medical profession of America. Wherever in any country in the civilized world there is struggling for the advancement of the cause of medicine in the interest

of humanity, there the name of Emmet is held in the highest respect."

The speaker then paid his tribute to his fellow-physician as a man. Dr. Walsh told how even the leisure of the noted physician has been given over to an advancement of the progress of thought, as evidenced by his gathering a $300,000 collection of books, now in the Lenox Library. He said that Dr. Emmet was better known to the profession abroad than any other American, and that forty years ago he had been admitted to membership to the Berlin Obstetrical Society and the Norwegian Medical Society, the first American to obtain these honors. Dr. Emmet established the principle of "surgery of repair," said the speaker, and was the first American to dwell strongly upon the necessity of cleanliness in gynecological work. His books have been translated into many languages, and to say abroad that one knew Emmet was to win consideration from men of science.



DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

An important literary work completed by Dr. Emmet some years ago is a history of the Emmet family. Through the courtesy of the present distinguished head of the American family of that name, DONAHOE'S was allowed to reproduce a large number of the rare and extremely interesting plates that illustrated the work.

JEREMIAH CURTIN GOING UP THE STEPS OF MARS HILL, ATHENS; THE SAME STEPS ASCENDED BY ST. PAUL.

THE LATE JEREMIAH CURTIN.

The recent death of Jeremiah Curtin, at his home in Bristol, Vt., closed a remarkable career. It was he who first translated the works of the famous Polish novelist, Henri Sienkiewicz, than whom no one better appreciated his ability. In a letter to Mr. Curtin, Mr. Sienkiewicz said:

"I have read with diligent attention all the volumes of my works sent me (American edition). I understand how great the difficulties were which you had to overcome, especially in translating the historical novels, the language of which is somewhat archaic in character.

"I admire not only the sincere conscientiousness and accuracy, but also the skill, with which you did the work.

"Your countrymen will establish your merit better than I; as for me, I can only desire that you and no one else should translate all that I write."

Long before "Quo Vadis" attained popularity, Mr. Curtin had translated Sienkiewicz's stories as a labor of love; and when we consider the length of "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael," known as the Trilogy, we can understand that the task his translator had to face required energy and abilities of an exceptional order.

But Mr. Curtin was no ordinary translator; he was not merely an extraordinary linguist, but a man at home in any part of the world. Familiar not merely with the idiom of the Slavic tongue as written, but also with its various spoken dialects; his knowledge of the myths and folk-lore of many nations, his ethnologi-

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1904 IN THE FORUM, AT ROME, NEAR THE TOMB OF ROMULUS.

cal studies, equipped him peculiarly for the task of translator.

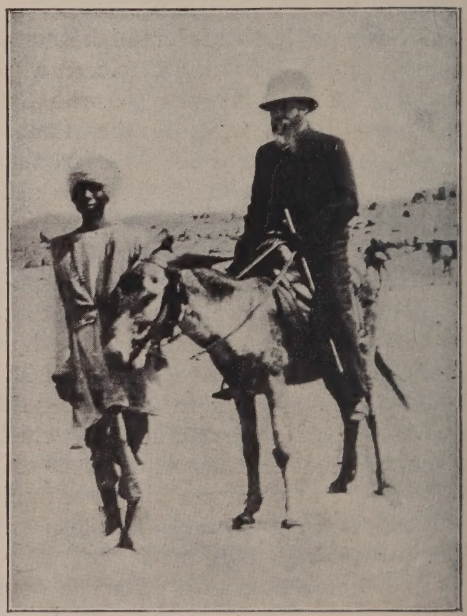
Mr. Curtin's last translation of Sienkiewicz's work was published last spring under the title of "On the Field of Glory," the only book written by this renowned author since the year 1900, when he completed "Knights of the Cross."

In addition to the works of Sienkiewicz, Mr. Curtin translated Alexander Glovatski's "The Pharaoh and the Priest," a romance of Ancient Egypt. Besides achieving fame as a translator (he was credited with knowing seventy languages), Mr. Curtin was the author of "Myths and Folk-Tales of Ireland"; "Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs and Magyars"; "Hero-Tales of Ireland"; "Fairy Tales of Ireland"; "Creation Myths of Primitive America and Their Relation to the Religious and Mental History of Mankind." At the time of his death, he was completing a history of the Mongols.

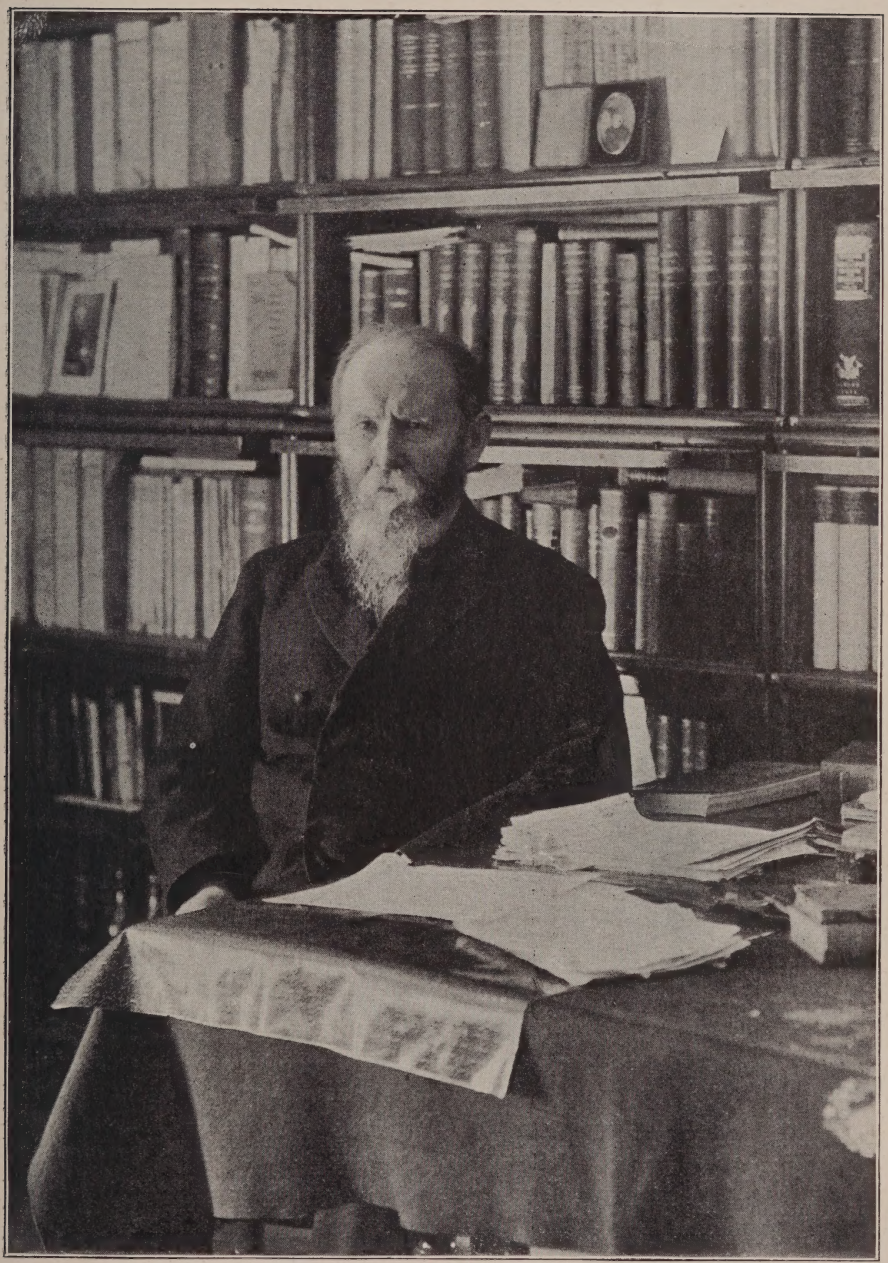
The foundation for his great philological learning was laid by Mr. Curtin in a little pioneer farm home, in the town of Greenfield, a suburb of Milwaukee. He worked with his brothers and sisters doing the chores of the place and other work in the field, going to school winters, no one ever thinking he was any different from any of the other boys, who were all doing the same thing.

"But there was a difference," said his cousin, John Furlong, who still resides on the homestead near the old Curtin place, where as boys they played together. "The difference was that after we had gone to bed,

(Continued on page 214.)



RETURNING FROM THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS, THEBES, EGYPT. TAKEN IN 1899.



JEREMIAH CURTIN.
Taken last winter in his library in Bristol, Vt.

BISHOP GORDON, AND MISSIONARIES OF JAMAICA.

THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

The destruction of Kingston by earthquake and fire, Jan. 14, added one more to the list of disasters that have befallen the island of Jamaica since 1692, when Port Royal, then the finest town of the West Indies, and one of the richest places in the world, was destroyed by an earthquake. A little more than fifty years later the new Port Royal, Kingston, Old Harbor, and Passage Ford suffered severely from storm and earthquake; and in 1882 a great fire swept Kingston, necessitating the reconstruction of the city.

At the time of going to press, accurate figures regarding loss of life and damage to property caused by the earthquake and fire have not been received, but the despatch from the American Consul to the Secretary of State at Washington states that hundreds of lives have been lost and the city of Kingston destroyed. There is widespread misery in the stricken city, and thousands are homeless.

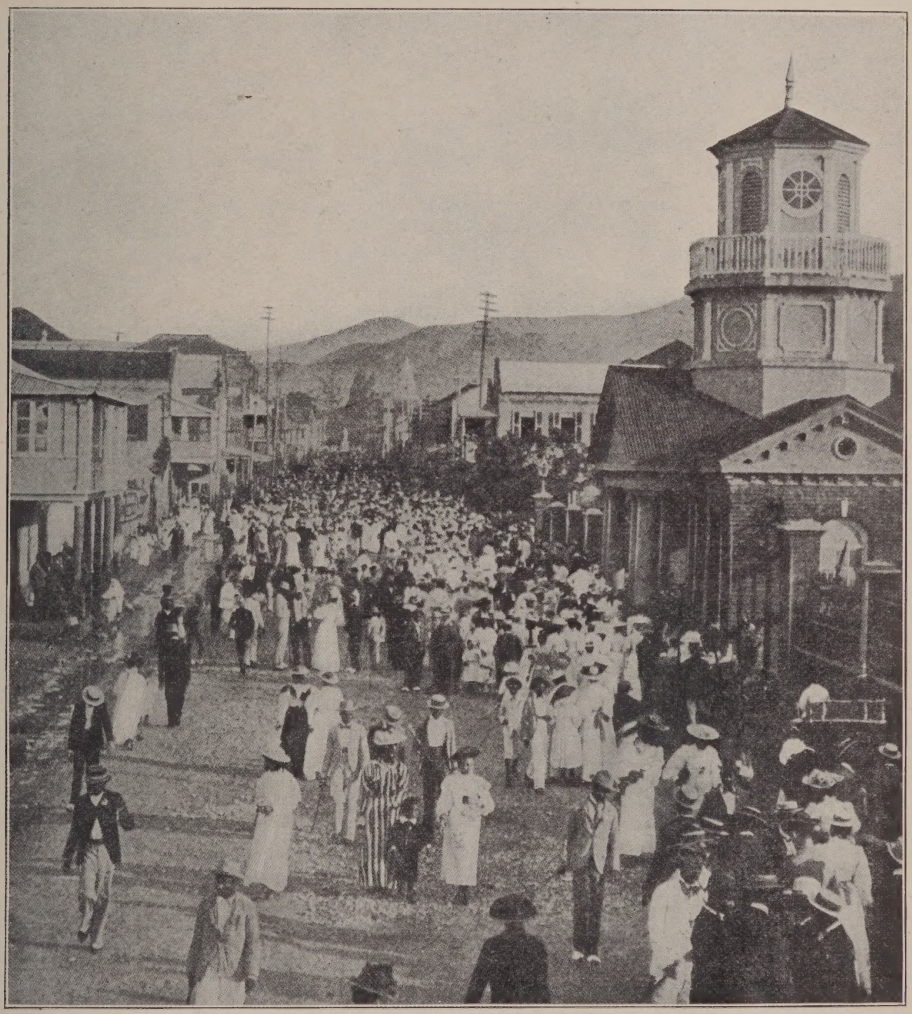
After Cuba and Haiti, Jamaica is the largest and most important of the islands of the West Indies, and is in close proximity to the United States, being only five or six days' journey from New York.

It may be reckoned one of the most romantic and highly diversified islands in the world, presenting rich, magnificent scenery, with waving forests, never-failing streams and constant verdure, heightened by a pure atmosphere and the glowing tints of a tropical sun.

Of Jamaica's winter climate, no fairer description has been given than that of the English historian, Froude, who says:

"The climate is inimitable to any one who seeks warmth and sunshine. It is tropical, of course,—that is, the temperature is never low; never even so low as 60°, except in the hills,—but the tropical heat of the day is tempered by a breeze which blows daily from the sea, while at night a cooler and gentler air brings freshness down from the uplands. There is no sting in the tropical night, as there often is in the nights of a southerly but non-tropical region. . . . . Indeed the great charm of life in the Tropics is that it is lived practically in the open air."

The mountains are covered with many kinds of trees, and in the valleys are such a variety of fruit trees as to give the country a most fertile and pleasing appearance. From the sea level on all sides of Jamaica a series of ridges gradually ascend towards the central range of mountains, from which they radiate, dividing the rivers and attaining in a



KING STREET, KINGSTON. JUBILEE MARKET.

PROMOTERS OF APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, HOLY TRINITY, KINGSTON.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL, NUN'S PEN, ST. ANDREW'S PARISH.

culminating western peak of the Blue Mountains, an elevation of 7,423 feet. The rivers, including springs and rivulets, have been estimated at upwards of 200 in number, and exhibit numerous and beautiful cascades, bursting headlong into the foam and thunder of a cataract. The Black River is navigable for boats of considerable size for a distance of twenty-five miles. The Rio Grande, Black and Stony rivers furnish not only some of the loftiest and most picturesque, but some of the wildest and most romantic scenery on the island. The cascades of Roaring and Landovrey rivers are very beautiful. Bog Walk Gorge on the Rio Cobre is remarkable for its charming scenery.

Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, the largest city in the British West Indian colonies, has one of the finest harbors in the world. It enjoyed an extensive commerce, had a population of about 50,000, was lighted by electricity and gas, had electric trolleys, water and sewer systems, several fine hotels, a theatre, various churches and chapels, spacious barracks and other public buildings, including a handsome market-place. A railway connects Kingston with Spanish Town, Old Harbour, Porus, Port Antonio, Montego Bay (the latter at the western end of the island), and there is a branch line from Spanish Town to Bog Walk, Linstead and Ewarton.

Out of the total population of Jamaica, something more than 700,000, the Catholic Church numbers about fourteen or fifteen thousand. Kingston has fully one-fourth of its population in the true fold, and this means that more than ten thousand souls have, within the last fifty or sixty years, been won over to the Church by the devoted efforts of the missionaries. Readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will remember with pleasure the series of articles by the Rev. Patrick F. X. Mulry, S.J., of Kingston, in which he related some of the experiences of the Jesuit Fathers in their labors in Jamaica. We reprint some paragraphs, of special interest at this time, for the benefit of those who may not have had the privilege of reading the articles published in 1901-02.

"The scenery, amidst which the lot of the Jamaica missionary is cast, yields to that of no other part of the world in beauty. Every variety of tropical plant is here to entice the gaze, to satisfy the fancy; and as he drives along well-kept government roads, he may see at one time perched high above him on some rock at the side the characteristic hut of the native, with a cocoanut palm or mango tree standing near to sentinel it, or at another time groups of the graceful bamboo, like huge tufts of bright green feathers, or again stretches of banana plantation or acres of sugar-cane showing him whence the real development of wealth for Jamaica should come. Or it may be that in the wilder districts he picks his careful way along narrow bridle-paths, fords one mountain stream after another, pushes aside the masses of giant fern, wet with the heavy morning dew, which meet from either side before him, struggles through the thick guinea grass which tops his own and his horse's head, looks down occasionally from his seat in the saddle into hundreds of feet of depth just beneath him, almost beguiled into forgetfulness of danger by the luxuriant splendor of verdure with which the abyss has clothed its precipitous sides. If mere landscape were to be considered, it would be hard to imagine a more delightful field of missionary labor.

"The writer here recalls how on one occasion he set forth from Kingston, his first trip to Avocat, one of the most beautifully situated of our missions, but

absolutely hidden away in a depression of the Portland hills. It was Monday morning, and the Angelus sounding from Holy Trinity tower was like a "God-speed" for the journey, as he leaped into the saddle and dashed away in the brisk morning air. Before long his good steed had crossed the intervening plain and had commenced the continuous winding ascent of about four hours' duration, which was to end in the chapel yard of the Avocat mission. Whether it was the magnificent vegetation of the way, or the prattle of mountain streams, which reached him even when their surface was entirely concealed by dense masses of ferns, stretching from either bank, or the grand vistas which opened out now and then, disclosing combined effects of earth, sea and sky, which no artist has ever succeeded fully in transferring to his canvas, the fact is he took no heed of time or road until suddenly, his horse coming to a standstill, where the path diverged in two, he awoke from his reverie to find that in all likelihood he was lost. Urging his horse along the path which seemed the most traveled, he hoped to meet some one from whom he could make inquiries, and thus be helped out of his difficulty. It was true that for two hours past no wayfarer had greeted him, and he even fancied that once or twice he had distinguished in the distance the plaintive call of the solitaire, a bird never seen except in the most uninhabited portions of the island. The rain now set in in real earnest; it previously had come down on him once or twice in a light, pleasant shower at some turn of the path and had left him at the next; but there was no mistaking it this time; it was tropical rain, emptying itself in tubsful from the clouds, which touched the peaks above, and trying, it would seem, to fill up the gorge before he should be able to effect his escape from it. For over an hour more he struggled on, until unexpectedly he found himself alongside one of the huts of the natives, with Kingston visible miles off and at least three thousand feet below, just outside the reach of the great black cloud, which was pouring a veritable deluge on the upland.

The horse was nothing loath to come to a halt; indeed, already he had more than once given evidence of discontent with the proceedings of his master, and force alone had latterly kept him on the move. However, there was no sign of life from the hut; and it was only when a mighty shout that should have waked the dead had crashed upon the air, that there came in answer from a broken-down cook-shed the exclamation: "Lawk! French parson!" To understand the force of this, it may be necessary to explain that from the days of the old French Fathers in Jamaica, "French parson" is a term frequently used to designate a Catholic priest. The mystery to the writer is how the poor black woman of the cook-shed could have so quickly ascertained his character under the complete disguise which was his on the occasion. As he sat on horseback in the pouring rain, with trousers tucked inside boots, wrapped up in a huge rubber coat, slouched hat pulled down over his eyes, and whip in hand, he must have looked more like a drenched cowboy than anything else in the world, and yet Mistress Denis, for that was her name, knew him at once for what he was. Very little parleying was needed to induce her husband to extend the hospitality of his thatched palace to the belated traveler. His own donkey was turned out into the rain from an open shed at the rear in order to make room for the horse. It was clearly out of the question to continue the journey that day. The animal needed a rest,

even if his rider had not been fatigued by nine hours on his back. Besides, the latter had ascertained that he must return some miles in order to regain the lost track; darkness would surely have come upon him before he should be able to emerge from such dangerous surroundings, and to attempt at night what even in broad daylight had sufficient peril connected with it, would be nothing short of foolhardy. And so he decided to profit by the kind offer of a night's lodging, which was then and there made to him.

"The writer lives even yet to recall the experience of that night on Prospect Hill. The hut was divided into three apartments by partitions, mud-daubed, reaching about half-way up to the roof. On one side was the room of Mr. and Mistress Denis; on the other a kind of store-room for wood, bits of harness, etc., while in the centre was parlor, dining-hall, work-room, all in one. No doubt had there been any children in the household, the store-room would have included them in the miscellaneous collection stowed away in it. A Church of England certificate of membership lay on a rough table in the center room, a proof that the couple whose names were inscribed on it were not living, like so many of their fellows, in open sin. Of course the Bible, King James' version, was also in evidence and showed marks of frequent use on its soiled cover and well-thumbed pages. There was even the *Weekly Gleaner* from Kingston on the table; and while the visitor read his office by the faint light of the tallow dip which was forthcoming, Denis ran through the columns of the paper in search of news of the great world outside his little mountain home. Later on, as the rain ceased, one or two of the neighbors dropped in, attracted, no doubt, by curiosity to see the priestly stranger who had come among them. Naturally religious questions came to the front, and they listened respectfully and even approvingly to the explanations of Catholic doctrine given them. Especially were they taken by what was said of devotion to the Sacred Heart; doubtless the picture which each took away as a parting gift would serve to keep the memory of it fresh within them.

"At the proper time the writer was notified that the one bed of the establishment was at his disposal for the night. The offer was an exceedingly hospitable one on the part of his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Denis; for the hard, damp floor would have been their resting-place in case of acceptance. But he had his own reasons for refusal, and obvious reasons at that, apart from an unwillingness to incommode them; and so courteously thanking them, he asked leave to remain in the center room and put to use a steamer chair which by some freak of fortune had found its way thus far into the hill district of Jamaica. It may safely be asserted that no monarch in tapestried chamber and on downy couch ever experienced more restful slumber than that which fell that night to the lot of the tired missionary. Sleeping in one's clothes is seldom advisable, but it was in the present case; and although there were rats in the thatch above, although Denis' good-night—we beg pardon of the fastidious reader for inserting it in his own words: 'Mind flea, sah! No put your foot 'pon floor, sah'—led the stranger to expect something smaller, but quite as troublesome, as rats below; for all that early morning found him a new man, thoroughly refreshed after a good sleep, and ready once more for the road. His beast had also been cared for, Denis having even cut guinea-grass for his benefit and brought it from a field no little distance away. More-

over, Mistress Denis had provided a stirrup-cup of strong, hot coffee and was evidently disappointed when informed that as the priest had hopes of reaching Avocat in time to say Mass that morning, he would be unable to profit by her thoughtful hospitality. And the wonderful thing in Jamaica was that when it came to the question of settling up, Mr. Denis would on no account consent to be repaid for his trouble. On one head, and only one, he made an exception. Grass had been cut for the horse, and as this implied labor, which was out of his general line, he would accept a moiety in consequence, but for nothing else.

"With many a hearty 'Ride good' from his host and hostess, the Father started back to the two diverging paths, where, on the preceding day, his troubles had begun. Somehow or other he had got into his head that the path to the left was the one he should have taken, and so, when after a lively trot of a little less than an hour's duration, he reached it, at once he turned into it with the fullest confidence that now at least he was in a fair way of reaching his destination. But such a road! It was well for him that he had a trained mountain horse, or he never would have emerged from it in safety. The tropical jungle for the most part concealed what was clearly a long-disused bridle-path; the tall vegetation was dripping with the heavy rain that had fallen previously, and man and horse and accoutrements were soaked as effectually as if they had passed through the very centre of a cloud; here and there were fresh landslips, which necessitated the rider's dismounting and leading his steed cautiously over the loose earth and stones piled up before him. One false step would have sent both to certain death a thousand feet below. But the angels were there, busy with their protective power, and no mishap occurred. On and on the traveler struggled,—one hour, two hours,—would ever a sight be vouchsafed of a human dwelling? Nothing but bush and precipice, precipice and bush.

"Meantime the sun had soaked up the moisture of the sodden earth, and to the drenching process had succeeded the no less objectionable one of baking. The pitiless heat was pouring down on every open spot of the narrow road; there was a shimmering in the warm air; there was also a haze beginning in the mind of the horseman; hungry and miserable and altogether out of his bearings, he was wondering in a vague, indifferent sort of way if the John Crow, soaring so gracefully far in the air above him, was looking down on him and his beast for the substantial dinner of the day. Suddenly the horse came to a stop, and as suddenly followed up with something that was not a stop; with something, in fact, that had a distinct resemblance to an earthquake. There was no haze in the equine mind, at any rate; he must put an end to this aimless, interminable up and down, which seemed to be the policy of his human rider. And for the next few moments that rider had to call upon other knowledge than that contained in the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas. In the end he succeeded in sticking to his seat in the saddle; but very little more. The animal, however, was conquered for the time being and moved sullenly on—but whither?

"Three hours and three-quarters from the start, when—was it possible?—just around a turn of the seemingly endless path, two negro huts came in view just ahead. The Father had now made up his mind that longer fasting was out of the question, if it could be avoided; it really looked to him as if Avocat had been blotted from the map; and so in a

short time he had drawn rein at the first hut. Hailing a black fellow, who looked listlessly at him from his box-seat near the door, he asked: 'Please, sir, how far is Avocat?' 'Lawk, sah! Avocat!' and the big eyes opened out and rolled each in what was surely a world of wonderment; 'far enough, sah! You's long way out.' Further inquiry, however, brought the consoling information that there need be no retracing of the path, over which, he ascertained, he was the first horseman to journey for fully three years past. Hardware Gap was two or three miles ahead higher up, and thence a narrow road led straight down through Chiga Foot Market and on to Avocat, in all some eight or ten miles yet of travel.

"Two or three women had appeared during the dialogue and another male representative of the African species, the latter with a Scotch cap, a relic most likely of military service in the West India Regiment, surmounting his wool-stack. On the writer questioning the women as to whether they could get him a cup of coffee or not, they replied that there was no coffee to be had, but they would be pleased to make tea for him, if he so wished. Inwardly surprised that tea should ever have found its way into such a locality, and blessing his good fortune that it had, he thanked them and dismounted to wait for the beverage and some cooked plantains which had been promised as its accompaniment. While waiting, he of the Scotch cap started a theological discussion with the 'French parson' as to the use of incense and statues, of both of which practices of the Romish Church he declared at the outset his unqualified disapproval. The priest ought perhaps to have hesitated to face the opposition of such a mighty intellect, but hunger begets recklessness, especially when the means of satisfying that hunger are not under the control of those opposed to us. As a result, the black fellow got a dose of sane theology which seemed to have somewhat the effect on him of a dose of grapeshot. The tardy appearance of the tea was the signal for a hasty disappearance on the part of the semi-military heretic.

"But how describe that tea! In anticipation, it was to the thirsty priest as the very nectar of the gods; in reality it was what its true name indicated, 'bush-tea.' Have you ever, sympathizing reader, for the betterment of bodily ailments, resorted heroically to a giant dose of castor-oil? If so, you have some idea of the taste of bush-tea. In his worriment the writer had forgotten that tea was not tea in many of the country parts of Jamaica; for a decoction of various plants known to the natives usurps there the name and office of its distant—very distant—and respectable relative. However, there was no help for it; although, if he had only thought, an acceptable substitute in the shape of Mass-wine was stowed away snugly in his saddle-bags; not remembering this, he closed his eyes and swallowed the draught. But his courage was unequal to the demolition of the two pieces of plantain, baked to the consistency of stone. Nowhere in the annals of civilized gastrology had he read of the performance of such a feat, and he wisely desisted from the attempt.

"At 11.30 A.M., after toiling up a hill of about forty-five degrees incline, and with all his energy oozing out in the copious perspiration which bedewed him, dispirited and fagged out,—in a word, dead-beat,—all at once an unexpected gleam of joy shot into his soul; before him realized was the will-o'-the-wisp vision which from yester-morn had lured him on from Kingston Town; Avocat Chapel and School had been found. And out from the latter tumbled a troop of ebon 'pickneys,' of all eyes and sizes,

shouting at the top of their voices: 'Fader come! Fader come!' Here at least was a welcome; and so thought the writer as, leaping to the ground, he gave his long-suffering horse into the charge of smiling Archibald Josiah Rodney Williams.

. . . . . .

"The subjoined summary of the labors of the Jesuit Fathers for twelve months will give a clearer idea of the status of the Church in Jamaica than any further particularizing on our part. From the 1st of July, 1899, to the 1st of July, 1900, there were 1,986 baptisms on the Jamaica mission, and 610 converts were made to the Faith. During the same period 36,769 confessions were heard and 43,100 Communions administered; 380 received first Communion, 519 were confirmed, and 123 couples were joined in marriage. The fact that 10,050 visits were paid to the sick is proof that a most important duty has not been neglected, while a sodality membership of 570 and the number, 3,810, of associates in the Apostleship of Prayer, furnish an assured hope of still greater progress for God's cause and that of His Holy Church. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus crown that hope with a blessed realization."

As this form is about to close, word was received that the church property in Kingston had been destroyed, and financial help is urgently needed to begin anew.—*Editor.*

THE LATE JEREMIAH CURTIN.

(Continued from page 204.)

Jeremiah stayed up late into the night. He would work all day in the harvest field, go home and attend to the chores, and then, taking his candle, he would go upstairs to his room in the loft and study and read until the candle burned away.

"His desire for learning was omnivorous," continued Mr. Furlong, "and his passion in those days was to know how to talk to the little German and Norwegian children in their own language. He early laid a foundation for Polish by talking to the immigrants, who goodnaturedly taught the eager little boy all they knew of their own tongue. It was told of him that while living in Milwaukee, on East Water and Chicago streets, he got to know a French seamstress, to whom he became much attached. She gave him a doughnut one day, and he allowed it to get cold while he asked her how they said fried cake in French.

"At that early day the Indians were not all gone from Wisconsin woods, and the ambitious boy often startled his companions by imitating the red man's speech so well that they were all deceived. The great work of Jeremiah Curtin was accomplished by hard and persistent effort.

"Jeremiah was not fitted for farm work, although he never shirked it," said Mr. Furlong. "He went to school winters, and studied as much as he could on summer nights. He taught school and got money enough together to go to Carroll College at Waukesha, and afterward to Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H. He went to Harvard College and was a graduate from there in 1863. From that time his boyhood home has not seen much of him, although it stands there as it did when he studied in the low-ceilinged chamber, with its tiny window, by the candle light, during the '40's."

Mr. Curtin traveled far from the little

Greenfield home, and many honors were his. When he went to Harvard his tendency for the languages asserted itself and took definite shape for development. After his graduation from Harvard, President Lincoln appointed him secretary of the legation at St. Petersburg, a position that he was well adapted to fill, and one that gave him further opportunity of developing his linguistic talents.

He was connected with the Smithsonian Institution and with the bureau of ethnology. He returned to America in 1901 from a journey around the world, via Russia, Siberia, China and Japan. He spent three months in 1900 among the Buriats, the only tribe of Mongols who have retained the great horse sacrifice and preserved the splendid creation of myths of their race.

It was while he was at the court of St. Petersburg that he met Sienkiewicz, and they became fast friends. It was the great Polish author himself, who suggested that Mr. Curtin undertake the translation of his works. Sienkiewicz was a master of English, but he recognized the genius of the American, and felt that he could do the work better than he could. "Pan Michael" was the first book undertaken, followed by "Fire and Sword," but it was when he had finished "Quo Vadis" that Mr. Curtin introduced Sienkiewicz in the English-speaking public. It is said that his share in the proceeds of that publication was $25,000.

Through his varied experiences in other lands Mr. Curtin retained his love of the country from which his parents came, and during his visit to Ireland he not only collected folk-lore tales, but with the aid of his camera, brought away a number of very interesting views of famous places.

Readers of DONAHOE'S have not forgotten the beautiful photographs that illustrated an article on O'Connell, some years ago.

"I send you three more photographic views," wrote Mr. Curtin, when presenting the pictures to DONAHOE'S, "O'Connell's residence at Derrynane, the Old Cemetery near Derrynane, and a view of part of Cahirciveen. These photographs, like the others—the ruins of the house in which O'Connell was born, and the bridge—are of my own taking, and the work was a labor of love on my part."

Some of the seventy languages with which Mr. Curtin was thoroughly familiar were: French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Roumanian, Dutch, Polish, Swedish, Icelandish, Gothic, German, which he knew when he left college, besides having had courses in Greek and Latin. Later he studied and mastered Hebrew, Sanscrit, Russian, Bohemian, Lettish, Lithuanian, Hungarian, Slavonian, Croatian, Servian and Bulgarian. During his residence in Caucasus he learned Mingreilan, Alkasian and Armenian.

Mr. Curtin was a tireless worker, and in his translations he had the assistance of his wife. Together they often produced fourteen pages at a sitting. His wife was a young and beautiful girl when he married her, in middle age. She sometimes accompanied him on his journeys, and was with him when he made his visit to the Kurds.

Lately Mr. and Mrs. Curtin had been living at Bristol, Vt., and it was there that he died, Dec. 14, 1906. He closed at the age of sixty-six an industrious and useful and brilliant career.

MY LIBERTY TREE.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

I call it mine because it is over the way from my window, and I like to look out at it now and again. Not that its foliage is refreshingly green, or that its branches cool the summer heat, but—the first reason—because it stands apart from the things of commerce, and by its presence rebukes the spirit of trade that disfigures the neighborhood with flaunting signs. "Talking-machines," "Clothing on credit," "No money down," and their like, never yet gave the right inspiration to man or woman, and it is little short of irreverence to raise "Sunny Jim" as near to heaven as has been done in this city of the Puritans. Before he came into my line of vision, I had a patch of sky, a church-dome miles away, and a cluster of roofs close at hand, with little domestic dramas being played continuously in the attic-rooms under the eaves. It was a tranquilizing outlook; but one day the sign-painter appeared, and when he left, "Sunny Jim" had come to stay! All the consolation I had was that the other Jim was obscured by an intervening chimney. The projection of even a joyous advertisement across one's window-view is an act of trespass, for which there should be legal redress, but there does not seem to be any. Smirking, red-coated, sky-line James so blazoned his content in all weathers, that I was glad indeed when my desk and chair were set up in another window, removed from that embodiment of scarlet joy.

And yet how true it is that we are never grateful for ills withheld. What if I had been doomed to neighbor Slap Jack, Ladies' Fingers, Quick as a Wink, Cookie the Cook, and the other members of that numerous bill-board family!

Now, when I swing my chair to the right and look upward, the significant word, "Pray," admonishes me from a roof-top, and another aërial sign advertises "Special reports on individuals." Down on the street level, a window of pies invites indigestion; and to the right, high above the swirl of the streets, is my tree. It was an inspiring discovery. Looking at it,

> **"I saw the hopes, I saw the fears,**
> **That gird the span of human years,"**

for I recognized it as "the counterfeit presentment" of the giant elm under which the Sons of Liberty laid their plans for the founding of a nation.

Job Williams did an evil deed that August day when he led a party against Liberty Tree.

> **"Armed with axes, they made an attack upon it. After a long spell of laughing and grinning, sweating, swearing, and foaming, with malice diabolical, they cut down a tree because it bore the name of Liberty."**

So says the *Essex Gazette* of 1775. The modern reporter would have phrased his account differently, in deference to the "malice diabolical" of the news-editor. The item would probably read:

> SENTIMENT OR SUBWAY.
>
> **"The city forester had a bunch of his men on Washington street this morning. It was a question of tree or traffic. The old elm obstructed work on the subway, so the tree had to go."**

May be it was as well that Liberty Tree fell when and how it did. We do not have time now to do reverence to things of the past; and only for wicked, destructive Job Williams, no one might have cared enough "to erect a handsome bas-relief." I quote the guide-book. I would not call it handsome myself, but no doubt the artist did his work conscien-

tiously and well, though he might have permitted himself a more generous use of the glad hand. The branches droop after the manner of the willow—the Niobe of trees, the dust-laden leaves are gray against a background of greenish-blue bricks, and the soilless roots, high in air, crave sustenance with an insistence that is almost painful.

The sparrows, saucy, inconsequent things that they are, nest in the boughs, and even perch on the letters forming "Liberty." Irridescent pigeons sharpen their beaks on "1776," all unconscious of the portent of the date, and ruffle their plumage in evident displeasure when shrill young voices cry out: "Here it is! Here it is!" But I, knowing that a class is making an historic pilgrimage, smile in sympathy with teachers and pupils—particularly with the teachers. They are doing their best to make the world remember. Was it not Lafayette who said: "The world should never forget the spot where once stood Liberty Tree, so famous in your annals"? Yes, I am quite sure it was. He rode by here in a barouche, with Mr. Quincy beside him, and a multitude pressing round him, cheering tremendously as the General bowed right and left in acknowledgment. "On no occasion were there so many people in Boston before." Forty years and more had passed since Lafayette made the city his debtor, and Boston remembered. Witness the arch that spanned Washington Street with this poetic welcome, penned on the spur of the moment by one Sprague—a harsh name for a poet!

"Welcome, Lafayette!
The fathers in glory shall sleep,
That gathered with thee to the fight;
But the sons will eternally keep
The tablet of gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck, and we bend not the knee;
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee."

How pleased the Marquis must have been! And yet there was a touch of sadness in it all. Think of beautiful Dorothy Quincy in the bloom of her youth, and the Frenchman in the flower of his manhood! And think of their second meeting after four decades of years! Not even that pretty picture of the gallant General standing in his carriage, with hand on his heart, saluting the lady bending from the balcony, can obliterate the marks of time. And the pathos of his meeting with John Adams!

"That is not the John Adams I remember," said Lafayette, as he left the presence of the aged patriot. "That is not the Lafayette I remember," said John Adams, as the door closed after his guest.

"That was 122 years ago," says a voice, talking in italics. "Attention, please!" and I, too, take "position" involuntarily. That teacher down on the curb is a tiresome creature. He is reading dates! As if any one cared for dates! Why does he not tell his class about that other school, where the boys wore wigs, and into which Master Carter came one morning, grave and quiet, as was his wont? "Boys," he said, "war has begun! The school is broken up!" Was there ever a more welcome release! Can you not see those spirited youths, tossing their cocked hats high in air, and speeding through the streets in mad haste, not even pausing to indulge in "a fusilade of bricks, stones and epithets," as was and is the habit of school-boys. Master Joseph Lovering, aged twelve, who held the candle while the "Mohawks" dressed, little knew that his name would go down the years in the nation's annals. So capricious is fame.

But this is wandering far a-field, so far a-field that another group of students —"co-eds"—has taken the place of the didactic master and his disciplined class.

The newcomers are a pleasing study. The boys, after the manner of their sex, are a trifle arrogant and boastful; the girls listen — adorably respectful — as their brothers conjure up gory visions, and tell what they would have done had the privilege been theirs to take part in that famous brew in Boston Harbor. It rather destroys the illusion, later on, to see the entire party lined up at the soda-fountain of the restaurant near by my tree, sipping frozen nectar through straws, or scraping the last scrap of college ice from the sides of the glass.

A sterner form of refreshment was dispensed on that spot in the long ago, when Liberty Tree Tavern threw wide its doors. Patrons of that famous hostelry, or guests of The Bunch of Grapes, The White Horse and The Lamb, did not slake their thirst with soft drinks. Chroniclers of their tastes have boldly set forth the respective merits of "cyder, rum, molasses and what-not." The "what-not" probably included such costly importations as Peter Faneuil refers to in his discreetly worded commission, "to find out what good French brandy is worth, and if it be possible, to cloak it so as to ship it for rum."

Peter must have been "a keen blade" in commerce, with no tendency towards "mispense of time," or of money, in dealing with the Customs.

"Mispense of time!" What would those who coined that quaint phrase think of all the cheap shows on which my tree looks down? They cluster thick as bees around this corner, offering every variety of entertainment, from having your fortune told, to being admitted to a panoramic reproduction of the scenes in a disgusting society tragedy, or an outing "where the cinnamon grows and the air is balmy." They are responsible for grave "mispense of time!"

One sleety winter evening when I was battling against the wind, on my way to the train, an agonized cry was borne to me: "Gif' me my choil! I mus' haf' my choil!" It was a cry to stir humanity to the depths,—and an indisputable proof of the elocutionary powers of a boot-black who was rehearsing the part of the heroine in a ten-cent drama, to an awed and admiring group of less moneyed confrères, huddled in the doorway under my tree.

But where is the connection of ideas between this incident and the pink-and-white patrons of the ice-cream counter? They are ready to go; and they take their leave of Liberty Tree with a pretty ceremony, the boys doffing their hats, the girls waving flags in gay adieu. "Bully old tree!" says one of the boys. "Sweet old thing!" says one of the girls, "I'm so glad I saw it!" And not a leaf quivers! Not really being of the past, my tree is tolerant of the vernacular of modern youth.

Large numbers of "conventioners" drift to this corner during the year. I do not care for that awkward word, but I use it as a matter of expediency. It is more dignified than "convention folks," and less voluminous than "the delegates and their friends." Last summer the doctors were here with their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts. "Eh, mon, 'twas a fearsome sight" to see them in solemn conclave; but, broken into groups, they were harmless. Some of them wandered down for a clinic under my tree, and a caller diagnosed them from my window. "Funny to see so many doctors bow-legged," he commented thoughtfully. "Or, rather, to see so many bow-legged doctors. You wouldn't expect a doctor to have any kind of curvature." "The weight on top," suggested another caller; and the suggestion was accepted—an entirely satisfac-

tory one when you come to think about it.

I wonder if the officer on the corner holds a special diploma for History and Patience. He is beset by enquiries; and it is much to his credit that he keeps his temper, even when questioning an evasive and over-rapid chauffeur, or directing out-of-town shoppers in the bargain seasons.

My tree has many a secret committed to its keeping, and if its clumpy branches could be graphaphoned, or vitalized into speech, they could furnish interesting "copy," as well as many a bit of sound advice,—such as a politician gave yesterday to a youth whom he held firmly in his grasp until he inoculated him with the virus of wisdom. "When you get your interview with the ——," he yelled, "don't start in to tell him what you can do. Give him a chance to tell you what he has done. That's what goes every time."

The courts and alleys, chipped out of the thoroughfares of trade in this section, house a foreign host; and dusky little children forsake the gloom of stone and brick enclosures, to loiter in the sunshine under my tree, quite unconscious that it is emblematic of national liberty. But then they are only babies, for only the infant members of this foreign colony have time to play. Their brothers and sisters, mature people from five to eight years, form a scavenger army, turning every scrap of waste into household uses or coin of the realm. In the morning you see the soles of their shoes sticking out of rubbish barrels, and in the evening you meet the glance of their unsmiling eyes from above a load of firewood. The industry of these mites is appalling. As soon as the diet of infancy is discontinued, they begin to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow—in all truth.

It speaks well for those among us who have labored long, and yet can pause on the way to lend a helping hand to the infant toilers. Not long ago, a former mayor of Boston, who is also an historian, figured in a pretty incident, worthy of the spirit for which my tree stands. Imagine a gentleman jamming his silk hat firmly on his head, to guard against a sportive wind, and tucking his silver-headed cane under his arm, that he might give the service of both hands to a waif of the street! Gravely the ex-mayor and the gamin bore between them a crate rich in firewood. When the sidewalk was reached, the ex-mayor laid down his end on the curb. "Can you handle it now?" he asked, solicitously; and, being answered by an affirmative nod, he resumed his walk calmly, as if carrying crates was quite a usual thing for a mayor of Boston. On another occasion, a millionaire merchant rescued a tiny scavenger who had fallen in the maze of tracks, borne down by the weight of a nail-keg filled with kindling. Disentangling keg and boy, the millionaire carried both to a place of safety, where progress was comparatively easy.

They are patient mortals, these foreign children who gather near my tree. All day long a boy under my window calls out his papers. For three years he has stood there, in sunshine or storm, patient, good-natured, courteous, be his fortunes what they may. His frequent calls advise me of his progress in English. When he first came, his voice was clear and high, and his English unintelligible. Now his voice is hoarse, and he can say: "I ain't got no *Globe*, lady," as glibly as if he had graduated from the grammar schools of Boston.

When the Subway was building, two boys, surely less than five years of age, drew near my tree, and I saw that they were standing guard over a hole in the street, or rather over a box that covered

the hole. They were there when I went to luncheon; and when I came back, they were still there, their eyes, velvety as the bloom of pansies, fixed on the box, which they hoped would be given to them when it had served its purpose. I wish I had not seen the incident closed; I wish I had not looked out then, to set my watch by the clock on the street; for I was just in time to see a laborer fit on a grating, catch up the box, and scurry down through another opening. It gives me a little wrench at the heart, even yet, to think of those patient watchers turning away, hand in hand, unrewarded.

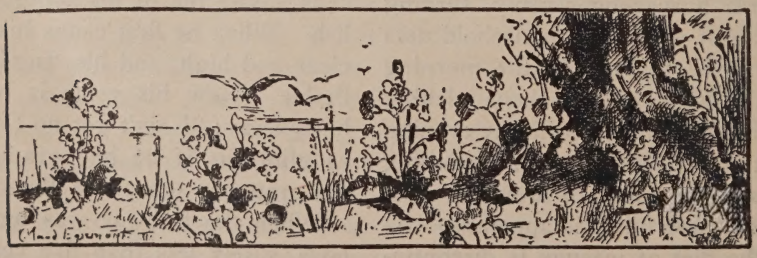
The quadrangle formed by the streets (I wonder if that is geometrically correct?) is a busy place at any time; but, when it becomes a parade ground, we lean from our windows to see the tossing banners, prancing horses and regalia-clad processionists. When the grand marshal and his steed are not *en rapport*, our joy is great; and many an evolution, not taught in riding-schools, is reviewed by Liberty Tree. If it were a sentient thing, it would thrill with strange emotions at these manifestations of a new day and order; but, being only "a counterfeit presentment," it maintains its stony rigidity, even when the fire department dashes into the square, and the dust-laden leaves are washed clean by the spray of the hose.

This unintentional attention is about all the civic recognition my tree receives. On the night of the Fourth, the last Fourth, it was shrouded in darkness. There had been a conflict of authority as to the quantity of noise and powder to be used in the celebration, and probably no one had time to think of illuminating patriotic landmarks. There were fireworks on the Common; a vaudeville house and an initialled brand of whiskey made a brave bid for public notice, with electric sky-signs; but not the tiniest point of light gleamed from the branches of Liberty Tree. It would have made a pretty showing. I knew it was there, and I felt sorry for it, alone, forgotten, while off in the distance the celebration went merrily on, and rockets tore their path across the sky, until "Good-night" fell down in sparks, and a multitude of sightseers turned homeward.

Up in the niche, across the way, Liberty Tree kept lonely vigil over the lines:

SONS OF LIBERTY, 1766.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE COUNTRY, 1776.



THE NATIONAL PURE-FOOD LAW.

THE LAW TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE FROM MISBRANDED AND ADULTERATED FOODS WENT INTO EFFECT JAN. 1.

It is one thing to pass a Pure-Food Law and quite another thing to provide adequate machinery for its enforcement. After years of public agitation, Congress finally enacted a law to protect the American people from adulterated or misbranded foods.

As usual, however, the machinery provided for its enforcement is absolutely inadequate, and it will, therefore, be many years before the public is sure of absolute protection against impure and adulterated food and drink products. It will not be possible for federal officers to hunt down and confiscate every impure, adulterated or misbranded food product in every grocery store throughout the land.

The only safe course to pursue, therefore, is to eat a food product with the manufacture of which you are thoroughly familiar, and the cleanliness and purity of which have been absolutely assured both by observation and experience. Nearly one hundred thousand persons passed through "The Home of Shredded Wheat" at Niagara Falls during the year just closed and inspected the process of manufacturing Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit.

The concerns which have most to fear from the operation of the Pure-Food Law are obviously those which manufacture "compounded" food products. In the case of Shredded Wheat, however, there is absolutely nothing entering into its composition aside from the cooked whole wheat. It is not "compounded" with other cereals or food products and is not "treated" with chemicals of any kind.

People sometimes ask the question: "Why do you draw the cooked wheat out into fine porous shreds before forming into Biscuits and baking? Why not flake it or grind it into a meal?"

Of course there is a dietetic reason for the shredding process. It is this process, in fact, which makes it the most nutritious and the most easily digested of all cereal foods. These shreds not only expose a vast surface to the action of the saliva and gastric juices of the stomach, but, being very porous, they are quickly penetrated by the digestive fluids and are converted into healthy tissue, sound bones, good brain and rich red blood.

The manufacturers of Shredded Wheat invite the fullest public inspection of every detail of the manufacture, from the time the wheat enters the cleaning machines until it emerges from the great ovens in the shape of Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit. To get the full flavor and crispness of Shredded Wheat Biscuit or Triscuit, they should always be heated in an oven before serving. Hot milk also aids in bringing out the delicious flavor of the baked wheat, and to most persons a dash of salt makes them even more agreeable to the palate.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Empires and Emperors. By Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod. New York. Dutton & Co. 1906.

The distinguished author of this book, who is already known to the American literary world through his articles in *Pearson's Magazine*, is a member of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Hungary. Ever since his ancestor took part with King Stephen in the foundation of the Hungarian empire, nine hundred years ago, the members of his family, in succeeding generations, have been eminent in the service of that state. The Count himself was destined for the diplomatic career, but finally decided to take Holy Orders and to devote his energies to the service of the Church. The chief work of his life has been to study the missionary and charitable organizations of the Church and for this purpose he has travelled extensively and has observed most accurately the various phases of life in the different countries which he has visited. On account of his position the Monsignor was granted access to the leading circles wherever he went, while his linguistic attainments, as well as his wide personal experience of men and affairs in every quarter of the globe, gave him an almost unique opportunity of describing the countries through which he has travelled—their people, rulers, and institutions.

The fact that the eyes of the civilized world have been for the past few years centered on Russia and the far East, give to this present work a special value, and the comments of the author serve to place many hitherto obscure points in a clear light. The book, indeed, makes not only interesting, but very instructive, reading, and should be in the hands of every one who wishes to gain a satisfactory knowledge of matters oriental. With regard to the Yellow Peril the author expresses himself as follows: "I venture to think that under the present conditions the majority of the Eastern people have no intention or desire to enlarge their territory beyond its original borders. If they can only get back what is nominally theirs—what, not more than half a century ago, was possessed by them—they will be satisfied. Japan, which is decidedly overpopulated, and cannot adequately provide for its nearly fifty millions of inhabitants, dispersed over the various islands, may possibly have an eye on some of the neighboring Asiatic coast-lands, but for colonizing purposes is more likely to turn its attention towards the South Sea. And since the ambition of Japan has been awakened, and its adaptabilities to modern culture, its unflagging energy, and its admirable military skill, been developed, there is more possibility that in a remote future Nippon might make Australasia the Utopia of its colonizing efforts."

These remarks as well as many other thoughtful reflections in the book give food for thought to those who are striving to forecast the future of the "Land of the Rising Sun."

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs. Edited and arranged by Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap. Boston, 1906. Fides Press.

Few books published in recent years have met with the instant and deep appreciation that marked the publication of "A Modern Martyr," a book that once read cannot be forgotten. Therefore on opening Father Walsh's latest volume the reader will turn first to "thoughts" from Théophane Vénard, and read again the expressions of true, sweet and cheerful piety gleaned from the sayings of the martyr. A brief sketch of the life of Father Vénard prefaces the "thoughts," and a similar plan is followed in the selections from the sayings of Henry Dorie and Just De Bretenières.

The editor's "foreword," written on the Feast of All Saints, is in itself a thought to be constantly borne in mind. Father Walsh says: "To many it is a new thought that ours is an age of saints and martyrs. The reader of current events notes everywhere the spirit of evil, and the huge towers of commerce that dwarf the spires of our churches proclaim the people's greed for gold, yet in the throngs that daily walk the busy streets, in every centre, large and small, the good touch elbows with the bad, and lovers of God are often found where children of darkness were thought to be.

"Saints and sinners have appeared in every age, and the saints of the nineteenth century will compare favorably with those of the past; while the martyrs of our day, especially those of China and Tonquin, natives as well as Europeans, have equaled, in heroism and in numbers, the glorious record of any nation yet evangelized.

"The martyrs of our day have brought to the Church of Christ visible blessings in which, consciously or unconsciously, we have shared, and for which our grateful acknowledgment is due. A wider acquaintance with their lives will strengthen our own faith and broaden our charity, stimulating us to greater service for our fellow-

men,—if at the cost of our own comfort, so much the better."

The Catholic public is indebted to the energetic Director of the Propagation of the Faith for this volume,—beautiful both in contents and form,—which cannot fail to lift the mind from sordid cares to a higher plane of living.

The Light Invisible. By Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906.

The fact that this book has passed into the seventh edition is indisputable proof of the interest excited by the unusual character of its contents. The stories are told in the fascinating literary style that distinguishes the reverend author's work, and that has placed him among the leading English novelists. In the preface Father Benson anticipates the question of the reader. "At least I have taken pains," he says, "to submit the book, before publication, to the judgment of those whose theological learning is sufficient to reassure me that, at least, I have not so far misunderstood my friend's words and tales as to represent him as transgressing the explicit laws of ascetical, moral, mystical or dogmatic theology."

The fifteen tales narrate many most unusual incidents and depict scenes revealed only "to one possessed of an intense form of the gift of spiritual perception." This perception revealed to him "The Green Robe," "The Watcher," gloating over the death of a bird, the visions in "Over the Gateway," "Consolatrix Afflictorum," "Unto Babes," and the other stories related by the venerable priest.

One of the most pathetic and tender stories in the collection is "Unto Babes," the moral of which is "that intellect has not much to do with the knowledge of God; and that the things which He hides from the wise and prudent He reveals to babes."

Catholic Home Annual. Benziger Bros. 1907.

Little Folks Annual. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907.

The Catholic Home Annual, as usual, contains many notable features in pictures, stories and articles, together with the calendar information for the Christian year.

The little folks are also thoughtfully provided with a literary treat and as ample a supply of pictures.

Life of St. Vincent de Paul. Translated from the French. Christian Press Association. New York. 1906. 33 cents net.

This biography of St. Vincent de Paul will be read with interest by Catholics in general, and particularly by those who are connected with charitable associations. The work has been translated and carefully abridged from the more voluminous one of Rev. Peter Collet, to bring it within the reach of all classes. The substance and spirit of the original have been retained, and the omissions have been principally confined to details of the saint's many benevolent expeditions and professional negotiations.

Soggarth Aroon. By Rev. Joseph Guinan. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906.

Under this title the author presents a series of word pictures, depicting scenes in the lives of the Irish peasantry. They show not only the actual conditions in a mountain parish in Ireland, but reveal incidentally, as well, the devotion of the priest to his people, and their profound love and respect for their spiritual guide. Here and there happy incidents and flashes of wit relieve the rather sombre character of the tales as a whole, and no one can read without being impressed with the simplicity, charity and whole-heartedness of the people, whose life-stories are so exquisitely told by their "Soggarth Aroon."

We extend fraternal greetings to *The Field Afar*, a new publication (Boston, Mass.) having for its purpose, as its name implies, the making known of the work being done by the Church in foreign lands. The first number presents an interesting table of contents; one feature of special and tender interest to the many friends of the late Rev. James Feeney, C.SS.R.,—who cheerfully volunteered for the mission in Porto Rico,—is the sketch of his life and missionary labors.

It is to be hoped that *The Field Afar* will meet with such appreciation that the subscription list will speedily surpass even the most sanguine expectations of its energetic editor, Rev. James Anthony Walsh, who spares no effort to extend the great work of the Propagation of the Faith.

The McBride and Literature Art Books. Book Two. By B. Ellen Burke. Educational Publishing Company. Boston and New York.

This charming little book contains chiefly selections from the poets, but the children are supplied with material for many language lessons through the pictures, which suggest stories to be composed from the words found in columns in some of the pages. Mrs. Burke, the well-known educator, has done an admirable work in bringing out those art books, which should be used in every home as well as in every classroom.

Can you not furnish the text of the Concordat of 1801 to your readers? This document has been discussed very frequently in the papers during the past months, and yet no one has published it. We could form a better opinion of matters for ourselves if we had the documents under discussion.

Convention between the French Government and His Holiness, Pius VII:

"The Government of the Republic recognizes that the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion is the religion of the great majority of French citizens.

"His Holiness likewise recognizes that the said religion has received, and further at this time expects the greatest good and the greatest honor from the establishment of the Catholic worship in France, and from the particular profession of it made by the Consuls of the Republic.

"Consequently, after this mutual recognition, they have agreed upon what follows, as well for the good of religion as for the maintenance of internal tranquillity.

"Art. 1. The Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion shall be freely exercised in France. Its worship shall be public, but in conformity with the rules of police which the Government shall judge necessary for public tranquillity.

"2. A new circumscription of French dioceses shall be made by the Holy See in concert with the Government.

"3. His Holiness shall declare to the titularies of the French sees, that he expects of them with a firm confidence every sort of sacrifice, even that of their sees, for the good of peace and unity.

"After this exhortation, should they refuse this sacrifice required by the good of the Church, a refusal nevertheless which His Holiness does not expect, provision shall be made by new titularies for the government of the bishoprics of the new circumscription, as follows:

"4. The First Consul of the Republic shall name, within the three months following the publication of the Bull of His Holiness, archbishops and bishops of the new circumscription. His Holiness will confer canonical institution according to the forms established in respect of France before the change of Government.

"5. Nominations to bishoprics, which afterwards become vacant, shall also be made by the First Consul, and canonical institution shall be given by the Holy See, in conformity with the preceding article.

"6. The bishops, before entering upon their office, shall make direct to the First Consul the oath of fidelity which was in use before the change of Government, as follows:

" 'I swear and promise to God, upon the holy Gospels, to maintain obedience and fidelity to the Government established by the Constitution of the French Republic. I promise likewise not to hold any communication, not to be present at any design, nor to enter into any engagement, whether within or without, which is contrary to the public tranquillity; and if in my diocese or elsewhere I learn of any design to the prejudice of the State, I will make it known to the Government.'

"7. Ecclesiastics of the second order shall make the same oath to the civil authorities designated by the Government.

"8. The following prayer shall be recited at the end of the Divine Office in all the Catholic churches of France:

" 'Domine, salvam fac rempublicam; Domine, salvos fac consules.'

"9. The bishops shall make a new circumscription of the parishes of their dioceses, which shall not take effect until it has received the consent of the Government.

"10. The bishops shall appoint the curés. Their choice can only fall on persons accepted by the Government.

"11. The bishops may have a Chapter for their cathedral, and a seminary for their diocese, without obligation on the part of the Government to endow them.

"12. All metropolitan, cathedral, parochial and other churches not alienated, which are necessary for worship, shall be put at the disposition of the bishops.

"13. His Holiness, for the good of peace and the happy re-establishment of the Catholic religion, declares that neither he nor his successors shall in any way trouble those who have acquired alienated ecclesiastical goods, and that in consequence the property of these goods, the rights and revenues attached to them, shall remain unchanged in their hands and in those of their representatives.

"14. The Government will assure a suitable support to the bishops and the curés whose dioceses and cures shall be comprised in the new circumscription.

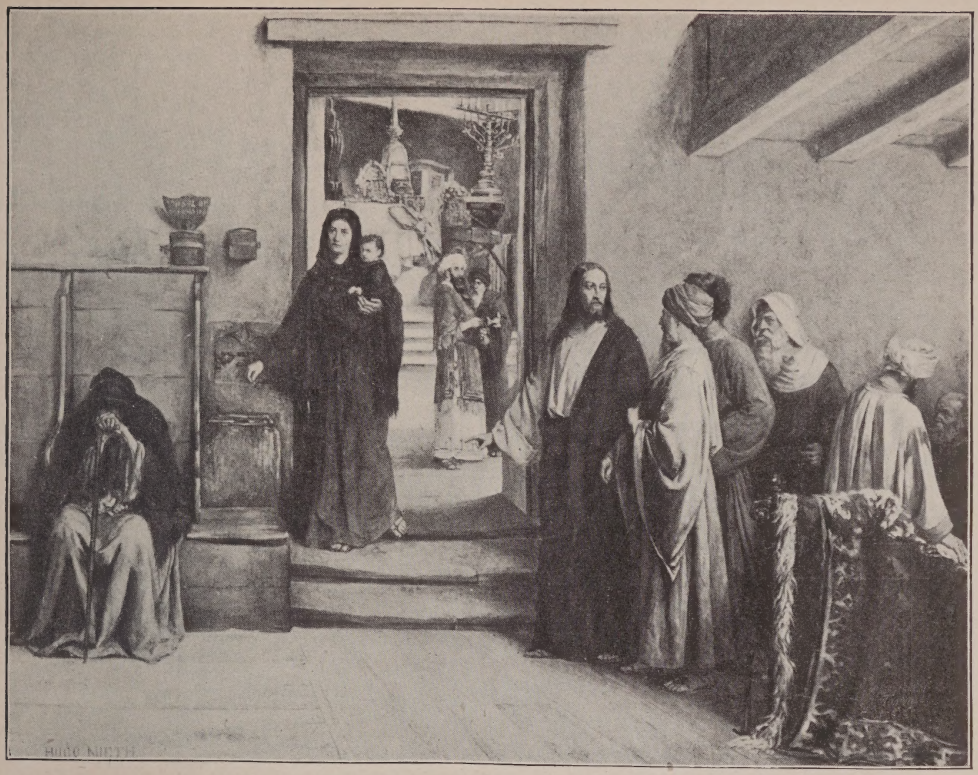
"15. The Government will likewise take measures in order that French Catholics may, if they choose, make endowments in favor of the churches.

"16. His Holiness recognizes in the First Consul of the French Republic the same rights and prerogatives as the old Government enjoyed in regard to the Holy See.

"17. It is agreed between the contracting parties that in case any one of the successors of the actual First Consul should not be Catholic, the rights and prerogatives mentioned in the article above and the appointment of bishops shall be regulated in respect to him by a new convention.

"Ratifications shall be exchanged at Paris within forty days.

"Done at Paris, the 26th messidor of the ninth year of the French Republic, 15th July, 1801."



THE WIDOW'S MITE.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

A SICK CALL IN BRITTANY.

Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LVII. MARCH, 1907 No. 3

SHIPPING FROZEN UP, ST. JOHN'S HARBOR.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS FISHERIES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD F. CURRAN.

To persons living outside Newfoundland it must seem strange that so much commotion could be made by a colony numbering so few in population. But if any so inclined to think were to read the checkered history of the Island they would soon realize that a country of 42,000 square miles in area,—and with a source of wealth such as the Newfoundland fisheries,—should of necessity claim attention from powerful governments, some of whose subjects may gain their livelihood from the sea. Thus France and Spain, because of their fishermen, wrestled with England for rights on the Island. They have disappeared from the Colony's history, the last remnant of French authority ceasing two years ago. Canada attempted to give trouble, but failed; and now the United States, in the flush of victory over Spain, has spoken up and demanded an extension of some previous Treaty rights in the waters of the Colony.

The history of Newfoundland begins with the morning of the twenty-fourth of June—St. John's Day—1497, when John Cabot in the *Matthew*, a vessel of fifty tons, after a fifty-three days' voyage from Bristol, sighted land in the west,—Newland, or Newfoundland. By him it was thought to be a collection of islands, and this mistake has led to various theories concerning the part of the island

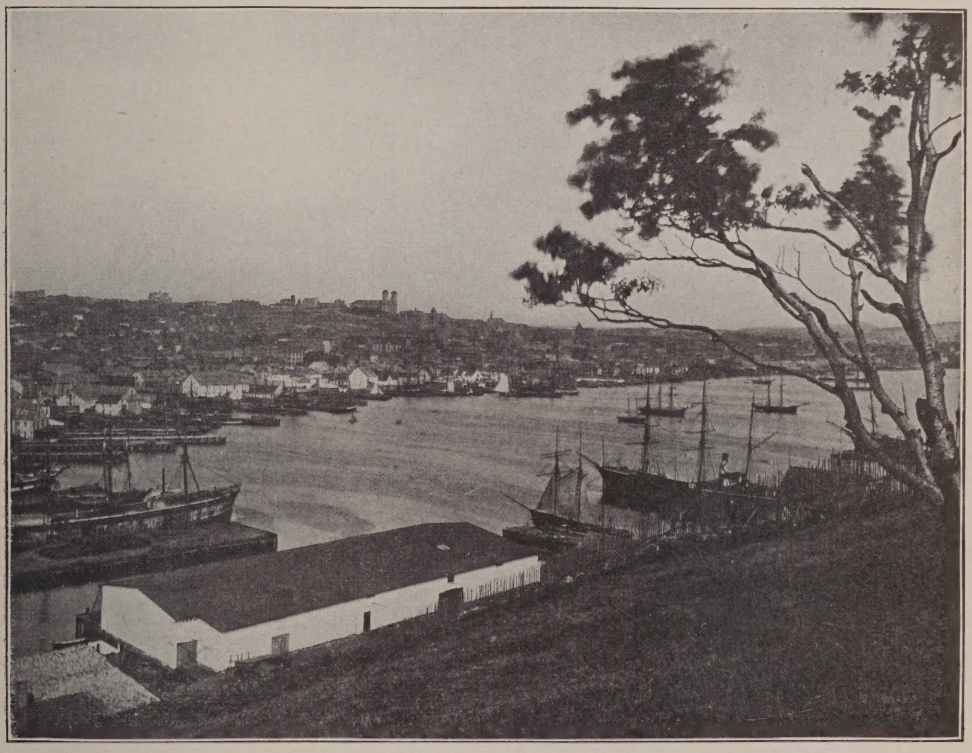
he first sighted. To general readers it is neither a matter of interest or of importance to know anything of the rather heated controversy on the question of the landfall of Cabot. And even if they did wish to spend useful time over a useless question, they would come to the conclusion that no theory has been proved. Perhaps one of the surprises history has in store for us is that Cabot did not discover the Island at all, but landed in Cape Breton or some spot south of Newfoundland. Local tradition has it, however, that Cabot sighted the place now known as Bonavista. Let it be so.

"THE NARROWS;" THE ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S HARBOR, WITH ICEBERGS AND STEAMERS.

The reports brought to England about the newly-discovered land aroused some interest among the gamblers and freebooters of the Court, and his majesty, Henry VII, rewarded Cabot with a gift of ten pounds sterling; "to Hym that found the New Isle, 10 £." Early in the sixteenth century fishermen from England, with those from Portugal, Normandy, Brittany, and the Basque Provinces, came annually to the country to prosecute the fisheries. All these have left souvenirs of their visits in the various names they gave to the harbors, inlets, and havens in which they sheltered for the fishing season. In 1527 there were to be found in St. John's Harbor eleven ships, and about fifty years later on the number on the coast had increased to near four hundred, of which only fifty were English. Whether part of the crews of any of these remained in the Island over winter, it is impossible to say, but the probabilities would seem to be against it, at least for a considerable time after the discovery of the country. The arrival of a Biscayan priest in 1549,

to look after the spiritual interests of his fellow countrymen, may possibly lead to the suspicion that there were some of the Biscayan fishers stopping over season.

Whatever may have been the case we have no historical evidence of any attempt at colonization till Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a half brother of Raleigh, made a sham move in that direction when he set out from England and took possession of the country on the fifth of August, 1583, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, establishing at the same time the reformed religion of her majesty. It is extremely doubtful if this rover ever seriously meant to establish a colony; most probably his voyage was made in the hope of gaining funds by privateering on the high seas. If he had any intention of colonizing it was strange that he should steadily decline to give grants of land to the fishing merchants then in St. John's. Shortly after he had formally annexed the Island he departed. He had set out from England with five ships and two hundred and fifty men of the worst character; of these three ships only arrived at St. John's, and only one —the *Golden Hind,* of forty tons, arrived back to England. Gilbert, and all on board, had gone down in the *Squirrel.*



CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, WITH CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL STANDING PROMINENTLY ON TOP OF HILL.

The presence of so many ships of different nationalities on the Newfoundland coast brought about considerable trade and commerce. This must have been well known in the British Isles quite early, for in 1595 Sir Geoffrey Fenton—who for twenty-seven years acted as Elizabeth's Counsellor in Ire-

land—sent out two ships to obtain provisions for the army and people in Ireland: "Fish and provisions" were sent for, he informs Burghley. These must have been principally wine and salt, and other commodities brought by fishermen from France, Spain and Portugal. It may perhaps be of interest, in passing, to note that Newfoundland is one of the best places to obtain good port, and that large consignments of this wine are sent here to mature and acquire that bouquet for which it is remarkable. Fenton's act of sending to St. John's for supplies which he could obtain only with the greatest difficulty and danger in Europe was one of those marks of shrewdness that kept him continually in favor with Elizabeth for a period that was indeed rare in those days.

It is a general rule that immigration is encouraged in new countries; to this Newfoundland is an exception. The fiercest opposition was here made to any attempt at settling in the Colony. For the most part this opposition came from covetous Englishmen whose greed for gold knew no bounds; who by misrepresentation, lying and spreading false reports, obtained sufficient power from the English Government to succeed to a considerable degree in their efforts. Still, in spite of them, there were settlers hiding away in the inlets on the eastern coast, gaining a scant livelihood by fishing. We meet with colonizing companies, but these were really nothing more than monopolies given to scheming hangers-on at the Court. It was one of the greatest blessings conferred on the country that each and every one of these companies failed. We are now free and

HAY MARKET, THE BEACH.

SCHOONERS IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOR.

independent; it would be a different thing had these tyrants succeeded in getting control of the land. In the history of colonization it is hard to find anything to equal the coarseness and brutality of the adventurers who infested these shores during the first century after the discovery of the Island.

John Guy of Bristol obtained through the influence of Bacon a grant for a huge strip of territory at the foot of Conception Bay, on the east coast. He arrived in 1610 with about forty persons. But he was not long here before a warfare broke out between his colony and the English fishermen. Damage was done to his buildings and complaints lodged against him in the Court. Two years later, 1612, a few more persons came out from England to Guy's settlement, but he himself was already getting tired of the business, and next year returned to his native town. About 1628 the settlement had to break up owing to the anarchy that was reigning both on land and sea. All along the coast wherever there was a chance of a vessel the seas were infested with buccaneers who seized everything they could lay hands on. Tumults and disorders were of frequent occurrence, and there appears to have been no one with sufficient strength or authority to put down villainy. Within a few years of Guy's attempt at colonization some other attempts were made, but they ended in dismal failure. Of all, that of Baltimore is alone remembered, more by reason of the founder's name than by any good he ever did. In 1623 he obtained a grant of land on the peninsula on which the capital, St. John's, is built, and called it Avalon, a name it still retains. He brought out about forty persons, including three priests, and settled in Ferryland. Had he succeeded, it is difficult to estimate

what the effect would have been on the history of the country. I believe his failure to have been one of the greatest boons ever conferred on the Island.

Under Charles I. a Star Chamber order, of 1633, prohibited all ships from carrying any persons to the Island other than those engaged in the fishery; for a breach of which order, it went on to say, "speedy punishment may be inflicted on

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING BOAT, FLAKES, AND STAGES.

offenders." Another order under Charles II. was issued in 1670 forcing every ship's master to deposit one hundred pounds, binding himself not to carry out passengers, and to bring back to England all those who went to Newfoundland on his ship. Failing to observe these directions he forfeited the deposited money. It was also even suggested to the Home Government by one of our governors that no woman be allowed to land on the Island, and that those already there be removed. All the enactments against permanent settlement were solely in the interests of West of England traders who wanted the Island to be kept a mere fishing station. By the efforts of these men colonization was so kept down that instead of having a population to-day of millions (which the country could support) it has the miserable aggregate of something over two hundred and twenty thousand.

Fishermen and others who did attempt to visit the shores were subject to great injustice at the hands of what were known as "Fishing Admirals." The master of the first vessel to enter harbor for the fishing season became the Admiral and Magistrate for that season.

As these skippers were rude, rough scoundrels without a notion of what justice or right meant, and had absolute power, they ruled with a fierceness perfectly characteristic. They trampled on all rights of the poor fishermen, and committed every kind of outrage, either at the command of their masters, the fishing merchants, or when bribed by litigants. They seized the best places for fishing, the best anchorages, and woe betide the one that dared question their acts of lawlessness, or their power. No language can depict the ravages caused by these scoundrels; the fishermen had no hope of redress, the Admirals no fear of punishment. It is not difficult to form some idea of the excesses indulged in. After nearly two hundred years, tardy justice came, very grudgingly, from England. It was not kindness or friendship that then dictated to the English this measure of justice, and Newfoundlanders have nothing to thank Britain for. Nothing but persecution and coercion was ever received from the Imperial Government until the day arrived when the Treaty of American Independence had to be signed. That gave England a start, and brought liberty to her colonies. Nevertheless the policy of coercion ran on till the early years of the nineteenth century. As late as 1799 boundary fences of private lands, and chimneys were pulled down by order of the governor. And it was not until 1825 that the first sod was turned for a public road, when a few miles of a highway were built from St. John's to a neighboring hamlet.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a considerable number of Irish came to the country to serve at the fisheries for two summers and a winter. Some returned to the Old Land; the vast majority remained and settled. A greater number, however, fled from Ireland after the troublous times of '98 and '46, and particularly during 1814-15. They fled from persecution only to find themselves out of the frying pan into the fire. Persecution, relentless and cruel, raged in the Colony, against the Catholics throughout a couple of centuries. One governor, Dorrill by name, (1755-56), played the part of a little Cromwell. He pursued the Catholics with a hatred that could scarcely be exceeded by his great prototype. One case is worth mentioning. A report reached Dorrill that a priest had celebrated Mass in Harbor Grace. He instantly despatched an order to the magistrate to have the priest apprehended and sent to St. John's. A warning was given the priest and he escaped, but his poor Catholic friends suffered. Six persons were convicted and sentenced to fines, the burning of their property, and banishment—some from the settlement, some from the Island. A few miles away, some sixteen persons suffered for a like offence. Every building where Mass had been said by this priest was ordered to be burned to the ground. Amelioration from this kind of persecution was given in 1784 by a proclamation granting full liberty of conscience, but it was not till many a year had passed that Catholics could either hold positions of trust, or even enjoy the partial freedom supposed to be granted to them.

It is difficult, indeed, to go over the history of oppression and tyranny to which Catholics were subjected without having feelings of bitterness awakened within us. I shall, therefore, leave this painful subject, and review the history of the difficulties that from time to time have been raised about the fisheries.

By many it is thought that the Newfoundland fisheries consist only in cod-fishing, but the fisheries embrace catches of herring, lobster, salmon, seal, and

whale. Leaving out the whale fishery, the money value of the other fisheries for the year 1904-05 amounted to $8,137,767. Of this sum codfish brought in $6,414,063,—that is fish and oil included; herring yielded a value of $379,938; lobsters $512,662; salmon $85,869. Engaged in the fisheries are 40,405 men and 20,852 women, or in all 61,257, according to the last census.

The trouble that became so acute in recent years between the Newfoundland fishermen and those of France, and now with those of the United States, was brought about by the blundering diplomacy of the English authorities. Fifty years ago the west coast of Newfoundland was practically a wilderness, unknown and uncared for. But to-day it has all the appearances of becoming the most flourishing and important part of the Island. For, while the eastern seaboard is on the whole bleak and wild the west is rich and fertile. The present growth of the west coast is principally due to the efforts of Mgr. Sears, the first Prefect Apostolic, who died in 1885. Next to the spread of Catholicity Mgr. Sears held the progress and development of the west coast dear to his heart and left no stone unturned to bring the value of its resources before the Government and the public. As it is about the fishery on this part of the coastline that both France and the United States have claimed rights, it is but natural that every effort should be made by Newfoundland to oust them from competing with local fishermen.

The claims of France date from the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, which gave to French fishermen the concurrent right to fish on the west coast, over a shore-line of about 750 miles. By the terms of the Treaty they were not allowed, among other things, to erect permanent buildings on the coast, nothing but huts for the curing of fish being permitted. English diplomacy takes peculiar turns at times, and one of the most pitiable examples of incompetency is the way in which treaties about Newfoundland have been interpreted. The terms of the Treaty of Utrecht are so plainly worded that the average individual would think it an impossibility that any misunderstanding should arise over the fishing rights on the Newfoundland coast. To the English Government a different view—principally dictated by fear—was taken, and the coolest and most audacious assumptions of the French Government were allowed to pass with a shrug of the shoulders. Moreover, all attempts of Newfoundland to see that the Treaty was faithfully carried out were over-ridden by the Imperial authorities. And thus we had the anomaly of seeing the best part of our territory held back from the natural progress due to it, because of the presence of the French, who under the cover of warships, both of France and England, violated the Treaty in the most shameful manner, and treated Newfoundlanders more like dogs than British subjects. A periodic *Modus Vivendi* was signed by England and France, by which France got the fruit of the plum and the English the cast-away stone.

Such a state of things could not possibly continue, particularly after the brave action of a local merchant who tested the acts of English naval commanders by taking one before the Civil Courts and winning his action. The Newfoundland Government quietly but insistently kept the matter before the Home Government with the result that an arrangement was entered into by the English and French Governments that put an end to the coming of the French

to our shores. There were triumphant torchlight processions, interchanging of congratulations between citizens—as if peace had been declared after some great war—exhibitions of mutual admiration among politicians, and general rejoicing throughout the country, when the news came that the French Shore question had been forever settled. The dark night had passed and the dawn of future greatness had begun. But the echoes of the cheers had just died away and progress had scarcely begun when the country was cast back again by a similar *Modus Vivendi*—a term hateful to every Newfoundlander—drawn up between England and the United States. Indignation now replaces the happiness all had felt when the French difficulty was settled. To those in the Colony the arrangement, like that with France, seems to be a one-sided affair—that the United States simply dictated to the English Government and *made* it grant what was asked. No one need be astonished at this, seeing that a theatrical nincompoop like Winston Churchill is second in command at the Colonial Office.

It is merely a question of self-defence that makes Newfoundland exclude the United States fishermen from privileges that would be detrimental to the Colony. The terms of the treaties and conventions of 1783, 1818, 1854, 1871, between the United States and England are so well known to all that it is not necessary to quote them here. The stand that Newfoundland has taken in not noticing the recent international *Modus Vivendi* is as brave as it is unique. England has been put in a corner, and it will take considerable diplomatic correspondence to get her out of it. The Colony's attitude is honest and legal:—that laws to which the King's assent has been given cannot be interfered with by mere arrangements entered into by bureaucrats. And this is just what has happened; the laws governing the fisheries did obtain royal assent, and the recent *Modus Vivendi* is only a bureaucratic arrangement between Washington and Downing Street. The Colony's action has now been declared valid by the lower Courts of Justice in a recent test case, and if upheld by the Supreme Court, it remains to be seen how England will undo the wretched blundering of the Colonial Office.

This imbroglio has brought Newfoundland prominently before the world, and, as usual, all kinds of conjectures are made about how the matter will end. The political importance of the Island to England is beyond all question, and it is sheer nonsense to think that anything like annexation between the Colony and the United States will take place. Even if England were willing for such a move Canada would not tolerate it; it would bring a greater tension between the Mother country and her great North American possession than the Alaskan award did. And the reason is evident. The geographical situation of Newfoundland gives it a strategetical importance that Canada, or England while she possesses Canada, cannot afford to lose. Perhaps this is one of the principal reasons why certain politicians in Canada are so anxious to "round off the Dominion" by the confederation of the Island. If union were once effected Canada's defences, in case of war, would be strengthened to an enormous degree by having such an outpost as Newfoundland, which would block all entry to the St. Lawrence. To allow the "Key" (as Newfoundland has been called) of that river to pass to the United States would be madness. Nothing but war with England can ever give the republic the slightest hope of securing Newfound-

land, and even then the difficulties to be overcome would render its annexation extremely doubtful.

Among Newfoundlanders there is a genuine love for the United States, most especially among the Catholics, who can count friends and relatives from the Old Land as well as from our own shores, friends who found a home in the States after escaping the tyranny of English rule in Ireland, and friends who, failing to obtain a sufficiency in Newfoundland, have succeeded in building up careers and attaining to affluence in the republic. But, after all, this is only sentiment and has no political value. The Colony prefers its own government; its own ways of doing things, backward as they may be sometimes, and this is one of the reasons why so much antagonism has been always shown to Confederation with Canada. The fishermen fear that if this sparsely populated country be swallowed up in the great Dominion of Canada, laws not fitting for Newfoundland life will be forced upon them by the Canadian majority. There is some sentiment here also, but I dare not proceed for this is a very touchy point with every Newfoundlander. Whatever be the outcome of the present difficulty with the United States over fishing rights, one thing is certain: Newfoundland means to make a spirited and brave fight.

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MICKY MEEHAN'S EXILE.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Of indispensable and invaluable things to whose worth we never awake till we are going to lose them, there are fivescore and five. At Knockagar, Micky Meehan was our fivescore-and-fifth.

Man and boy and helpless baby, Micky had been with us thirty years and three (thirty-four, come Old Hallowday, said Shusy Maguire, the chronologer) on that lonesome day the word was passed, and the sad news spread like moor afire, that he was going to leave us—going nine far miles away, into the parish of Dhrimholme, to his grand-uncle, Taigy Haran, who had come, a moneyed man, from America, and bought a farm there, and wanted Micky to mind the farm for him, and to heir it (and likely more) when the old man died.

I admit it was glad news as well as sad news—for there wasn't a neighbor in Knockagar who was not overjoyed at Micky's good fortune, and who wouldn't be enchanted to hear he had become heir to an earldom. But, curiously, every one was down-hearted as well.

For fifteen years gone, Micky had been an orphan, his lee-alone in the world. But he had had a happy life for all that, above want, and beyond care. He wrought a day with this man, and a week with that, and a month with the other, earning a pound like an honest fellow, and spending it like a prince. As he owned neither land nor strand, hoof nor roof, himself, he ate and he slept, and he sung his song, in the house of the man he wrought to. So, at one time and other, Micky was bed-fellow to every boy in the barony. Micky wasn't possessed of a single dazzling quality, at all. He distinguished himself in a row only by getting clear of it as smoothly as he could; instead of love-making, he

usually let the girls make love to him—for he was that sort of a good-natured soul that made a fine stand-by for them, when the world and more ardent boys deceived them; he was a moderate dancer, and went to every spree in the country—not to make, but just to enjoy, enjoyment; though, it must be admitted that no spree was perfect without a couple of Micky's emotional songs, rendered in his own pathetic key.

So, we were so used to Micky, daily and nightly, that we never realized his positive worth—never; that is, until this day on which flew the rumor that we were going to lose him. But when we hurried to each others' houses to sympathize, the knowledge gradually dawned on us that poor Micky, God prosper him! hadn't an ill bone in his body; that we knew him now as long as we did—for thirty years and more—and in all that time his loud word or his unseemly one hadn't been heard in the parish; no one ever knew him to offend a child, or as much as cast an ill word at a dog; the frown was never known on his countenance, but wherever you met him you met a warm heart; and Micky wasn't the boy to look over your head if he saw you in the fair or far from home. We very soon discovered ninety-score and nine good turns Micky had done to this one and to that, in their strait or their distress, never casting up a claim therefor to man or mortal after. And when we had finished comparing notes, poor Micky Meehan was the noblest and decentest and the grandest boy ever stepped in shoe leather!

Micky went up to Dhrimholme on Easter Sunday,—to get the lie of the land, as he said,—and brought Tammas Higarty's Anthony and Black Denis O'Friel with him, to keep him from thinking. They spent the night above, and traveled home next day, till Micky would make arrangements for a formal departure. They brought back encouraging enough reports regarding the nature of the country and the fertility of the land—barring, Micky told with a tear in his eye, you wouldn't see the size of your hat of heather on a square mile of hill; but in respect to the natives, their reports were not equally consoling, for, of three houses into which they had dropped and asked a drink (with ulterior motives), the *black* water was tendered them in two; and though they got bowls of milk in the third, the people, who sat at a fine Easter dinner, never asked them if the hunger was on them. That was dispiriting news for us. "Throth, Micky," we said, "it's often we've heerd discreditable tales about the same Dhrimholme,"—for an occasional enterprising one of our young men had penetrated into it to look for a wife,—"but we didn't think they were haythins out an' out! We're sorry for ye, Micky," which was bringing meal to the mill, surely. But Micky's Uncle Taig was a good-hearted sort of old fellow himself, and there was no mistaking that he had a snug patch of land, and plenty of the American gold. So, this raised our hearts a bit.

Micky was finally to leave us on Sunday next. It was arranged that the Convoy should be held on Saturday night; and Phelie Carrabin's, as the roomiest house in the parish, was accorded the distinction of accommodating Micky's friends on the occasion.

For the first week in the memory of the parish, Micky Meehan now walked about, idly smoking his pipe, and wearing his Sunday clothes. To all corners of the parish he loitered, over the hills and dales, to say farewell to everybody —sitting down on a potato ridge in this field, and on a ditch in that, to *gosther* with them that plied the spade, and to listen to sage advice, suggestion and speculation from these sympathetic ones,

who, while they spoke, looked him over and through with poorly concealed looks of pity. Micky smoked, listened and gazed at the ground all through their discourse.

When he arose, to go further, he did so with a sigh; and, leaning on their spades, they watched him till he went over the hill from their sight; and then they bent to their spades again, and worked without speaking. Micky did not stay from his journeys till he had shook the hand of, and said farewell to, the child in arms in the uppermost house in the parish.

On Saturady night, at Phelie Carrabin's, there was a great gathering of Micky Meehan's friends, and Rory M'Groary with his fiddle. Phelie's was filled, in fact, kitchen and room—crammed and jammed, with just a clear patch in the centre of the floor, where the front door was laid down for the dancers. There was many's a fresh-lipped girl came to pay her farewell respects to poor Micky; and many's a brave young boy, too; and men and women, moreover—both the fresh and the gray. And every one brought his crack and his joke and his song to help the company. Dancing there was, *go leor;* and drink flowed like the Dreen water. A pleasanter company—the circumstances considered—hadn't come together at Knockagar for a month of Sundays gone before.

Micky's faithful henchmen, Tammas Higarty's Anthony and Black Denis O'Friel, kept themselves busy as nailers directing the spree, and looking after the needs and comforts of everybody. Micky himself was left little to do but look on and enjoy. He was in all parts of the house, and had a chat with everybody. And with each of half a dozen of his dearest girls, he danced a jig, or ran a reel.

"*Maisha,* Micky, it's I'm thinkin' ye'll have a happy life in Dhrimholme," black-eyed Annie Gillespie said to Micky when she got him down beside her after a dance.

Micky dropped his gaze on the ground and said, "God knows, Annie!"

"Arrah, give over with yer purtendin' now! Ye know as well as I do, ye'll be as happy as the day's long."

"Maybe, maybe," Micky said, with the slightest wee hint of a sigh.

"A lovely counthry, all woods and scrugs, I'm told," said Annie, "and as green as Marg'et MacIntyre's skirt."

"Lovely, ye-es—and green enough, too," said Micky.

"And laivin's and lashin's of purty girls, I am told?"

"Are there?"

"Are there?" said Annie, with withering sarcasm.

"Well, I suppose you're right," said Micky. "But on Easter Sunda', when meself and Tammas' Anthony and Black Denis were above, their mothers boulted all the good-lookin' wans within-doors an' let out the scran" (refuse).

Annie tried to conceal her pleasure from the searching tail of Micky's eye.

"Ye'll very soon forget poor Knockagar, Micky," she said, after a minute.

"Forget Knockagar!" said Micky, with sudden energy. "Not—not, Annie, while there's a breath in this bosom"—and he struck his chest a resounding blow.

"Ah! no, Annie. Annie dear," he said then in a soft voice again, "I'll not forget Knockagar. My mimory 'll not part with a rush-bush in it. There's not a day the sun dawns on me in Dhrimholme that, sowin' or mowin', I won't thravel every foot in all Knockagar—in me mind; an' sit a while by every hearth-side within its boundharies. Forget Knockagar! Ach!"

"And ye railly have the notion ye'll mind every wan of us, Micky, *a chroidhe?*"

"I'll not forget yistherday's baby; and, Annie darlin', make yer mind aisy, I'll not forget *you;* and I'll not forget the nights we come home from Donegal fair together, and the Sunda' evenin's on the Brown Braes—and five-an'-fifty other things we'll not mind mentionin' now, I'll not forget, Annie *a chuislé.*"

He slipped his arm around her and gathered her gently and affectionately to his side for a moment; and, as duty called, then left her,—happy.

And from all hearts in all parts of the house, that night, Micky encountered the pitiful protest, "Ach, but Micky, ye'll soon forget Knockagar!" which he met with the sad assurance, "I'll not forget a cow's thrack from end to wynd of it!"

Even the Masther had come to do Micky honor. Out of respect to Micky's hastening departure, he had on that day, in the little school on the windy hill-end, made a speech to his pupils, and given them half an hour's early leave. He was here now, and in such a politely superior manner did he acquit himself in all that was expected of him, that Micky was both proud and delighted. And when the night advanced beyond twelve, the Masther announced his intention of drinking a farewell toast to Michael—as he preferred calling him. And when, in well-chosen words and beautifully rounded periods, with wealth of classic and historic allusion, the Masther had paid a glowing tribute to Michael, prophesied for him a glad and prosperous future, assured him of the warm place he had made for himself in the hearts "of this vast multitude, whose despairing, upturned faces," he said, "I sadly see around me," he concluded by wishing him health, wealth, prosperity and the blessing of God where he was going; and drank the toast in deep silence.

And as the gathering then turned their eyes upon Michael, he knew that an acknowledgment was expected of him. They well knew the form which Michael's acknowledgment would take. They knew well that it would be a ballad; they expected it would be a sad one. Michael needed not long to examine his repertoire, to cull the most appropriate. That it was only too well chosen, might be read in many a moistening eye, and in the tremor of poor Michael's voice, ere he had finished drawing out the first line: "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin."

There was no mistaking the glistening things that came and went in his eyes, on the last lines; and instantly he had finished, he withdrew his head into the shadow. The company, who would as soon have thought of applauding a *Pater* and *Ave,* remained, with looks downcast, uncomfortably silent, save that a big man here and there rid his throat with a short, hard cough. Annie Gillespie was examining the texture in her shawl-fringes and testing it by tugging; and several women were openly wiping their eyes. Without being able to account for it, as the song had progressed, the feeling grew upon every soul present, that Micky was about to leave them and Ireland, forever.

The Masther put an end to the painful pause by stepping forward to bid Micky good-by, which, strange for him, he did with few words, and those not flowery; the scholar had got lost in the man, for as he pressed Micky's hand, he simply said, "God be with ye, Micky," turned and walked out.

Then, one by one, all others who did not anticipate seeing him on the morrow, said their good-bys, too,—said them low and sadly, and went out into the night.

On Sunday afternoon it was a goodly gathering of young men and maidens that set out along the road with Micky, to smooth his way to exile. A bright, sunny, glad afternoon it was, with the bushes and the fields donning their green

garments, the whin bushes by the way holding aloft their golden flames, and the larks choiring in the deep overhead.

Every one made an effort to be gay; they joked, and chatted, and laughed, and courted, as they went.

At the foot of every little lane that debouched on the road, was gathered a group of old and young, waiting to grasp Micky's hand and say their good-bys. And down every hillside, too, a little band came trooping, to say to him a last word, and give him a feeble cheer.

After his convoy had carried him half the way, they, in twos and threes, parted with him, till at length he was left with Tammas Higarty's Anthony and Black Denis O'Friel, the ever-faithful two, only. They did not quit him till he came to the hill over his Uncle Taig's house. Their leave-taking seemed both inordinately cold and abrupt. Each of them in turn suddenly took Micky's hand and let it fall again, merely saying, "Good-by, Micky." They did not even look him in the eye; they turned and walked off as fast as if they were going to a fair. After they walked for several minutes, Black Denis began whistling a very disjointed tune, but had not perpetrated many bars when Tammas Higarty's Anthony said with considerable warmth, "Damn ye, Denis!" Then the tune suddenly stopped, and no other familiarity passed between them till, in record time, they reached Denis' lane, when they said "Good-night!" and each went to his own home.

On the fourth morning after, Micky Meehan, with his little bundle, stepped into the parish of Knockagar again. To the jubilant and cheering, if astounded, ones, who fell upon him instantly, he announced in a ringing voice: "Fine and wealthy is both me Uncle Taig and Dhrimholme, but the homesickness and fret tuk me the minute Black Denis and Tammas' Anthony left me. I stayed three days, and goolden chains couldn't houl' me longer. So, 'Farewell' (says I in me own mind) 'to ye, Uncle Taig, yer wealth and wide lands—a happy heart and Knockagar is enough for me!' So, boys and girls, here's Micky back to ye, never to leave ye no more." We cheered him with all the power of our lungs.

But his Uncle Taig's wealth and wide lands came to him ere many years—and little Annie Gillespie also. His heart, always happy, was happier still. And Micky, God bless him, "never left us no more."

BRIDHEEN O'DRISCOLL.

A Ballad of Moondharrig.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Little Bridheen O'Driscoll, with hair like rays o' the sun
An' eyes that shone like Suir, an' smiled till the heart was won.
Moondharrig was never the same since *they* took the child away,
Och! where was the Blessed Mother that dark an' sorrowful day?

Wild was the grief in Moondharrig—our hearts grew heavy as stone
When came the white-faced neighbors an' made the tidings known,
They found her dead on the hillside, an' knew the *Sidhe* were there,
By rustling o' silver hazels in stillness o' the air.

The breath o' the winter is gone, an' the sun is hot in the sky,
The innocent daisies smiling, the primrose peeping shy,
But the wee girleen that loved them recks light o' their beauty now—
A Fairy Queen *they've* crowned her on Knocksheegowna's brow.

It broke the heart o' her mother—she's dead this many a day—
The grass an' the holy shamrocks have covered her woes away.
Asthru! 'tis black with the world—her father's mind is gone—
He says that she meets him nightly in shadow o' Slievenamon.

That day!—but 'tis well I mind me— poor Bridheen strayed alone,
Far up from the sleepy village, to the haunted Cairn Stone,
'Twas all in the blessed Maytime, so lonesome like an' still,
An' she saw not the wild *Shee-Geeha** move down Moondheega Hill!

She looked from the fairy cairn to the dim hills far away;
The dreamy sun was gleaming on distant Moyra's Bay,
In Gortan's shadowy woodlands she saw the swift red-deer,
But never the dread *Shee-Geeha* that swifter glided near.

Mo nuar!† for the bleeding dove borne high in the eagle's beak!
Mo nuar! when the gaunt wolf leaps on the lambkin lorn and weak!
But darker was Bridheen's doom that terrible hour an' day—
The elfin armies snatched her to Knocksheegowna gray!

Her father says she meets him in shadow o' Slievenamon—
Who knows but the truth he's talking—his head, poor man, is gone.
Moondharrig is never the same since *they* took the child away.
Och! where was the Blessed Mother, that black an' sorrowful day!

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* *Shee-Geeha*—Fairy Wind.
† *Mo nuar*—My pity, alas!

NOSTALGIA.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

"I hear de gock a growin!
I hear de musikant!
Gott gife de a happy shourney
When you go to a distant landt.

"I hears oopon de pranches
A pird mit merry sdrain,
Goot many tays moost fanish
Ere I coom to dis blace again."

It was the dream of one whom we will call "Hans Breitmann" that he should retire from business and take his motherless daughter across the ocean to visit her Italian kinsfolk, and then journey northward to see once more the beloved Fatherland, to drink German beer in a real German *biergarten*, to taste sausages and *sauerkraut* in their native country again (they had not the same savor in America, good as they always were!), and if possible, to find some of his old school-fellows with whom to share a few of these pleasures. His Mariechen had listened for years to her father's vague, joyful, anticipatory travel-projects. She had no doubt whatever that, on their wanderings, they would have all the creature comforts of their New York home. They would find warmth; good food, and *plenty* of it; and shops would supply all necessary additions to her wardrobe, wherever they should go. As for the elegancies of life, she had never appreciated them. They had not come in her way, and no instinctive feeling for beauty ever awoke spontaneously within her.

At home, "Hans Breitmann gife a barty" very often. Money was plentiful. The Breitmann standard of excellence was to have a groaning board and expensive viands. The Breitmann's social circle shared their views about entertainments.

Hans had heard from his sisters-in-law at Taggia. They would welcome him and his little "Maria"—so said a letter written by a cousin who was a porter in a San Remo *pension*.

"You see, Mariechen, some of them know English," said Hans.

"Of course they do!" cried Marie, in her simplicity.

It was on landing at Genoa, that her father remarked that it was a pity that neither of them had ever studied "the pewtifool Eye-talian language."

Marie opined that her "own language was amply good enough" for her. She "had no use for foreign tongues."

"Tell me some more about mommer's people, *Vaterchen*," commanded the sonsy Marie, as they sat in the train for Taggia.

"She had three sisters: Teresa, and Rosa, and Nunziata. They all married. Two are widows. They have a great, great many children. The brothers, they go, long time pack, to Puenos Ayres," Hans answered, adding, "That's about all I know." Till that moment his information had never seemed to him inadequate.

Taggia Station was a shock to Mariechen. There was a shed, a little drinking-booth, much white dust, many plants of "morning-glory" that had died of frost-bite on the trellises, and, beyond a gate and palings, a gesticulating mob of hatless women and children, shone upon, and stained vividly red, by the last rays of the December sunset. Now she had heard of her mother's native place as an historic city, with fine churches and many palaces, one of which belonged to her three aunts! Had all these glories utterly vanished?

There was no one on the platform to meet them, though Hans had telegraphed from Genoa. The girl felt chilled. It

was not the reception she had looked for.

The travelers stood, bewildered, in the dust, by the side of their train.

"How shall we recognize the aunts?" asked Marie.

"Your dear mother was *vehr pewtifool,*" said Hans, slowly. He expected loveliness in her sisters, and had not counted on the havoc wrought by time in southern lands.

Marie's saratoga fell with a crash from a heaped-up luggage-barrow. She scolded in English. The porters smiled at her and were not disturbed by her remarks. Just then, a mighty shout, sounding like "Hantzo! Maria!" came from the mob beyond the station palings. One tall woman, with tousled, gray hair and brown arms bare to the elbows, was particularly vociferous. It seemed now as if two of the porters literally swept the travelers into the brawny dame's embrace. The mob, to the last child (babies excepted), was eager to kiss the new arrivals. They chattered Italian and laughed, and Teresa, the tousled aunt, said "Maria! Maria!" and wept; whereupon others wept, in sympathy, and a few in actual recollection of the girl who had emigrated more than twenty-five years before and had found a husband in Breitmann. He seemed to like to laugh, and to cry, with them; and he poured forth a flood of his own peculiar idiom, which his relations-in-law did not comprehend. As for Mariechen, cold fear clutched at her heart. She was silent. She did not understand her relations; but when they shed tears, she began to cry, and she could not stop crying when the mood of the mob became mirthful.

After what seemed an eternity, the driver of a ramshackle omnibus came to them, and indicated plainly that he could wait no longer; and the crowd swept the strangers and Teresa (now carrying a couple of baby grandchildren) into the already over-crowded vehicle. It smelt very musty. One passenger bore a screaming bunch of chickens, tied together by the feet. Three men were smoking execrable tobacco. And Mariechen still sobbed.

"Emozione!" "Buon cuore!" cried Teresa, and laid a heavy, strong hand on Marie's shoulder.

Hans, beaming and happy, exhorted his *töchterlein* to self-control.

She muttered that the public conveyance was "a one-horse affair,"—which indeed it was, and is, to this day,—and she said she "was afraid." They had not gone many yards before she besought her father to take her "home to New York!" He was to hear that prayer hundreds of times daily, in the immediate future, poor man!

Meanwhile Teresa talked loudly; partly to drown the rattle of the crazy coach, and partly in the belief that if she could shout hard enough, her meaning would become clear to foreign ears. One of the smokers knew some words of English. He was a seafaring man, and had been twice to London. He tried to interpret Teresa by voice and gesticulation. *"Cancello!* gate; entrance-gate!" he cried. "Olive-yard. Belong once, long while *fà,* to relations!" Then he waved expressively to Teresa, to the strangers, to the gray-green olive trees, seen behind a rococo entrance-arch.

But no conversational efforts could rouse Marie, who still sobbed.

The omnibus clattered, by and by, under an ancient gateway, and into a dank, dark, uneven, long, narrow street. The sun had set. Small lamps gave an uncertain light. Little stands, bearing unripe lemons and oranges, stood against the houses, and dangerously near the swaying omnibus. The onions, and other leavings after the day's sales, looked repulsive through Marie's tears. And the dried fish smelt abominably.

"Take me home to New York!" entreated Marie, leaning forlornly against her father.

The palazzo struck cold. Hans, entering, tried to convey the impression of vastness that it made upon him. He waved his arms and ejaculated: "Colossal!" Hans wished to be kind and complimentary to Teresa, and he also desired to supply for the defects in the manners of his tearful daughter. The luggage was being deposited on the damp-looking stone floor of the entrance. Marie's box with the work-boxes—her presents to the three aunts—was not to be found. It must have gone on in the luggage van! *"Ach, Weh!"* cried her father.

Many Taggians, with "exaggerated sympathy,"—the description of the Latin races for curiosity,—were gazing into the house.

One on-looker had sold Italian wines for a score of years in the United States, and had not quite forgotten all the English he had learnt there. He advised Hans as to the steps to be taken for the recovery of the lost box. And Marie sobbed convulsively. Teresa thought the girl's distress was due to the "misfortune" (*disgrazia*) regarding this trunk. Above the babble of tongues, Marie's cry rang out: "'Disgrace,' indeed! It only needed *that!* 'Disgrace!' *Vaterchen,* take me home to New York!" and she flung herself on Hans' broad breast.

He called her his Mariechen, his little child, his darling; but the girl, shaken by sobs, her nose and eyelids swollen by crying, and her face all tear-stained, and unhappy, refused to be comforted, and clung, tighter and tighter, to her embarrassed parent.

The mob of relations began to come in on foot from the station; but Marie shrunk from them, one and all.

Teresa proposed an adjournment to the family quarters. The ex-wine merchant interpreted. "The whole of the first floor is let to the notary, *i.e., Signor Avacato,"* he said, as they traveled up the broken staircase, which was, in part, white marble; in part, beaten iron balustrade; in part, makeshift modern mendings. "The second floor is let, half to the chemist, and half to the ladies Bianchi. The dressmakers and the Negri family divide the third floor. *The family* live above." He waved his hand comprehensively. ("The family" meant the mob from the railway station; and "above" meant the fourth floor and the attics.) By great crowding together of the hospitable "family," two brick-floored, tiny rooms had been left free for the newcomers; and both these cupboards had been scraped fairly clean. A bed, a chair, a tripod supporting a tin basin, and a triangle of looking-glass hanging by a twine from a nail in the damp-stained wall, made up the furniture of each of the guest-chambers. Of course, there were no fireplaces, nor was there a rug on the floor, or matting, or covering of any sort, or pegs to hang clothes upon, or any sort of press.

Marie sobbed, shivered, and clung to her father. *He* had succeeded so far in "suggestionizing" himself, that he could not believe his eyes; it was his Maria's home; he was happy to be there; it would all prove "pewtifool!" For had she not raved, living and dying, about Taggia, and about her dear people! And now he was here, in their midst, and all *must* be well! Only, he was disturbed at the thought of his Mariechen's violent grief, and puzzled as to the cause of it. He set about unpacking, and while changing his travel-stained garb, pondered the matter.

Marie meanwhile sat (sobbing) on the straw-bottomed chair, that rocked in sympathy with her shudderings,—for the brick floor was uneven. Her saratoga and sundry hat boxes and bundles filled her tiny room. Misery over-filled her

heart. Oh, the bewilderment of it all! the cold! the squalor!! Then the thought of her own home would send a fresh gush of tears from her eyes. Why had she ever come to this dreadful place? An hour went by. She had not even taken off her hat. She had done nothing, in fact, but cry.

A dark-eyed, smiling cousin looked in to say supper was ready. Marie did not understand the message, and asked for "the hired girl" and "water to bathe her eyes." Gestures helped out the words, and the pretty Taggian ran off with the little tin basin,—to bring it back, with a splash for every step on the brick floor, in a few minutes.

It was still a long time before Marie regained a measure of composure, and her father could lead her to the supper-room, which happened also to be the kitchen. The food was macaroni. The elders sat about a table, partly covered by a cloth (as it was an occasion of ceremony). A jug with winter flowers in it, and a tray heaped with picturesque, but unripe, oranges, adorned the board. Some of Teresa's grandsons—comely youths, every one of them—reinforced the party; but Rosa's and Nunziata's progeny "mealed" elsewhere, while the sisters joined Teresa's party, to do honor to their brother Hans and their dead sister's child. Marie could not touch a second mouthful of macaroni. The wine tasted like vinegar to her. She gulped down plain cold water eagerly, and she took a little bread. The goat's cheese disgusted her, and the unripe fruit set her teeth on edge. Cousin 'Rico—with dark eyes and raven hair, made to shine by the two-cent barber, a clean, colored shirt, and a crimson sash round his waist —peeled a less acid orange and offered it to Marie with smiling grace. (He told the ex-wine merchant that he could "forgive tears, or anything, to a girl with such a mane of golden hair.") For her part, Marie only prayed to be allowed to go to bed, put her hand to her burning forehead, pointed to her room; and the pretty cousin whipped up a little oil lamp from near the fireplace, and carried off the traveler. For an hour afterwards Hans and his sisters-in-law cheerfully misunderstood each other,—he, speaking his own variant of the American tongue, with lapses into provincial German; and they, talking occasional Italian, by an effort, but generally vociferating in the dialect of Liguria. The juniors sat in corners, finishing their bowls of macaroni, and wondering at the polyglot conversation, now proceeding near the embers on the hearth. Several of the girls were washing and putting away the plates and glasses. The young men lit rank cigars and went to smoke them at the street corner. Hans was happy,—though he reflected sadly that he had not dined that day. The three sisters were evidently fond of him, for they passed between their fingers the cloth of his coat, and cried out loud in admiration of it. They handled his watch, his scarf-pin, even his pocket-handkerchief, and they wept over the colored photograph of his Maria, worn by him in a large, silver locket for five-and-twenty long years. At last, he "tip-toed" to his daughter's room,—to find her in bed, and again sobbing and shivering, but so tired that he felt sure she would sleep soon. Covering her quilt with an extra plaid, he passed into his own *kammerlein.*

Next morning, at an early hour, Teresa, habited in an old bed-gown, which she had tucked into a ragged skirt and belt, appeared in Marie's quarters, bearing the missing trunk on one shoulder. (The doorways were too low to permit of her usual method of carrying burdens, on her head.) The box had been found under the seat of the omnibus.

She was happy, poor Teresa, for she thought she was bringing her niece a

cure for her flood of tears. But Marie awoke from a troubled doze, *with a wail.* There was the usual flow of uncomprehended speech on both sides, ending in hysterical weeping, on Marie's part.

"Ha la febbre," cried Teresa, knocking loudly on Hans' door in the party-wall; but, receiving no answer from the sound sleeper within, like the practical woman that she was, she went off and made a febrifuge, from "simples" much used on the Riviera. It took time to light a fire, boil water, and cook this herb-tea. Marie was just beginning to doze again, when her aunt's arm raised her in bed, and her aunt's voice entreated her to drink from a steaming cup. The draught was nauseous. It disagreed with unaccustomed Marie; worse luck!

It was Sunday. Hans insisted that his child should "worship in the church of her mother's youth," and Marie, feeling more dead than alive, did as she was bid, clinging to her father's arm, and often crying convulsively. He endeavored to soothe her; and, still more, he tried to conceal her agitation from the relations. Before the mid-day meal he induced her to unpack the offerings for the aunts. The work-box with an inlaid rose (for Rosa) was pronounced lovely. The box with "Teresa" carved on it was also greatly admired; but the artist in shell-work had got no farther than "Nunzia," on the cover of the third box. The "ta" was "a felt want"! But the fittings of all the work-boxes were declared to be "stupendous." In a few moments, Marie saw some of her younger cousins stroking the satin linings with dirty hands; and one of the many babies tried to swallow a spool of silk, while another made away with a thimble.

Teresa said (by the mouth of the interpreter) that it would be a distraction for Maria to go to the shore and see two of her mother's aunts. For some reason, the sight of them made her more low-spirited than ever. The ex-wine merchant failed to carry on a conversation between them and her; and she sighed for "New York" and "home," instead of returning the old women's compliments.

The mid-day meal consisted of *minestrone,* a thin soup, made with oil, and containing large pieces of any and every sort of vegetable, thin cuts of bread, and a good deal of macaroni. To give elegance to the repast, there were slices of raw ham, served separately. At the end of his meal, Hans still felt hungry. Marie could only swallow a little bread and water. Teresa brought in the ex-wine merchant to explain to her brother-in-law that she was going to take him and Marie in a *barocino* (a very primitive buggy) to see Montalto and Badalucco in the valley above Taggia. The *barocino* has a rope floor, through which, on market days, a calf's legs can be thrust, and the beast held fast by that means. For bipeds, the rope floor is not well adapted. It gave to Marie a feeling of extreme insecurity. She held to her father, and he clung to her. There is barely room for three. Teresa sat on the extreme right, fully occupied with her duties as charioteer, and *cicerone.*

"Il ponte!" she cried, pointing with her whip,—at which gesture the horse swerved.

"Never saw such a bridge!" wailed Marie. "It goes up and down, like ocean waves, and it zigzags, in the bed of the river! And look, *Vaterchen,* you can't drive over it; it begins by steps!" She took the wonderful bridge as a personal grievance. But Hans said: *"Wunderschoen!"* and tried to wave one hand towards the shrines on the long parapet of the bridge; but Marie clutched at the hand in mid-gesture, for it was then that the disconcerting swerve of their horse occurred, and she was terrified.

The trio clattered between the Inn of

the Guardian Angel, with its adjoining chapel, and a wonderful saddle-back bridge that takes the Argentina River at one bound; below Montalto, the picturesque crown of a pointed hill, and into the ancient town of Badalucco, rich in beautiful bridges. Teresa flourished her whip towards snow, visible on a near mountain. The sun still shone on Badalucco, but was just about to dip behind the western side of the valley, and a bitter wind was sweeping down from the Alps. Marie shivered inside her fur jacket. Teresa found a silk handkerchief sufficient protection for her gray head. Hans was feeling acutely hungry. He signed for a halt, bought sun-dried figs, Bologna sausage, wine and large rolls, paying a huge price for them all. Teresa wrapped up and stowed away her share of the eatables, but drank some wine. Marie took some figs and was forced to drink a tumbler of wine. Hans devoured her share and his own of the solids, and signified his approval of the little feast he had provided.

As they sped down the valley, it grew colder and colder. The hills were gloomy. Marie shuddered, and finally gave way again to tears. Teresa halted at the ex-wine merchant's door in Taggia and begged him to translate her inquiry: "Why cry, now that the box is found?"

But Marie seemed incapable of giving an explanation. Her father cooed over her, like a hoarse and elderly dove, trying to comfort her, trying to fathom her trouble. "Oh-o-o, take me home!" she would sob. Hans was puzzled. He loved his child, and suffered in her pain. He *could not* make out what was the matter.

Next day things were rather worse. Marie wept without intermission; she shivered, or was feverishly warm; she could touch no food. Her father and the wine merchant brought a local doctor to see her.

"Minx!" said he in effect. "You've come, signor, to see her mother's country, and to revisit your own native land, yet she cries perpetually: 'Home to New York!' I will treat her for an attack of the spleen, an Anglo-Saxon malady! But my private opinion is this: a good shaking is what she wants!"

This severe view came to be adopted by the aunts and cousins, more or less energetically. Hans was not converted to it. He remained troubled, uncertain, full of love for his child!

The "spleen" remedies proved unfavorable to the patient. Marie could hardly leave her bed. From six to twelve of her cousins would crowd into her little room to watch her,—crying! She felt very angry with them, sometimes, and did not always conceal her feelings. The doctor came often, saw that she swallowed his medicines, and declared her sound in body, but "bad tempered!" Hans, in growing anxiety, left his girl in the special care of the pretty, dark-eyed cousin, and rushed to San Remo to find an American doctor. He came upon a good German, with all possible desire to help, but who could not interfere with an Italian colleague's patient. It would not be "etiquette"! Breitmann was in despair.

"Could you not come and stay at San Remo?" asked Dr. Schmidt.

"I should cut my sisters-in-law to their very hearts!" cried kindly Hans. "Is there no *anstalt*—no pay hospital—here? Could I not bring my Mariechen to your own house?"

"To be sure! There's the Institute!" the doctor cried. "Send her! Remember, homesickness is a real malady, and curable! We'll do everything to make your daughter well soon."

And so, to the Schmidt Institute came Marie,—a wreck of her former self, weak, nerve-shattered. Even the routine-hardened nurses said her sobs were al-

most more than they could bear, her doleful accents, her woe-begone face. It would take weeks to set her right, and then she had better "go home to New York." Hans must forego the *Vaterland!* So said the doctor!

Every day for five weeks, rain or shine, the good father came to see his "little girl," walking one way, taking train or omnibus, for the backward journey. Daily, in San Remo, he found "a square meal," and returned to the scant comforts, but hearty welcome, of the Taggian palace. He would not, for worlds, hurt the feelings of the relatives. The visit being unexpectedly long, he arranged to pay for his board and lodging; and he found that this was a matter of real importance to Teresa and her numerous family. He was happy in helping them.

Marie's improvement was slow. Dr. Schmidt forbade all visitors, her father excepted. Her only other glimpse of the Taggian relatives was from the express train as she and Hans steamed towards Genoa, to take ship there for "home."

Cousin 'Rico dexterously flung a bunch of flowers to her through her window in the moving train.

On board the great Austrian-Lloyd steamer, Hans declared "life was, *druly,* often, 'all peer and skittles.'" Marie might be rather thin and pale, but every day of the voyage brought her nearer to perfect health. Her father was as grateful to her for getting better as if it had been the simple act of her own free will.

They talk to their friends vaguely now of "the family palace at Taggia," and tell over the queer names of people and things in Italy. That any one should be baptized *Enrico,* instead of Henry, and should become, "for short," *'Rico;* that an aunt should bear the name of *Nunziata* (Annunciation); that water should there be *acqua,* of all things in the world, —were, one and all, "passing strange" matters. And they never wished to "coom to *dis* blace again."

OUR LADY'S VALENTINE.

BY REV. JOHN J. DONLON.

I went to good Saint Valentine,
Went begging for a friend of mine;
Rich was his hoard, rich flowers were there,
And arrows keen and hearts to spare.
"Tell me, dear Saint, is nothing more
Laid safely in your secret store
Unclaimed? Some queenly token, since
It reached you for the destined Prince?"
Straight from its golden case he drew
The purest face man ever knew;
On earth, of maids the fairest seen,
In heaven, of men and angels queen;
"This gift—" he spoke with reverent tone—
"Is not for all, but him alone,
Whose hands bring lilies to her shrine,
In life, in death, her valentine."

VIEW OF WHITBY.

A MARTYR OF THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

BY DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

I.

One of the most touching figures in the glorious roll of the martyrs of England is undoubtedly that of the old priest, the venerable Nicholas Postgate, D.D., who laid down his life at York, at the patriarchal age of eighty-two. His memory is held in singular veneration to this day, even among non-Catholics. The great work he accomplished for souls, during his long and laborious ministry, still bears abundant fruit amid those wild moors which cover the northeast portion of Yorkshire, and there are few of our martyrs about whom so many traditions still exist among the people. This is, of course, partly because he was one of the latest of the martyrs, having suffered at York on Aug. 7, 1679. But of other contemporary victims of this persecution very little is known, and it is evident that Father Postgate, by the sanctity and simplicity of his life, and the pathetic circumstances of his cruel death at so advanced an age, made an impression upon the minds of his generation which is all but unique, and left a memory behind him which the lapse of more than two centuries has failed to efface.

Nicholas Postgate was born at Kirkdale House, in the parish of Egton, near Whitby, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. His father was apparently the son of William Postgate of Kirkdale, and his mother, Jane, was living there a widow in 1604. His father's mother was by birth a Watson, a name which the martyr assumed while working on the mission. His widowed mother was returned as a recusant (*i.e.*, a Catholic who refused to conform to the established religion) in 1604. "Jane Postgate doth keep in her house William Post-

VIEW ON UGTHORPE MOOR. A STORMY DAY.
After water color drawing by Hirst Walker.

gate, her father, a recusant who teacheth children, and also Marmaduke Petch and Jane Smallwood, recusants" (Peacock's "Yorkshire Catholics," page 97). It was further stated that she had been a recusant for at least eight years past, and had had children baptized privately of late years. The future martyr was no doubt one of these children, baptised by some Catholic priest, who at the risk of his life ministered to the faithful of the district. There were many Catholics in these inaccessible parts of Yorkshire, and more than sixty recusants were returned from Egton parish in 1604. Of these, only about twenty had become recusants since Lady Day, 1603, which shows that zealous priests were at work in the district, and is indeed an instance of what was going on all over England when the death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of the son of Mary Stuart gave new hopes to the persecuted Catholics, and were the immediate occasion of a great increase among professed recusants.

The martyr's parents were great sufferers for their faith. Their relatives were also Catholics, for we find "George Postgate and Isabel, his wife," "William Postgate, the younger," and "Katheren Jeffrason," their servant, presented as recusants, belonging to Eskdale Chapelry; and they are reported to have had three children privately baptized. From Ugglebarnby Chapelry in the same year were presented as recusants for the past eight years, James Postgate, Margery, his wife, with two members of their household. It is further stated that James and Margery "were not marryed at the church, but secretly not known where," and also that their children were "none of them baptised at church, but privately."*

Kirkdale, or Kirk House, our martyr's birthplace, stood near Egton Bridge. A writer describes it in the year 1838 as "now literally a cattle-shed." It must have been but a poor cottage, in spite of its high-sounding name. According to the priest of Egton Bridge, the house stood just below the present Catholic church. There was a row of old houses there, but they have been pulled down.

In 1621 Nicholas was sent abroad, to be educated for the priesthood, and was admitted to the famous college at Douay on July 11. He was already a man, and so he became a convictor, not an ordinary student. It was the custom of those days for the students to take another name, since it was a penal

* A Ralph Postgate, born in Oxfordshire in 1648, was ordained priest in 1674, became a Jesuit, and was subsequently twice rector of the English College, Rome. He was the son of William Postgate and Joanna Mylott, both Catholics, and, like the martyr, was educated at Douay. He died at Rome in 1718. It is not known if he were a relative of the Yorkshire Postgates (Foley, Vol. V, p. 757).

offense for Catholics to be educated abroad, and if known by their names they might bring trouble upon their parents at home. Nicholas accordingly took the name of Whitmore. In later years, as we have seen, he sometimes used the *alias* of Watson.

He was ordained priest March 20, 1628, and sang his first Mass on April 1, at which date he must have been about thirty years old. We do not know why he began his ecclesiastical studies so late. He was sent to the mission in his native country on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1630.

And now began a long ministry of nearly fifty years, in which he labored with such devoted zeal that he is said to have reconciled near a thousand persons to the faith of their ancestors. The diary of his college records the extraordinary reputation he had gained there for piety and zeal, and this reputation was not belied by his subsequent career.

At first he made his home at Saxton, with the Hungate family, who were devout Catholics and loyalists. Sir William Hungate, knight, married Jane, daughter of George Middleton of Leighton, County Lancaster, and he died without issue in 1634. Father Postgate lived on with his widow until her death, about 1638.

EGTON BRIDGE.

On the top of the hill, to the right, almost over the modern Catholic church, stands the old Mass-House.

Saxton is near Tadcaster in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The famous battle of Towton, in the Wars of the Roses, was fought close to the village. After leaving Saxton he became chaplain to "the old Lady Dunbar." She was the widow of the first Viscount Dunbar, Sir Henry Constable of Burton Constable, the head of a well-known Yorkshire Catholic family; he was created Viscount in 1620 and died in 1645.

FATHER POSTGATE'S CHALICE AT UGTHORPE.

Subsequently the martyr served Kilvington Castle and Hall,—the seat of the Saltmarsh and Meynell families,—and other places widely apart. Kilvington is a little north of Thirsk, near the Hambleton Hills. Thomas Meynell of Kilvington was born in 1564, and for four years, from 1600 to 1604, was imprisoned for his faith, first at Hull, and then in York Castle. A Mrs. Meynell of Kilvington, probably his son's wife, was among the martyr's visitors in prison, as we shall hear.

But the martyr's chief abode was a thatched cottage at Ugthorpe, two miles from Mulgrave Castle, and about five from Whitby, in the midst of a wild moor known as Cleveland Blackamoor. Here he lived as poor among the poor, conforming himself in dress, diet and lodging to the poor flock which he zealously tended.

Thomas Ward, the well-known controversialist, who was born and lived at Danby Castle, some seven miles from Father Postgate's hermitage at Ugthorpe, knew our martyr intimately. He has paid him a tribute of love and admiration in his fourth canto of his Hudibrastic poem, "England's Reformation."

After describing the Oates plot and recounting the faith of the Catholics who suffered from that orgy of panic and fanaticism, he continues:

"Nor spar'd they Father Posket's blood,
A reverend priest, devout and good,
Whose spotless life, in length was spun,
To eighty years and three times one;
Sweet his behavior, grave his speech,
He did by good example teach;
His *love right bent, his will resign'd,*
Serene his look, and calm his mind;
His sanctity to that degree,
As angels live, so lived he.

"A thatched cottage was his cell,
Where this contemplative did dwell;
Two miles from Mulgrave Castle 't stood,
Sheltered by snowdrifts, not by wood;
Tho' there he lived to that great age,
It was a dismal hermitage;
But God placed there the saint's abode,
For Blackamoor's far greater good.

"The holy lives of those bless'd saints should I
Presume to write, and had a thought could fly
Beyond the limits of the vaulted sky,
Yet would my verse ten thousand times fall short
Of their due praise. Let angels in consort
Sing forth their virtues on celestial lyres,
They are exalted to these peaceful choirs;
Stop, then, my pen, and to this period come,
God saw them worthy of martyrdom."

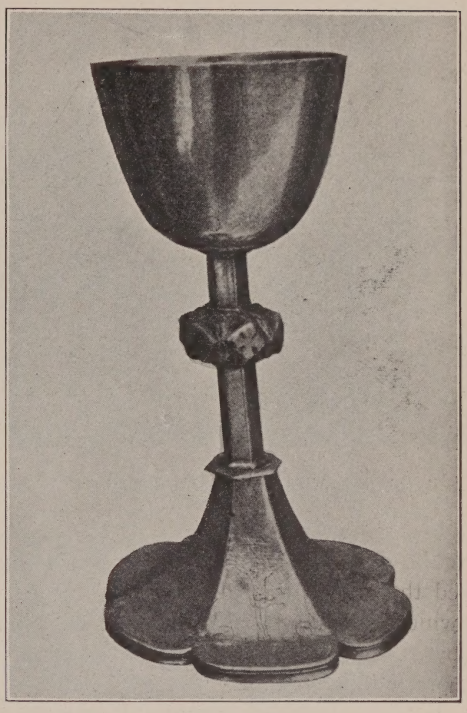
Father Postgate had another retreat in his own native parish at Egton, about four miles away. Here he would often come to celebrate the divine mysteries in a small dark loft, which is to be one of the shrines of this pilgrimage. His devoted labors were felt all over the surrounding country. Egton, Sleights, Whitby, Pickering,—all were scenes of his apostolate. Though he lived in such utter poverty, deprived of all comforts,

he was yet a man of gentle nurture and refinement, a Doctor of Divinity, possessed of no mean literary attainments, and no small poetical talent. The touching hymn which he composed, it is said, in his dungeon in York Castle, is a proof of this.

The old man would probably have gone to his grave in peace, had not the popular mind been driven into frenzy by the supposed discoveries of the so-called Popish Plot. "These falsehoods," says Peacock, "stimulated the persecuting zeal, not only of those misguided people who sincerely thought that they did God service by hunting Catholic priests to death, but also of every unprincipled ruffian who did not shrink from swearing away a man's life for reward."

Thus we find that beside the immediate victims of the infamous informers—Oates and Bedloe and their crew, priests were at this period hunted out and done to death all over the country; not indeed that they were accused of having had any share in the pretended plot, but merely for their faith and priesthood. Thus at Cardiff, Ruthin, Worcester, Hereford, York, and other places, innocent servants of God were put to death amid scenes of atrocious ferocity, for the sole offence that—having been ordained Catholic priests by the authority of the Holy See—they had dared to return to their country, and remain in it for more than forty days, in order to minister to souls.

On December 8, 1678, our martyr was called to baptise a child at the house of one Matthew Lyth at Ugglebarnby, a village some few miles from Whitby in the valley of the Little Beck. While he was in the house he was apprehended by an exciseman, named John Reeves, an implacable enemy of Catholics, who hoped to gain the reward of twenty pounds, promised to such informers. He



FATHER POSTGATE'S CHALICE, UGTHORPE.

associated with him in this piece of villainy one Henry Cockerell.

The house in which the martyr was taken is said to be still standing. It is called Redbarns, and I much regret that I was not able to visit it. A friend, however, has kindly done so for me, and I am thus able to give an illustration of this most interesting spot. Ugglebarnby, it may be noted, is about three miles from Sleights, the station next to Whitby on the line from Pickering. It is at Sleights that the Little Beck, a stream that takes its rise in the high moorland of Sneaton and Tylingdales, flows into the river Esk.

The old man was carried off to Brompton, a place between Pickering and Scarborough, some twenty miles south of Sleights as the crow flies, to be examined by Sir William Cayley, the resident justice of the peace. Canon Raine

REDBARNS, WHERE FATHER POSTGATE WAS ARRESTED.

in his *York Castle Depositions* has printed the official record of the examination which took place on the 9th of December, before Sir William Cayley and his son, William Cayley, Esquire, Junior.

"John Reeves, his Majesty's surveyor or gauger for the town of Whitby, saith that upon the 7th instant he was informed that Matthew Lith of Sleights, being at a wedding, should speak these words: 'You talk of Papists and Protestants; but, when the roast is ready, I know who shall have the first cut.'

"Upon notice whereof this informer thought himself obliged to search the said Matthew's house, which accordingly he did upon the 8th instant, supposing that some arms or ammunition might be found there, the said Matthew and his family being all Papists. And he saith that though he was interrupted by the said Matthew, he did find a supposed Popish priest there (called Postgate) and also Popish books, relics, wafers and several other things, all which the said Postgate owned to be his. The said Postgate said that he was called Watson, but afterwards being called by others by the name of Postgate, he owned that to be his right name.

"Nicholas Postgate, about the age of fourscore years, saith that about forty years since he lived at Saxton, with the Lady Hungate, until she died. And since then he hath lived with the old Lady Dunbar, but how long it is since he knoweth not. Of late he hath had no certain residence, but hath travéled about among his friends. Being demanded whether he be a Popish priest or no, he saith, 'Let them prove it,' and would give no other direct answer. Being demanded how he came by, and what use he made of the books, wafers and other things which were found with him and which he owned, he saith that some were given him by Mr. Goodricke, a Roman Catholic, and other some by one Mr. Jowsie, a supposed Romish priest, both which are dead; and that he made use of them by disposing them to several persons who desired them for helping their infirmities. Being demanded why he named himself at the first Watson, he saith that he hath been sometimes so called, his grandmother on the father's side being so called, and he being like that kindred."

It will be observed that the venerable priest took good care to name no one, except those who were already dead, and out of the power of the persecutors. On the same day, December 9th, 1678, Andrew Jowsie of Egton was charged with being a priest, before Edward Trotter and Constable Bradshaw, Esquires, justices of the peace. He denied the fact, but refused to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. He was acquitted. He cannot have been the Mr. Jowsie to whom the martyr referred, but was no doubt a relative.

From Brompton the venerable confessor was carried off to York, no doubt via Rillington and Malton.

He was placed at the bar at the York assizes, and indicted for high treason, not as connected with the plot, of which he was obviously innocent; but, under the old penal statute of 27 Elizabeth, for being a Catholic priest. Three witnesses appeared against him,—Elizabeth Wood, Elizabeth Baxter, and Richard Morris. These deposed that they had seen the old man baptise, and exercise other priestly functions. Upon their evidence he was convicted and condemned to death, a sentence by no means unwelcome to one who had all his life-time

been learning to die. The trial seems to have been conducted with more than the usual want of humanity and even of justice.

An old account says:

"The Judge, like a scarletted huntsman, cheered on the pack, and their feeble prey was run down by acclamation. He stood like a victim bound to the altar, and never lost his composure except once,—while hearing the evidence of one of his own converts, one to whom his charitable hand had often been extended, but who now witnessed against him. His lips then quivered for a moment, and his eyes shed tears, for who can withstand the force of ingratitude? His simple statement in his own defense did but vex his persecutors the more, for they were bent upon his destruction, and by outrageous clamor they silenced a witness who had ventured to speak in his behalf. All the evidence of his guilt was that he had baptised a child in the Catholic faith,—its mother testified this truth! . . .

"Whilst there remained a hope of his acquittal,—for what human being could be thought so fiendish as to condemn him?—the old Father felt a desire for justification; but no sooner was all hope denied by the verdict of the jury, than he resigned himself to his fate. It seemed a voice calling him to heaven, and he thanked God. The lawyers left the court and went to glory in their triumph over a bottle of wine, while the poor prisoner was conducted back to his cell. He was visited by the woman whose testimony had been most material; she came with remorseful tears to beg his pardon; he blessed her, and gave her money to bear her expenses home,—money that had been given him to provide comforts with, in this, his hour of need."—*Catholic Magazine, A.D. 1838, p. 300.*

"THE LINGY MOOR," TAKEN FROM THE HERMITAGE.

"The day allotted for his triumphant exit," continues another old account, "was the 7th of August, 1679; on which day in the morning, amongst other visitors, went to see him, Mrs. Fairfax, wife to Mrs. Charles Fairfax of York, and Mrs. Meynell of Kilvington. These ladies having done their devotions, went together to his room, to take their last leave of him, and to crave his blessing.

"The confessor seeing them in great concern, whereas he was cheerful, came up to them, and laying his right hand upon the one, and his left upon the other, said: 'Be of good heart, children, you shall both be delivered of sons, and they will both be saved.'

"Immediately after, he was laid upon a sledge, and drawn through the streets to the place of execution, where he suffered with great constancy.

"The two ladies soon afterwards gave birth to sons, who were both baptised and both died in their infancy."

Thus the prophecy was fulfilled. This was told to Mr. Knaresborough, the martyr's biographer, by Mrs. Fairfax herself, in 1705.

His dying speech is still preserved. He said but little, the substance of his words being as follows: "I die in the Catholic religion, out of which there is no salvation. Mr. Sheriff, you know that I die not for the plot, but for my religion. Be pleased, Mr. Sheriff, to acquaint his Majesty that I never offended him in any manner of way. I pray God give him his grace and the light of truth. I forgive all who have wronged me, and brought me to this death, and I desire forgiveness of all people."

The unhappy man who had apprehended him never had the reward which he looked for, but, after having suffered for some time an extreme torture in body and mind, was found drowned in the Little Beck, the stream we have already mentioned, which flows by Ugglebarnby to empty itself into the Esk at Sleights.

The place where the informer was found—"a pool hollowed out by the concussion of a mountain cataract," is still pointed out, and it bears the significant name of "the Devil's Hole," or "the Devil's Dump." The country people declare that no fish are ever caught there, and they believe it to be still an accursed spot. The good old priest at Egton Bridge told the present writer that a colleague of his had desired to test the

truth of the tradition, and had fished the Devil's Hole for a whole day, but without seeing a single fish rise. It is indeed a weird, uncanny spot. The continual hiss of the cataract seems to sound the knell of the wretch who there perished in his despair.

A pilgrimage to the places sanctified by the labors of the dear old martyr is an extremely interesting one and the wild romantic scenery of the Cleveland moors greatly adds to the attraction for one who is a lover of nature. The wooded glens which descend from the moors inland, are often of great beauty, and the exhilarating air of sea and moorland is delightfully invigorating. Many of the scattered farms are inhabited by faithful Catholics, who have lived in their old homesteads for generation after generation, clinging to their holy faith with admirable tenacity.

Thus it is no small pleasure to the pilgrim to visit a spot so blessed by God. And owing to the kind co-operation of Catholic residents in the neighborhood, we have been able to gather together many an interesting tradition. On a fine summer afternoon we drove out from Whitby northward, along the coast, until at the picturesque seaside hamlet of Sandsend—with its cottages perched up on either side of the ravine through which runs a little rippling beck,—we turned inland and leaving on our left the wooded park of Mulgrave Castle, soon arrived at Lyth Church. It was curious to see the trees stunted and warped in their growth by the force of the strong sea-winds, and the old church seemed as if it too had felt the buffeting of the tempests, for it was propped up by as strange and massive a series of buttresses as it has been my fortune to meet with. Within, "restoration" of the most drastic kind had worked more harm than ever storms could do, and had left nothing of interest remaining.

And now, by rough steep roads, through numerous gates, we approached Ugthorpe, which was for many years the home of the dear old martyr, Father Nicholas Postgate. The village stands on the brow of a hill, one long straggling street,—if street it can be called—with a new Protestant church, built as if in protest against the far more imposing Catholic one, that claims the allegiance of the majority of the inhabitants of the district. It is indeed cheering to see that the Faith has not died out in Ugthorpe. How could it, indeed, when it was watered by a martyr's blood? Foley speaks of the "extraordinary religious fervor which still exists in the district." The presbytery is of unusual size and spaciousness, which is explained by the fact that the late priest, "Mr. Rigby," had started there a secondary school.

This priest, from all accounts, was one of the old school of "Garden of the Soul Catholics,"—and fine old school it was,—formed in the traditions which had been handed down by the martyrs, of solid, genuine English piety, not so demonstrative in outward expression of devotion as is the custom now-a-days, rough and uncouth perhaps to modern notions, but sterling, true and faithful through evil report and good. Many years he had ruled his Ugthorpe flock, and every day after Mass he would recite with them the beautiful and touching hymn which tradition has handed down as "Father Postgate's hymn." Whether it were really composed by the old martyr or not does not seem certain, but it is at any rate attributed to him and no doubt was constantly recited by him. The tune to which it is sung is also traditional. Our readers may like to have it. At Catholic funerals in this district it was also the custom to sing

the hymn. It was commenced as the corpse was carried across the threshold of the house, and was given out—two lines at a time—by an old Catholic of the place, John Gallon, who then raised the tune, and the people sang it as the funeral procession went on towards the church. It is unfortunate that this pious custom should have been dropped of past years.

Father Rigby, it may be added, was a physician of bodies as well as of souls. He worked miracles in the way of removing the bigoted prejudices of Protestants by means of his "Black Bottles, White Bottles, Pills for human beings, Pills for Turkeys to prevent their feathers falling off," and other remedies for man and beast. Once, indeed, to his high glee, the Protestant parson having been taken ill in the night, was obliged to send for him, as no doctor could be got. "I did what I could for him, poor man!" said he, with a sort of pitying contempt, very characteristic, but indescribable. His powerful and eloquent sermons completed the good work begun by his remedies. Up to his advent, the Protestant feeling had been very bitter, and Catholics were afraid even to speak of their religion before outsiders. No doubt it was in this way that so many of the precious traditions of the penal days fell into oblivion. The faithful feared to be overheard by their bigoted neighbors, and thus to expose themselves to being tabooed and persecuted. Peace be to the memory of the aged priest who did so much to overcome this bitterness!

It was disappointing to find no certain relics of the martyr in the present beautiful church at Ugthorpe. However, in the sacristy we were shown two old chalices, both of which, probably, and one of which was certainly used by him. They are figured in a paper, printed in the *Archeological Journal* (Vol. LXI, No. 241), by Mr. T. M. Fallow, F.S.A. on "Yorkshire Plate and Goldsmiths."

Mr. Fallow says: "Both these chalices are interesting as having been those ordinarily used by the well-known Nicholas Postgate, who at the age of eighty-two was barbarously hanged at York, in 1679, for saying Mass." The smaller, and apparently the older chalice is a silver one of Gothic design, with wavy flames round the bowl. It is pronounced by Mr. Fallow to be of French origin. (A very similar one is shown as a "Persecution Chalice" in the Museum of St. Mary's College, Oscott.) It unscrews in three places for the purpose of being carried about. The chalice seems certainly to have been used by the martyr. The other chalice is somewhat taller. "It is probably English, as it corresponds with similar chalices having English marks elsewhere." Mr. Fallow gives its date as c. 1630. It has a Gothic knob (pierced). On the foot, below a crucifix, is engraved the inscription *Ora pro D M F.*

It would be very interesting to identify the donor of this chalice. May it have been Mrs. Charles Fairfax of York, who was so great a friend of our martyr? However that may be, this chalice belonged at one time to Bishop Matthew Gibson, Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District and founder of Ushaw College, who resided, from time to time, in a house opposite the present Catholic Church at Ugthorpe.

In a hollow below the hill on which the village stands, lies Ugthorpe Old Hall, which was for many generations the seat of the Radcliffes, a Catholic family which suffered much for the Faith. They were formerly owners of Mulgrave Castle, but their adherence to the old religion cost them this estate and many other broad lands as well. The

house, now fallen from its ancient dignity, is still interesting.

It is of Tudor date, with mullioned windows, and there are some curiously-carved stones built into the walls. The oak door, at which our martyr must often have knocked, still exists with its quaint old knocker and latch. In an out-building to the left of the Hall, which is now used as a cow-byre, there is a curious priest's hiding-place made in a chimney. The Radcliffes were among the staunchest of the old Catholic gentry, and must have often sheltered priests. In 1641, "William Radcliffe of Ugthorpe, Gent," is among the recusants presented to Quarter Sessions. And in 1637 we find the names of "Thomas Poskett, Tailor, and Margaret his wife of Ugthorpe," as recusants. "Poskett" is "Postgate," writen phonetically, and even now all old Yorkshire folk pronounce the martyr's name "Poskett." These good people were probably his near relatives.

Another cow-byre close to the old hall, (on the right hand as you face the front door), was once a Catholic chapel. People still living remember their parents speaking of the time when they used to hear Mass regularly in this humble sanctuary. There is little enough now to tell of its former sacred character, though there still can be seen what is called a holy-water stoup, but which is perhaps more probably a cumbry. It is sad to see this building, which once beheld the Sacred Mysteries, now the home of the beasts of the field. But after all it was in such company that the Saviour of the world was born.

A short walk from Ugthorpe Hall brings us out on "the lingy moor" where Father Postgate made his humble home. ("Ling," it may be noted, is Yorkshire for heather.) This forms part of the great moors that cover this Cleveland district, stretching from Scarborough northward almost to Middlesborough, and from Whitby eastward to the Hambleton Hills.

The great moor was called the Cleveland Black moor, and its wild romantic beauty is still the delight of the traveler, though of course in many places it has been encroached on by enclosed and cultivated land. Here the old apostle of the moors had his retreat.

(To be continued.)

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER X.

For a few days the double secret in her heart caused Sarah great discomfort, and more than once she caught the inscrutable eyes of Alice fixed upon her. She longed to tell Grace of the stranger's coming to the church, and his conversation with her, but her cousin seemed to avoid her, and Sarah's nature was one that shrinks at the suspicion of rebuff. But happily the misery of early youth passes quickly, and soon Sarah was living her own life again.

"I declare Sarah becomes more of a riddle to me every day," Alice said one morning, to her mother, as they worked at the mid-day meal. "Last week I felt sure that she was going to be taken down with a spell of brain-fever, and now she is playing with Rover the same as usual."

"I did not notice anything wrong with her," Mrs. Kenny replied, looking up in surprise.

"I might not have taken special notice of her either, only that Mr. Archer drew my attention to her Sunday evening when we were out driving."

"What did he say?" A color showed in Mrs. Kenny's cheeks. It seemed to reflect on her care of the child that an outsider had observed signs of illness to which she had been blind.

"Very little, I assure you!" replied Alice. "I never encourage any one to talk about members of my family or their affairs. He asked me if Sarah was feeling better. I thought it was quite possible that she might have complained to him of being sick as an excuse for not knowing her catechism, or that she might really have felt ill and Nettie would not tell us; and in either case it would not speak well for the children; so I said she was all right, and turned the conversation. After a while, however, he brought it back to Sarah by remarking that she was a strange child. I said she was quiet, that was all; and I began to talk about something else. He seemed to have something on his mind concerning Sarah, but I find it is best to leave people under the impression you known all about everything that concerns your own people. What he said, or rather what he didn't say, made me watch Sarah all week, and really, mother, I was a little afraid that she was going to be sick. But thank goodness, she is all right again."

Thus it was that Sarah's silence was left unbroken, and the visit of Dr. Hayward to the church, and the later call made by Nettie, were never known. Had it been otherwise, had the secret of her hidden love been revealed, would Grace have been saved from her folly? Had she known of his return to bid farewell to the scenes of his love-story would not her eyes have been opened, and his recall uttered? And had they known of the friendship between Nettie and the young student might not her life have been differently ordered?

* * * * * *

Four other years followed, a fair mosaic of green fields and sunny skies, the quiet life in the farm-house, and the life she had come to find not wholly unpleasant in the school. Providence, in the shape of a new set of trustees, had refused the school to the teacher for a third term, and in her place they installed one of those women who, possessing God's wisdom and man's knowledge, are forever a blessing to the children

over whom they are placed. Under her guidance Sarah had begun to find the path of knowledge less difficult to travel. Could she have persuaded gentle Miss Amelia to omit the impossible arithmetic and banish history, with its blood-curdling stories of Indian warfare and its pity-stirring account of pioneer suffering, Sarah's school life would have been peaceful. But Miss Amelia considered these two branches necessary parts of education, and Sarah had to submit, although she spoiled the appearance of Alice's carefully preserved American history by pasting brown wrapping paper over the ferocious pictures with which its pages were enlivened.

In that peaceful landscape of memory two events rose like mountain peaks. The first of these was the marriage of Grace to Ben Anderson, the year following the stranger's farewell to Sarah at the church door. Always, in memory, instead of the beautiful clothes, the many presents, the rich cooking, the gay crowd, the child saw only the set, white face of Grace, and felt again the ache in her heart, the loneliness in the house when her cousin had left home forever.

The second event was even more sharply impressed on the tranquil-minded child. It was years before her ears ceased to hear Alice's piercing shriek, as one June morning she found Nettie's place by Sarah, in the big bed, vacant, and a note lying on the bureau. Paralyzed by the horror of Alice's cold nature thus breaking its bonds, Sarah lay looking at her cousin, while the heavy tread of her uncle's feet sounded on the stairs, and the panting breath of the mother was heard, as Alice screamed.

"Father! mother! Nettie has run off!"

The mother clutched at the door for support, while the father strode forward, demanding:

"Run off! Where to? What for?"

"To Aberdeen—to get married!" gasped Alice, flinging herself on her knees by the table, and bowing her head to hide her grief and shame. The father went slowly to the table, took up the note Nettie had left, read it carefully, then deliberately turned and left the room. A passionate scene between the mother and the daughter followed, for the one Nettie had chosen for her life companion was a Protestant and studying for the ministry of his church. They were disgraced forever, and in the abandon of her grief, Alice cried out that they must sell the farm and hide themselves in the West, with Sarah's father.

"We do not run away from anything, my child, no matter what it may be," said Mrs. Kenny. Her voice broke the spell that had held Sarah, and creeping from the bed the little girl dressed herself quickly, slipped from the room and down the stairs, her heart sinking under the knowledge that Nettie was gone. On the back porch she met her uncle. He gazed for a moment into her eyes, then laid a trembling hand on her curls. She longed to speak some word that would take the hurt expression from his face; but her dumb lips refused her strong desire and the moment passed. Then he said:

"There is something burning in the kitchen, Sarah. You had better attend to it."

Glad to escape, she turned to the kitchen and took up the work where her aunt had laid it down, and from that day she, who had hitherto stood on the outside of her uncle's home, was admitted into its inner circle. Gradually Alice's early avoidance of the child was overcome, and finally she made for herself a place in the girl's heart, while to her uncle and aunt she became like a daughter.

And then an end came one day to the

meditative life among the green fields. As she watched her uncle riding slowly home from the village, Sarah knew intuitively that he was the bearer of bad news, and when she mounted the stile block to take the basket of groceries from him the stricken look in his eyes sent a chill to her heart. He spoke no word, but unsaddled Billy, and turned him loose in the yard, which, the wise horse knew, portended a second journey for him that day.

"I am afraid uncle is sick," Sarah confided to her aunt, as she put the basket on the kitchen table. "He looks so queer."

Mrs. Kenny hurried out to meet her husband.

"I have a letter from Sarah's father. He wants her to come home," he said.

Mrs. Kenny leaned heavily against the door, and the gray came into her face, while the slow tears gathered in her eyes.

"I wish she didn't have to go," she said, brokenly.

"She is his child," Mr. Kenny answered, fumbling in his pocket for the letter.

"Yes, but we reared her. She is like one of our own children. I—I don't know how we can get along without the quiet little child. If Nettie were here it would not be so bad—but to have no child in the house, after these many years—"

"Here is his letter," interrupted her husband, quietly. "He says that his wife has fallen into ill health, and he needs Sarah to take charge of the house and children. There are three of them—two boys and a baby girl. He tried to get along, for he wanted Sarah to stay here, where she would be near church and school, but he cannot do without her any longer. I am afraid he has not done so well out West as he expected —and I'm sorry for Sarah."

That was a long speech for the man whose love of silence grew with his years. He went into the house to remove his Sunday coat, while Mrs. Kenny read her brother-in-law's letter.

Woman-like she read more in it than her husband, and she felt a dislike of the wife who, she was convinced, was the cause of Sarah's recall.

"I know she is cross and peevish and unjust," she said to Alice. "She will torture the life out of the poor child, and you know a harsh word is like a blow to Sarah. And she will have to take care of all these children, who will tyrannize over her as step-brothers and sisters always do; besides having all the work to do."

"It is well she knows how to do the work," observed the practical Alice. "Work is not hard when you like it and understand how to go about it, and this Sarah does. She will thank us for our training, mother, even as Nettie thanks us; although I must say we never had the trouble with Sarah that we had with Nettie. She is a docile child."

"That is why I fear so for her," complained Mrs. Kenny. "If she were more forward and would assert herself—but no! she will let them make a slave of her and never say a word."

"But surely uncle will not permit that," exclaimed Alice.

"He won't see it. Men are so blind to some things, and Sarah is not the one to utter a word of complaint."

"Well, we can't help it, mother," said Alice, with a sigh.

Regarding her for a moment, her mother became suddenly aware that Alice looked tired and old, not like one in the dawn of womanhood. Gazing at her a deeper shadow fell across the place, while the ears of the spirit in that moment seemed to catch the far-off

sound of the Black Camel's feet on his way to her dwelling.

Sarah was conscious of a sensation of physical coldness as she listened to her aunt's low voice informing her of her father's wish. Dry-eyed she stared at the toil-worn face, knowing it was soon to be shut out from her, with the quiet sweet life of which it was a part; and then a great heaviness settled on her heart, crushing out all feeling. All that day as she wandered amid the familiar scenes she kept repeating to herself: "I am going away! I will not see these places any more!" And there came no feeling of pain with the thought, and no tears dimmed the violet eyes. For long hours she sat by Rover's side, picturing his dumb misery on being separated from her, and her own loss of the loving and constant companionship of this understanding friend, and still no pain came to her heart, there was only this dull, stone-like weight which she could not shake off.

The answer to the letter was dispatched that day, saying that Sarah would start on the following Monday, as it would require the remainder of the week to get her ready and acquaint the rest of the family with the news of her departure. For once Alice neglected the cooking and sweeping in her eagerness to make up a number of pretty dresses and aprons for the unobtrusive child whose going was causing this unusual pain. When the clothes were finished and packed in the little trunk that had belonged to Sarah's mother, Alice began to prepare the big dinner which was to be given on Sunday when her brothers and sisters would come home with wives and husbands and children to bid Sarah farewell.

Nettie, who had been partially forgiven, was the first to arrive, and, seeing her, it seemed to Sarah that the great heaviness spread until it reached her brain and crushed out all sense of identity, and she sat amid her relatives as one who was a stranger to them. Their words had no meaning for her, their tears in parting did not touch her, and they and the life out of which she was stepping were unreal as a dream.

The next morning came in with a blinding rain, rendering it impossible for Mrs. Kenny and Alice to accompany Sarah to the train. With bent head Billy drew the surrey up to the front door, where the child waited with her weeping aunt and cousin.

"There is always a home for you with us, Sarah, while we have a roof over our heads," cried Mrs. Kenny, as she held the lonely girl to her breast. "You will always remember these words of mine, won't you, Sarah?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Sarah, who, had she been asked, could not have repeated them, for the deadness was now in her ears.

"Good-bye, Sarah!" sobbed Alice, "I suppose I was cross sometimes with you, Sarah, for I didn't know things then; but you'll forgive me—after a while."

The blue eyes fixed on the face of the speaker suddenly lost their dullness. A fire that seemed to rend her burst through this weight of stone, and with a cry that sent Mrs. Kenny into the house in an ungovernable storm of tears, and made Mr. Kenny lean heavily against Billy, while the slow tears coursed down his cheeks, Sarah flung herself into her cousin's arms.

"I love you, Cousin Alice, and I don't want to leave you, and uncle and aunt and Rover and the house!" she wailed; and Alice said no word for a while, but held the shaking little form to her in a close embrace.

"I wish you could stay with mother and father, little Sarah," she said, at

last, "but your father needs you, and you must go to him, for we owe our first duty to our parents."

She kissed the child very tenderly, then helped her into the surrey, and through the blinding rain and the mist of her own tears she bravely smiled her farewell. As they passed out of the gate Mr. Kenny awkwardly took a package from his pocket, and handed it to the quickly subdued child.

"It is a copy of that book I took from you and Nettie that night," he said, greatly embarrassed. "I read it myself, and I always wished I had let you two children finish it. I shouldn't have liked if some one had taken it from me at the interesting part. So I bought it for you, and it is mighty fortunate the rain kept your aunt and cousin from coming with us, for there would be no end of explanation to make to them. It'll keep you company on the train."

"Yes, sir," said Sarah, folding the book against her breast, while memory, slowly awakening, brought back the stolen hours in the hay-loft, and the shock of discovery in the big, silent bedroom. They were nearing the crest of the hill, and she turned her head for a last glimpse through the tiny window, of the old house standing in the long green fields. Ghostly, already a thing of the past, it showed through the grey veil of the rain; then a broken cry escaped her as she caught the dim outline of Rover, sitting in the portico, gazing disconsolately after the disappearing carriage.

CHAPTER XI.

The hall bedroom was long and narrow, with a double window looking out upon a square, brick-paved court, in the centre of which grew a solitary, stunted ailanthus tree. At the rear of the court was an alley which,—running from a respectable business street to one peopled by the city's most aristocratic inhabitants—was edged on the west side by the abodes of Negroes, and a convenient police station. The second story of these houses showed above the high wooden fence that separated the court from the alley, and when Sarah's eyes wandered from the struggling tree to the scene beyond she beheld the ebony-hued men and women hanging over the window-sills, talking and laughing with their neighbors, or shouting down to the loungers on the narrow pavement. Sarah tried to keep her eyes fixed on the tree, and her thoughts on the subject in hand, which reduced to the bare statement was that she had drawn on her last hundred dollars, and she was without work.

On one side of the window was a stationary wash-stand, on the other a bed, covered with a white counterpane. Sarah was seated on the wash-stand, with one foot resting on the edge of the bed,—the space between the two articles of furniture was painfully limited,—and the other foot swung in mid-air as she clasped her arms around the knee. It was her favorite seat during the day when the owner of the white-covered bed was absent, she being one of those fortunates who had employment. At the other end of the narrow room, beside the door opening into the dark hall, was Sarah's bed, now strewn with books and papers; the space between on either side, was filled with a wardrobe, a bureau, two chairs, and a stand for the lamp which was required after ten o'clock, when the gas was turned off. The coal oil can stood on one of the chairs, put there by the other girl, that morning, so that Sarah, who was forgetful, should be reminded to go for oil, to the little grocery at the end of the alley. On the stand were also an ink bottle and a cheap writing pen, Sarah's first purchase on reach-

ing the city. The white table cover showed several spots of ink.

"She doesn't like to see those," Sarah had commented, viewing the blots and thinking of her neat companion. "I ought to be more careful. I wonder what would remove them? Alice would have known. Poor Alice!"

It was then she took her position by the window, and let her gaze drift out to the ailanthus, while her thoughts went back over the well-beaten path.

After the light of the October evening had succeeded in piercing the smoky atmosphere, and struggled into the few open places, it had lost not only its golden beauty but much of its clearness; and yet, such as it was, now falling on the face of the girl, it revealed the ravages that time had wrought in her. The violet eyes were all that remained of the child Sarah, and these sent a dull ache into the heart when one caught them off guard. That guard was the expression they wear who have "laughed the earnest of their youth into a bitter jest." There was no need for it now with only the starved tree for a witness, and as it fell away before memory her angel must have hid his face from the pain he could not understand.

"I don't think it was quite fair," she said slowly to herself. "I didn't have the ghost of a fighting chance. If I did —yes, if you did, Sarah Kenny, would you have taken it? No, for you are a fool, always have been, always will be, and the best thing could happen you would be to die."

Death! Death! how often had she cried for it in that long drawn out agony of life in Arkansas.

Looking back from the threshold of her twentieth year, Sarah quivered as she saw herself once more standing alone on the wooden platform, waiting vainly for her father, while far into the distance sped the train that had brought her from familiar places and friendly people to this scene of desolation. Not a house was in sight, no sign of life was around her, nothing but the arid, scorched level land with the hard glittering rail of steel running through it.

She stood in the burning sunlight, while her eyes scanned the horizon, and the young mind vaguely asked what had happened. She could find only one answer to her question—the conductor had put her off at the wrong place, and somewhere up or down that path of steel her father was waiting for her. When she did not appear he would go home. He would suppose she was with her uncle, who would think she was with her father. They might not write to each other for a month, and she was lost on these uninhabited and unknown plains! In that time there would be ample opportunity for the wolves to eat her, or the Indians to carry her off into captivity, as they had carried the daughter of Daniel Boone and her companions. Was it for this fate she had been ordered from the safe farm-house among the shadowy blue-grass fields, torn from those who loved her and whom she loved? At first the old fear clutched at her heart, and she stood there passively awaiting her doom. But no wild creature, man or beast, appeared on the broad expanse of land, no yelp or war-whoop broke the dead silence; and fear presently loosened its hold. As she felt it shrink away, she seemed to hear the assurance spoken that never again should it exert its power over her. A new force was being created within, however, and for the first time she experienced the sensation of revolt. By one of those interior illuminations she saw that her father had dealt unjustly with her twice —first when he had cast her off to marry

the new wife, and now when he had called her from the home she had grown to love, to minister to him and the woman who, in some way, had failed him. She felt that she had reason to expect other treatment from her father, and she smarted under the injustice.

The little girl the conductor had gently lifted from the steps of the coach was in some way different from the one who, hearing a slow noise behind her, turned to see a green wagon, drawn by a pair of mules, advancing towards her across the burning prairie. A man was on the seat, holding the reins, and she grew afraid.

He might be an Indian, notwithstanding his civilized occupation, or a Negro, or a gypsy, who would carry her off. That the approaching man might be her father never once occurred to her. Her father would have come in a surrey drawn by a horse like Billy.

As the lazy mules drew the wagon and its occupants nearer she saw the man was young and his bronzed face looked friendly under the drooping brim of the home-made straw hat. Whether he had expected to find a mere child, instead of a half-grown girl, waiting for him, or whether the violet eyes disconcerted him by the superior wisdom the soul had been struggling up to, the young man blushed under his tan as he stopped his mules and looked down on her from the high seat.

(To be Continued.)

A VALENTINE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

It was forty years ago that a little girl, sitting upon a great four-posted bed in a Virginia nursery, clipped away diligently with a "monst'ous" pair of shears at a quantity of paper. She was surrounded by scraps, and so busy that she did not raise her head when the door of the nursery opened, and a robust negress, her head bound about with a bandana handkerchief, came into the room. Not until Henny spoke did the little mistress look up.

"We culled folks is keepin' yo' powaful hawd at wuck," said Henny, apologetically.

Alicia Tankerville tossed back the mass of yellow hair that had fallen over her blue eyes, said graciously enough, "Laws, I don't mind!" and then asked, apropos of the hint, "Did you want me to make you another one, Henny?"

"I wa' thinkin'," said Henny, bashfully, "that nobawdy ain't calc'lated on sendin' no valentine to ole Kale. He's feelin' mighty po'ly lately; he's gwine down-hill putty fas'. I reckon as ole Kale would 'preciate a valentine well as de res', an' seems as 'taint fa'r to leave him slip frough."

If Henny had belonged to a fairer race there would have been a flush in her cheeks as she thus "took up" for old Kale.

"Ef it wouldn't be too much trouble, Mith 'Lecia, I'd thank you for to meck me a hawt valentine to send to old Kale."

"Oh, it wouldn't be too much trouble at all," returned Miss Tankerville. "Only you'll have to say what kind of a verse you want on it."

This selecting of the verse was, after all, the greatest trouble connected with

the "heart valentines" which Miss Alicia Tankerville was assiduously preparing for the approaching fourteenth of February. The stock from which to choose was limited.

The single line, "Oh, then remember me," was a decided favorite. "Oh, den rememba me," was sung about the house from morning till night. The dining-room servant hummed it as she spread the cloth awry and then dragged it straight; little black Nancy sang it softly as she slopped the water over the polished stairs.

"'Oh, den remember me,' wouldn't do, I reckon?" inquired Henny.

"No," replied Miss Alicia, firmly, "it wouldn't do at all. It wouldn't be suited to old Kale, and you've got it twice already."

"Dat's so," said Henny, humbly. "Wot's some o' yo' oder putty po'try, missy?"

"'My pen is bad,
My ink is pale,
My love for you
Will never fail.'"

"You haven't had that yet," said Alicia. "But that would hardly do, either. Let me see, you haven't had

"'If you love me
As I love you,
No knife can cut
Our love in two.'"

"It's very hard to think of something that will suit, for you don't want to send a love valentine to old Kale," concluded the maker of the valentines.

"No, honey, I 'specks not," said Henny, doubtfully. "Co'se you ought to know." Nevertheless, she nervously fingered her blue cotton apron. "I'd like for to send him one dat'd meck him feel good; meck him feel like he wa'n't laid on de shelf. Old Kale he take it hawd, bein' laid on de she'f. Ain' yo' got a rhyme, missy, 'bout de rose?"

"Yes," cried Alicia, "and I think it will do very well! I'll go to work on old Kale's valentine soon's I finish up this one of Liddy's. I'm going to do all my own colored people's first."

"Dat's right, honey," said Henny. "Dem niggas f'om odder folks's plantations ain' no business nohow sendin' deir beggin' messages ober heah. Dhey won't give yo' noffin' fo't. I'se gunno bake yo' a whole waiterful o' doughnuts fo' dat valentine o' old Kale's."

"Prissy declared on her sould she'd get me the biggest apple in the major's orchard," said the little girl, gravely. "But I don't make the valentines for them outside as nice as the ones for my own colored people; 'twouldn't be fair. I reckon I'd best scallop ole Kale's."

"Dat's right, honey—yo' meck old Kale's fine's yo' kin. Dem doughnuts'll beat any apple wot comes out de majah's o'cha'd. Dem doughnuts'll have twict de customary 'mount o' suga' we puts in de mao'ity."

"I'll scallop it an' cut little hearts on the cover-piece, too," said the artist, serenely. "I reckon ole Kale might think the little hearts were pretty?"

"Old Kale—w'y he'll t'ink dem li'l cut-out hawts is beau'ful!" cried Henny. "Now I ain' gunno stan' heah an' badda yo' no mo'. I'se gun cla' out dis instan'."

Miss Alicia bent again to her task. She set aside a sheet of the finest quality of white unruled paper for Kale's valentine. She displayed wisdom in the selection of her paper. The valentines for Jake and John, the stable hands, were made of manila, as were also those of Boss Brown's slaves.

"They'll neva know the diffe'nce," said Sally, the nurse.

"We-alls in the house gits pa'tic'la."

"We-alls in the house" were jubilant-

ly happy when, on the morning of the fourteenth, Miss Alicia herself volunteered to carry the precious missives to their various destinations—all but a few that had been given away the night before.

She and Max and the Baby, cloaked and gloved for the expedition, appeared at the kitchen door, the Baby comfortably seated in the little red sleigh.

"Give the mail to the Baby," ordered Max, tossing his head and sounding a jingle with his string of bells. "Me and 'Licia's the horses."

"Until we get to the houses; then I'm the letter-carrier," said Alicia.

The Negroes giggled joyfully.

"They sut'ny do look like mail," said Lydia, carrying the pile of manila-wrapped valentines carefully out to the little red sleigh, and packing them in safely beside the Baby. "Them valentines ain't gunno git col'," she added; whereupon the black people laughed so loudly that even the Baby arrived at the conclusion that Lydia's words must have contained a joke.

Then the horses started off in a trot, and the Baby, tucked in beside the valentines, gave a hurrah of pleasure at the sunshine and the snow and everything.

"Is that mail safe and sound?" called out the letter-carrier, coming to a halt.

"'Tain't col', neida!" cried the Baby. "Git up!"

Six of the valentines were left at the store to be distributed from that point. Three were dropped at the kitchen door of the Brown plantation; eight were handed in proudly at the smoky quarter belonging to Major Marsh.

Then the letter-carrier turned into a horse again, and she and Max, tossing their heads, jingled and galloped down the road, the Baby becoming more vehement in her orders for them to "Git up!"

The team jingled and galloped to the very best of their ability as they approached nearer and nearer to old Kale's. A small stream of smoke issued from the chimney of the cabin on the edge of the woods.

Old Kale had built this cabin for himself long ago, when he was the champion wood-cutter of the county. He came to the door in answer to the letter-carrier's knock, and the three children entered at his bidding.

"Teck cheers," he said, politely, pushing three pine boxes around the stove.

"Give him the valentine," whispered the Baby; but the letter-carrier had already sunk down upon her pine box.

Old Kale had changed very much since the children had last seen him. He stooped very low; his hands trembled all the time, and his black face had turned a yellowish brown. There was a strange brightness in Kale's eyes.

"Yo's Cunnel Tankaville's little folks," he said, feebly. "I'm gittin' ole,—I'm done laid on de she'f, I reckon,—but I sut'ney knows Cunnel Tankaville's little folks. Dat's de little gal dey was disapp'inted wa'n't a boy; an' dats de boy what come an' meck it all right; an' dat little thi'd one, dat's de baby wot dey ain't quit callin' de baby, dough she's a mighty peart little leddy mos' five year ole."

A gleam of pride showed itself in old Kale's bright eyes as he gave forth this specimen of his memory in a low, rambling voice.

"Why don't you let him have his mail?" whispered the Baby.

The letter-carrier rose from her pine box, handed the manila package to the old man, and said gravely, "We're taking around valentines this morning. This comes to you."

"I 'cla'!" cried old Kale.

His hands shook so violently when he took off the wrapper that the Baby be-

came excited and swung her bundled-up little legs against the pine box with gentle thumps.

A smile of rapt delight settled upon the old man's yellow-brown face. "Wal, I 'cla' to goodness!" he cried, reverently regarding the little cut-out hearts, "I 'cla' to goodness!"

"That's only the outside," explained the letter-carrier, rising again. "You open it."

"Land sakes, so yo' does!" exclaimed old Kale.

He divided the paper, and held a heart tenderly in each withered hand.

"Dar's writin' inside. I may be ole an' laid on de she'f, but I knows writin' w'en I sees it."

"It's a verse!" said Max, quietly.

"Shall I read it to you?" inquired the letter-carrier.

"Please, missy."

She read it to him slowly and clearly.

"Now, please, missy, onct agin," pleaded the old man. "De rose is red. What else?"

Miss Alicia Tankerville repeated the verses again and yet again, the Baby echoing the words while she thumped her muffled feet.

Old Kale repeated them correctly, after many trials:

"De rose is red,
De violet's blue,
Suga's sweet,
An' so's you."

"Dat's it, I reckon," said old Kale, in a triumphant voice. "I ain't so ole but I got some kin' o' mem'ry lef'. I ain' so ole but somebawdy's got a kin' o' mem'ry lef' fo' me, too. Who sen' dis valentine, chillum?"

"We dassen' tell," said the Baby, solemnly.

"Come f'om yo' place, I reckon?"

"She made it," said Max, proudly, and the letter-carrier smiled.

"I 'cla' to goodness! 'Twan't Sally, up to none o' her capers?"

"O, no, 'twan't Sally," said Alicia, quickly.

"Reckon 'twan't Liddy?"

"No, 'deed, 'twan't Liddy."

"Fo' shore, 'twa'n't Henny?"

The letter-carrier looked down and giggled bashfully. The boy's merry eyes fixed themselves upon the stove grate. The Baby burst into an excited laugh.

"There! we weren't to tell," cried the boy, turning reprovingly to the Baby, "and you've done it a'ready."

"I didn't say a word!" retorted the Baby.

Old Kale's eyes strayed tenderly to the heart valentine.

"I'm feeling mighty good to-day. I oughta known 'twa' some sawt o' day." His wandering glance strayed to the window. "It's a beautiful spring day," he said, "a mighty beau'ful cla' spring day."

The letter-carrier was standing. The boy and the Baby followed her example, and echoed her good-by. The three went out together, the boy closing the door. Old Kale's fire had died down during their visit. They left him sitting in the cold.

"I know something," said the letter-carrier, in a hoarse whisper, "old Kale is awful sick."

"He's going down-hill mighty fast," said the boy.

"We'll stop at the house," continued the letter-carrier, energetically. "I'll tell Major Marsh myself to send somebody to look after old Kale."

She dumped the Baby into the sled, and the two horses jingled away in the direction of the mansion on the hill, the letter-carrier's bravery deserting her, however, when she reached the quarter. She ordered a halt.

"We found old Kale mighty poorly," she explained, casting a reproachful glance into the heated room. "Some of you best go down and make him a fire."

"Lawd! he ain' got no f'ar dis day?" cried Aunt Susan, in assumed or real alarm. "Yo' lazy trash, git up dar an' go 'long an' meck ole Kale a f'ar!"

Upon a second urging the "lazy trash," in the shape of two of the "boys," left their comfortable places and started out, grumbling a little, to do Aunt Susan's bidding.

Major Marsh's Pat and Jimmy found the champion wood-cutter as the children had left him, sitting in front of his cold stove in his cold room. He was looking down upon his knee, where his shaking hands grasped the heart valentine. He did not recognize the men or speak to them.

"Wot's he sayin'?" inquired Pat.

"Some'n 'bout de rose," said Jimmy. "He's readin' his valentine."

After that they stood and listened. When old Kale finished the second line they took off their hats. The old man straightened himself on the pine box.

"Go behind him! he's gunno fall!" said Pat, in a whisper.

"'Suga's sweet, an' so's yo'," murmured old Kale, softly. Then he fell back, closing his smiling eyes and drawing close together his smiling lips.

"He won't neva cut anudda lick o' wood," said Pat, slowly and solemnly.

"Won't neva need no mo' f'ar," added Jimmy, huskily.

IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

BY STEPHEN STAPLETON.

The political memorials in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, are most poignantly eloquent of the pathos and tragedy of the movement for National self-government. In that great city of the dead are buried most of the standard-bearers of the cause, and in the inscriptions on their tombstones may be read its fate and fortunes through the nineteenth century, the changes in its form or manifestations, constitutional or revolutionary, according to varying circumstances or the trend of public opinion.

The cemetery is dominated by the pillar tower which surmounts the crypt where the mighty agitator, Daniel O'Connell, sleeps after his long and turbulent career. High over the other monuments to noted politicians it rises appropriately, a striking and impressive testimony to O'Connell's reputation as Ireland's greatest son. Around his crypt are buried several of his comrades-in-arms in the movements for Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Union. Two of them are specially noteworthy, Tom Steele and Gavan Duffy. No two men could be more unlike in temperament and attainments. Steele was a Protestant, a landlord, and an M.A. of Cambridge University. He was an eccentric who mixed chivalry with his patriotism in a quixotic degree. "Head Pacificator of Ireland" was the title which O'Connell conferred on him, probably by way of a joke. But poor Steele was mightily conceited of the office, and he used to strut about in a fantastic uniform, with a ludicrous air of his own importance—at the Repeal

meetings and demonstrations. His idea of pacification was to challenge to a duel, or assail in vituperous language, anyone who reflected on O'Connell personally, or the cause. When O'Connell died, in 1847, and the disruption of the Repeal Movement followed, poor Steele, heartbroken at the loss of his beloved chief, and bereft of his property,—all lost in the "Cause"—grew tired of his life. One night in June, 1848, he was picked out of the Thames, having flung himself off Waterloo Bridge, and a few days later he died in a Fleet Street coffee house. "Love is strong as death" is the sentiment fittingly inscribed on the tomb of this sincere and honest, if quixotic, Irishman.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was the son of a small country shopkeeper, and a Catholic. He founded and edited *The Nation,* the famous weekly newspaper that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, scattered through Ireland, the ideas from which have germinated the mighty and undying force of national sentiment; having passed through the adversity of the insurrecting fiasco of the Young Irelanders in 1848, and being three times put on trial for treason felony, he attained to prosperity and renown as one of the statesmen of the young colony of Victoria, turning his worldly success in old age to good purpose for the same cause for which he had spent the vigor and passion of his early manhood.

What a thrilling memory of the opening years of the nineteenth century is stirred by the grave of Anne Devlin—"The faithful servant of Robert Emmet." Such is the epitaph inscribed on her tomb. Barely twenty years of age, she was housekeeper for that ardent young revolutionary when he lived in retirement, under an assumed name, on the outskirts of Dublin, in 1803, awaiting the ripening of his plans for the establishment of an Irish Republic; and when the failure of his conspiracy brought him to the cell and the scaffold, such was the devotion inspired in the girl by his aims, as well as by his endearing qualities, that torture and imprisonment could not wring from her any evidence against him. In later life she was a common washerwoman; and, as her epitaph also tells, "lived in obscurity and poverty and so died," aged seventy, in 1851.

What a dreadful, morbid place, as a rule, is a city graveyard! Death is, indeed, robed in terrors in some cemeteries. They suggest the appalling feeling that to be buried in the midst of their hideous wilderness of ghastly tombstones is to be forgotten and lost for all time. Glasnevin Cemetery has no such dreadful gloom. It is a place not only of political memories, sad and stirring, but of soft and tender natural beauty. Its wonderful variety of trees and bushes is a rare delight. Its quiet groves are sanctuaries for all the song birds. On a kindly Irish spring or summer day there is no more bright and pleasant spot for idle wandering, or in serious mood to put aside the little and idle cares of the day and ruminate on truths eternal. To be buried there, one feels, is to assume immortality. Surely a fitting resting place for a poet; and here is the grave, simple and humble, of Ireland's greatest bard, James Clarence Mangan, to whom a deathless fame is, indeed, assured. In life no thought that he would be remembered in the hearts of his countrymen ever brightened the dark reflections on the future of this poor devil of a scrivener. In his dreadful poem, "The Nameless One," he has written his own epitaph. "He bides in calmness the silent morrow that no ray lights."

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms, there let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here, and in hell.

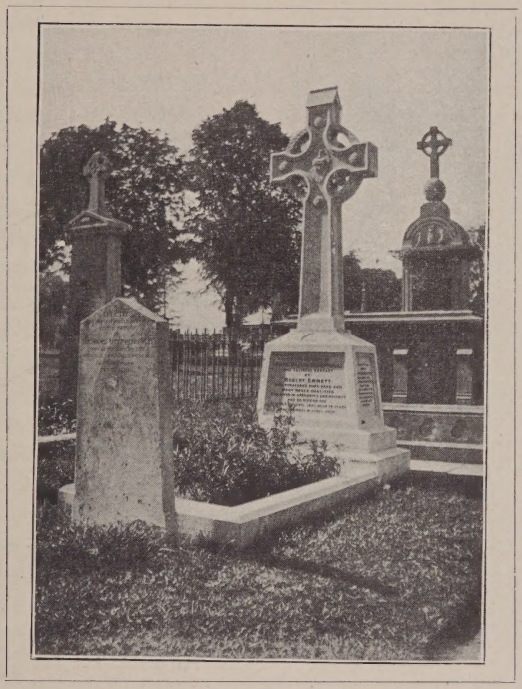
His life has been well summed up in a sentence by John Mitchel, "There were two Mangans: one well-known to the Muses, the other to the police; one soared through the empyrean and sought the stars, the other lay too often in the gutters of Peter Street and Bride Street." He died of cholera, in one of Dublin's public hospitals, in 1849, aged forty-six years; and might have been laid in a pauper's grave had not some one, named Plunkett, given room to the poet's remains in his family burial place. Mangan's political verse gives varying advice to his countrymen, which each accepts according to his mood and temperament. In "Consolation and Counsel" he preaches education:

"'Knowledge is power,' not powder. That man strikes
A blow for Ireland worth a hundred guns
Who trains one reasoner. Smash your heads of pikes,
And form the heads of men, my sons."

In "A Highway for Freedom" he exclaims, "'Tis deeds not words that I weigh"—deeds being physical blows—and adds:—

"Your swords, your guns, alone can give
To freedom's course a highway!"

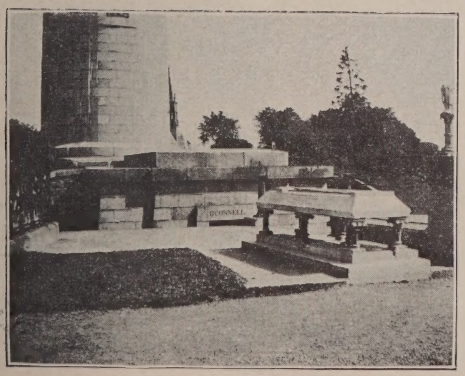
Death is not only the great leveller; it is also the great peacemaker. "The Right Honorable James H. Monaghan, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas." The line is conspicuous on a mortuary chapel. Monaghan as Attorney-General conducted the prosecutions arising out of the Rising of 1848. William Smith O'Brien, Terence Bellew MacManus, and Thomas Francis Meagher, tried at Clonmel, were condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted and they were transported to Van Dieman's Land. Later on as a judge, Monaghan presided at the Special Commission in 1867, for the trial of the Fenian prisoners at Cork and Limerick. Some of those whom he prosecuted, or sentenced for political offences, sleep peacefully together in the hush of the same mother earth at Glasnevin, outside the tumult of the country's political voice, ever restless and jarring. Terence Bellew MacManus effected a bold and daring escape from Van Dieman's Land, in 1851, with Thomas Francis Meagher. He settled in San Francisco, where he tried to establish himself as a shipping agent—a business which he had followed at Liverpool before the insurrection—but he failed, and died in poverty, early in the year 1861. At that time the Fenian movement,—for the establishment by revolutionary means of an Irish republic,—was spreading slowly in the United States and Ireland. The chiefs of the conspiracy decided to bring the body of the dead rebel across continent and ocean for interment in the land of his birth. The funeral along the whole route, from San Francisco to Dublin, assumed the character of a mighty demonstration in the interest of the revolutionary movement, and so great was its success that the conspiracy rapidly grew to enormous dimensions at home and in the United States. Fifty thousand men marched after the hearse through the streets of Dublin, on Sunday, the 10th of November, 1861. The grave in which MacManus was then laid is marked only by a plain slab upon which have been scratched a rude representation of a harp, and the prayer, "God save Ireland." Under the same uninscribed stone, John O'Mahony, co-partner with James Stephens in founding the Fenian organization, was buried in 1877. A Tipperary farmer he was one of the fugitives from Ireland after the Rising of 1848, and settling in New York devoted himself to literary pursuits,—translating, from the Gaelic, Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland"—until 1858, when



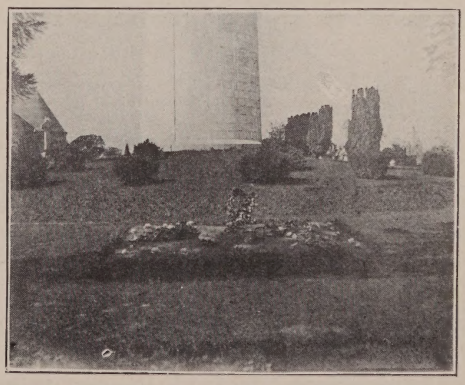
GRAVE OF JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.
Author of "The Rising of the Moon."

returning to his earlier love of revolutionary politics he became head of the "Irish Republican Brotherhood," better known as the Fenians, in the United States, while James Stephens was chief of the conspiracy in Ireland. On the collapse of the organization, after the abortive attempt at insurrection in Ireland in March, 1867, O'Mahony fell into obscurity. Like MacManus, he died in exile and in poverty, and like MacManus his remains were brought across the Atlantic that he might rest with companions-in-arms at Glasnevin.

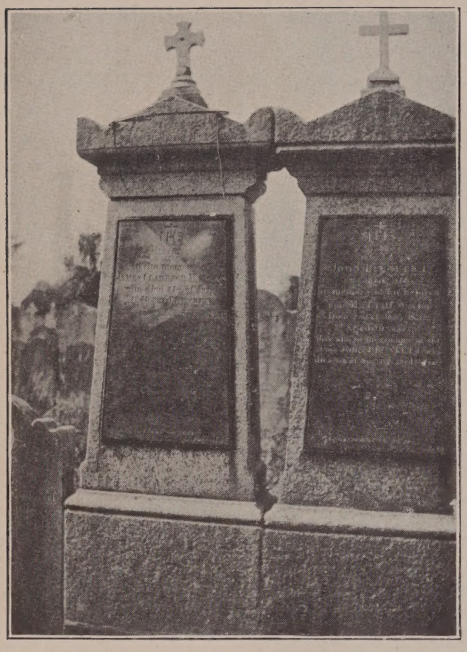
Close by, is the grave of the Fenian poet, John Keegan Casey. The son of a peasant, he worked in Dublin as a clerk, fell under the spell of the Fenian move-



TOM STEELE



SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.



CLARENCE MANGAN.

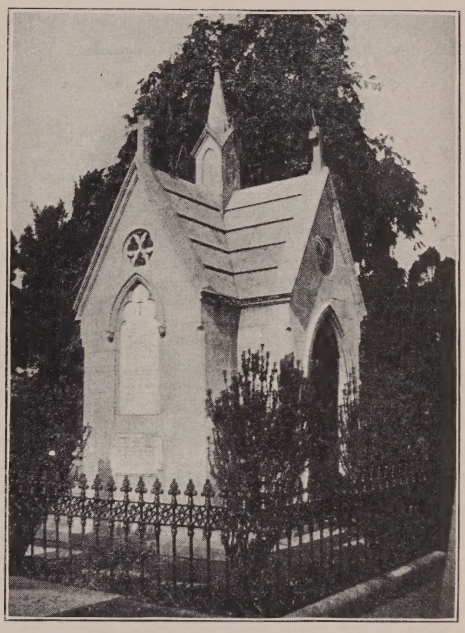
ment, sang of its political aspirations in moving verse, was imprisoned in 1867, and died in 1870, ere yet he was twenty-four. There is a striking monument over his grave, erected by the Young Ireland Society in the early 'Eighties. "Author of 'The Rising of the Moon,'" it says: "and many soul-stirring ballads and songs." "From his youth" the inscription also records, "his life was devoted to the cause of Irish freedom. His last words were a prayer of intercession for his country's liberty and his soul's salvation."

There are many memories in Glasnevin of the Fenian Movement. Edward Duffy is esteemed as one of its martyrs. He was chief organizer of the movement for Connaught. The inscription on the Celtic cross over his grave tells the result. "Convicted of his love for Ireland, May 21st, 1867, and sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude, he died in Millbank Prison, England, January 17th, 1868, aged 29 years." "Love for Ireland," the inscription continues, "was the passion of his life; his brightest day dream that he might die fighting for her freedom." The career of the revolutionary, whatever else may be said of it, is one of sacrifice and renunciation.

But the most dramatic events of the Fenian movement are commemorated by a memorial to "The Manchester Martyrs," Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, though their remains rest not in Glasnevin but in Salford prison, where they were executed on November 23d, 1867. Early in that month of November the police arrested, at Manchester, as vagrants two men who turned out to be Fenian leaders, named Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, Irish-American soldiers. As the prison van was being driven from Manchester to the county jail at Salford, guarded by twelve policemen—one being inside with the prisoners—it was stopped at a lonely part of the road by a band of

ROBERT EMMET'S SERVANT, ANNE DEVLIN.

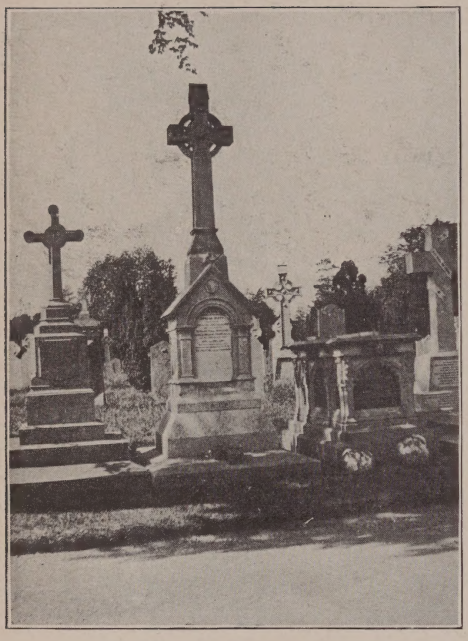
thirty men, armed with revolvers, who put the guard to flight and shot the horses. The policeman inside the van, Sergeant Brett, bravely refused to surrender the keys. A revolver was fired, the bullet struck Brett, and he fell mortally wounded. In the van with the Fenians were three female prisoners. The leader of the attacking party, "a pale-faced young man," afterwards identified as William Phillip Allan, again demanded the keys, and one of the women, taking them from the pocket of the dying policeman, handed them out through the ventilator. The leader then entered the van, and setting Kelly and Deasy free, hurried them away with a body-guard across the fields. Their object accomplished, the attacking party dispersed in all directions, but the police having, meanwhile, returned with a considerable crowd, they were pursued and several of them captured. A special commission was issued for the trial of the prisoners, five of whom were indicted for the murder of Sergeant Brett. The case for the Crown was that the police officer was deliberately aimed at through the open ventilator and shot. For the prisoners it was contended that his death was due to misadventure, and not to deliberate design, the revolver having been fired through the keyhole solely with a view to smashing the lock. All the prisoners were convicted of murder; two were reprieved (one of them, a marine named Maguire, was proved not to have been present at the rescue and to have had no sympathy with the Fenians) and Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien were publicly hanged, in presence of an enormous crowd, before Salford jail on November 23d, 1867. The leader of the rescue party, Allan, a carpenter by trade, was only nineteen. Not the least extraordinary feature of this daring enterprise was that Kelly and Deasy, though handcuffed on being rescued from the van, were never recaptured.



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MONAHAN.

The bodies of Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, were buried in quick-lime in unconsecrated ground within the jail. The cross over the untenanted grave at Glasnevin gives the names of the men, and simply records they were "hanged at Manchester and buried there in the jail 23rd Novr. 1867." There is another inscription on the side of the base of the

BELLEW MACMANUS AND JOHN O'MAHONY.



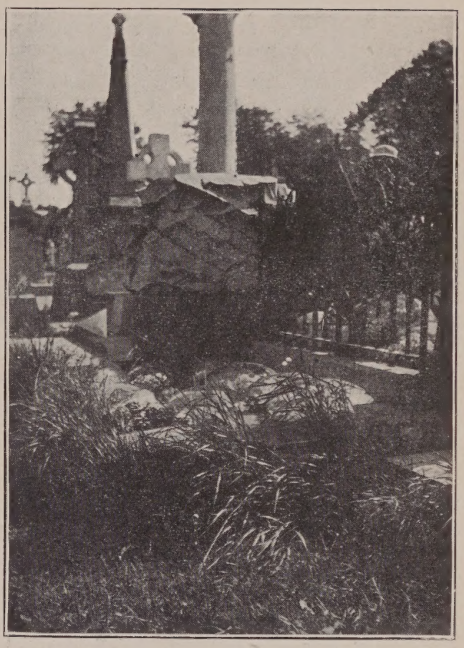
EDWARD DUFFY.

memorial. It runs—"Michael Barrett, hanged at Newgate, London, and buried May 26th, 1868, in the jail-yard. Requiescat in Pace. God save Ireland." Three weeks after the executions at Salford, on December 13th, 1867, a barrel containing gunpowder was exploded outside Clerkenwell Prison, London, and a breach sixty yards wide made in the wall. The object of the perpetrators was to effect the rescue of two Fenian prisoners, named Burke and Casey, who were expected to be in the exercise yard at the time of the explosion. Had they been there they would have been blown to pieces. But fortunately for them they were confined to their cells that day, as information of the plot had reached the authorities. Such was the terrific character of the explosion that death and ruin were spread around. Some tenement houses opposite the prison, inhabited by very poor people, were demolished. Six persons were killed outright; six died afterwards from their wounds and shock; several went mad; over a hundred were maimed or injured. For this grossly stupid and reckless deed—manifestly carried out by persons ignorant of the full power and reach of a gunpowder explosion—five men and a woman were arrested. They were all of the Irish laboring class from Glasgow. Tried for murder, one only was convicted, Michael Barrett, who was identified as the man who trundled the barrel on a wheelbarrow to the prison wall and applied a match to the fuse. It is a remarkable fact that despite the indignation naturally aroused by Barrett's desperate and wicked deed, his appearance and demeanor in the dock and his genuine sorrow for the desolation caused by the explosion most favorably impressed the Press representatives at his trial. He was the last person that was publicly hanged in the United Kingdom. That eminent journalist, Sir Wemyss Reid,

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

saw the execution outside Newgate prison. "Of the execution itself, I have only one thing to say," he writes in his 'Memoirs;' "that is that Barrett died in a very different fashion from any other murderer whom I had seen hanged. He faced death, in fact, like a hero, with undaunted mien, and a smile upon his pallid lips. I observed that his trousers were all frayed and worn at the knees, and remarked upon the fact to one of the warders who was standing beside me. 'Yes,' he replied, 'he has been on his knees praying ever since he was sentenced.'"

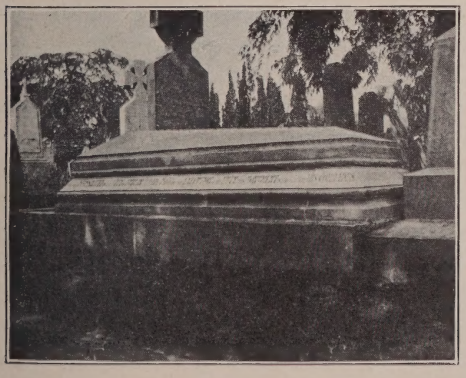
James Stephens, "Head Centre" of the Fenians in Ireland, is buried beside the memorial to the Manchester Martyrs. In 1865 the Government took decisive action against the conspiracy. Its weekly newspaper, the *Irish People,* was suppressed; all its leaders, including Stephens, were captured and lodged in Richmond Prison, Dublin, to await their trial for treason felony. One morning the startling discovery was made that Stephens's cell was empty. The secret society had sworn adherents even among the trusted prison staff. After lying secreted for three months, in the house of a woman of humble means in Dublin, though £1,000 was to be paid for information leading to his capture, Stephens



JAMES STEPHENS.

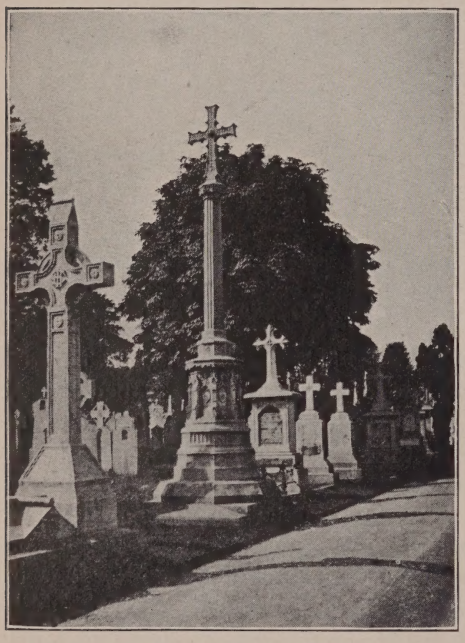
was smuggled to Scotland, on board a lugger, and ultimately escaped to the United States. He was allowed to return to Ireland, late in life, and died in 1901, seventy-five years old.

A political conspiracy is a desperate undertaking, and it can pursue its object only by desperate means. It is inevitable, perhaps, that its cause should be at times besmirched by deeds in violation of the moral law. In Glasnevin Cemetery are to be seen memorials to its innocent victims, as well as to those who for its cause braved the cell and scaffold. The inscription on a conspicuous coffin-shaped stone testifies that it was erected "in memory of Constable Charles O'Neill, of the Metropolitan Police, who was assassinated in the city of Dublin 29th April, 1866, in the execution of his duty," and that it was a tribute from his comrades "to commemorate the melancholy event, and to mark their admiration of his gallant conduct and the



POLICE CONSTABLE O'NEILL.

esteem in which he was held by every member of the service." Late at night O'Neill, going the round of his beat, saw a man tearing down a copy of the proclamation offering a reward of £1,000 for the apprehension of James Stephens, and in an attempt to arrest him was shot dead. Dublin has always been the storm centre of the revolutionary movement. The records of two more victims are to be read on the tombstones



UNDER-SECRETARY BURKE.
(The long shaft surmounted by a cross.)

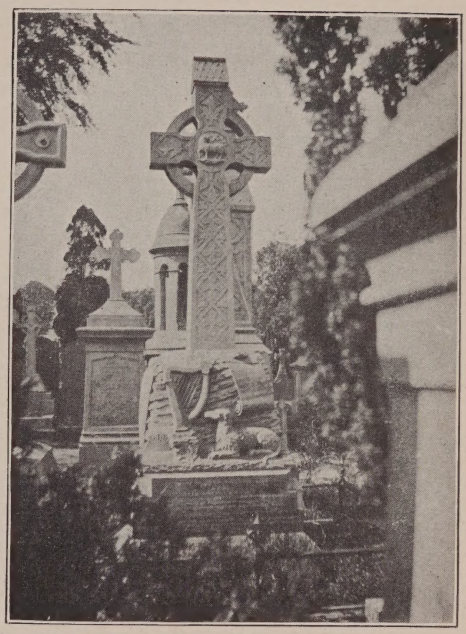
of the burial place of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. "Joseph Daly, 24th Sept. 1881, aged 26 years" "John Cox, 25th Novr. 1882, aged 23 years." After each is the terrible inscription "Murdered in the discharge of his duty," starting out glaringly in red from the black lettering of the stone.

"Sacred to the Memory of Thomas Henry Burke, Esq., murdered in the Phœnix Park, May 6th, 1882. 'He pleased God and was beloved—Wisdom.'" Such is the inscription that marks the grave of the Under Secretary for Ireland, the victim, with the Chief Secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish, of the most disastrous blow ever struck at Ireland by Irishmen. Forster, the Chief Secretary, and Earl Cowper, the Viceroy, had resigned because the Gladstone Cabinet refused any longer to support their policy of suppressing the Land League agitation by coercion. Their successors, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Earl Spencer, who were to try conciliation, entered Dublin together that fateful Saturday, the sixth of May, 1882. Having transacted business at the Castle both left, separately, for their official residences in the Phœnix Park. Lord Spencer rode to the Viceregal Lodge, with a small escort. Cavendish drove on an outside car. Inside the Park gates he overtook Burke who was on foot; and dismissing his car joined his subordinate on the footpath. Burke had driven from the Castle, followed on another car by the police employed to watch him; but instead of going direct to the Under Secretary's Lodge, which was his usual custom, he got off the car at the Park gates, tempted, no doubt, by the prospect of an exhilarating walk through the beautiful park that pleasant summer afternoon, and his police guard thought it needless to follow him on foot. Four Invincibles, armed with surgeon's knives, were lying on the grass in wait for him, and they stabbed him to death, opposite the Viceregal Lodge. Who Cavendish was they were unaware, but he went to the assistance of his companion with no other weapon than his umbrella and they slew him also. Earl Spencer saw the scuffle from his window, all unsuspecting its fearful import. How inexplicable is Fate! On what little things do tremendous deeds depend! If Burke had driven home the entire way

history would not have had to record the Phœnix Park Assassinations.

It was in the middle of January of the following year that the perpetrators of the crime were detected. Seventeen men, mostly belonging to the mechanic or laboring class, were arrested. Among them, however, was a builder named James Carey who, beginning life as a bricklayer, had prospered, was a Member of the Dublin Corporation, and was spoken of as a future Lord Mayor. At the inquiry before the magistrates a car driver not only identified four of the Invincibles in the dock, whom he had driven to the Park, but swore that Carey gave the signal for the murder of Burke, by waving a white handkerchief. The next day the Court sat, Carey took his place on the witness-stand, as an informer, to the utter confounding of his accomplices. He told the whole story of the Invincible Conspiracy. As the result mainly of his testimony five men were hanged and three were sent to penal servitude for life.

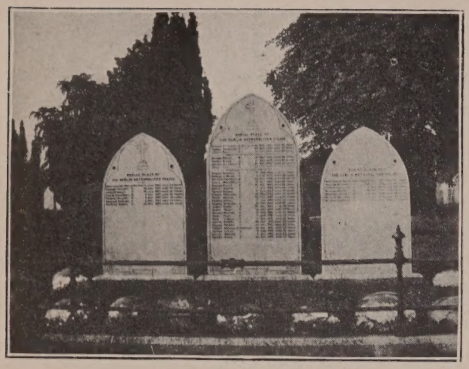
After the trials the Government despatched Carey, with his family, to South Africa. But the avenger was on his path. He was shot by Patrick O'Donnell on board the steamship *Melrose,* between Cape Town and Natal on July 29th, 1883, and lies buried outside Cape Town. The universal feeling was that the world had been well rid of a miscreant. O'Donnell was brought to London, tried and executed at Newgate before the end of the year. His deed is commemorated by a headstone at Glasnevin. "In memory of Patrick O'Donnell," runs the inscription, "who heroically gave up his life for Ireland, in London, England, on 17th, December 1883. Not tears but prayers for the dead who died for Ireland." "This monument was erected," it continues, "by the grateful



FATHER HEALY AND DR. NEDLEY.

admirers of his heroism in the United States of America, through the *Irish World* and forwarded by a ladies' com-

MEMORIAL TO PATRICK O'DONNELL.

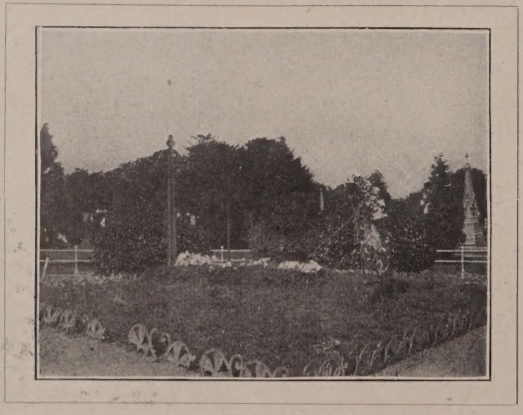


DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

mittee of New York. Mrs. F. Byrne, Mrs. Maggie Halvey, and Ellen A. Ford. R.I.P."

A welcome relief from these unhappy memories is afforded by the thoughts that spring to the mind at the sight of two companion graves close by, in which are buried perhaps the greatest colloquial humorists Ireland has known, — Sir Thomas Nedley, M.D., and the more famous Father James Healy of Bray. Both were wont to set social circles in a roar by stories of the humorous side of Irish politics. Nedley was for many years medical adviser to the Dublin Metropolitan Police. He used to relate that on coming forward to speak at a meeting on behalf of an hospital charity, a voice cried out "Three cheers, boys, for Doctor Nedley who killed more peelers than all the Fenians put together." Of Father Healy a favorite story deals with his reply to Mr. Arthur Balfour who when Chief Secretary for Ireland asked him whether he was so detested by the people as the Nationalist papers represented. "My dear sir," said the priest, "if the Irish papers hated the devil as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone."

Not far from the graves of the humorists is the mound beneath which sleeps that extraordinary man, Charles Stewart Parnell, and the memory of the darkness and despair in which his great career,— like that of his mighty predecessor, O'Connell,—terminated in 1891, brings back once more to the mind the haunting thought that tears alone are all that "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" can offer in life to those whom she allures to her service, and after death but yew to deck their graves. Yet here in Glasnevin there is a beauty and serenity that steeps in holy balm the troubled lives, the restless wills, the wounded hearts, of those Irish Nationalists who have found sleeping places within its pleasant borders, as well as in the unforgetting heart of Ireland.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

(The Windmill.)

BY FLORENCE M. WILSON.

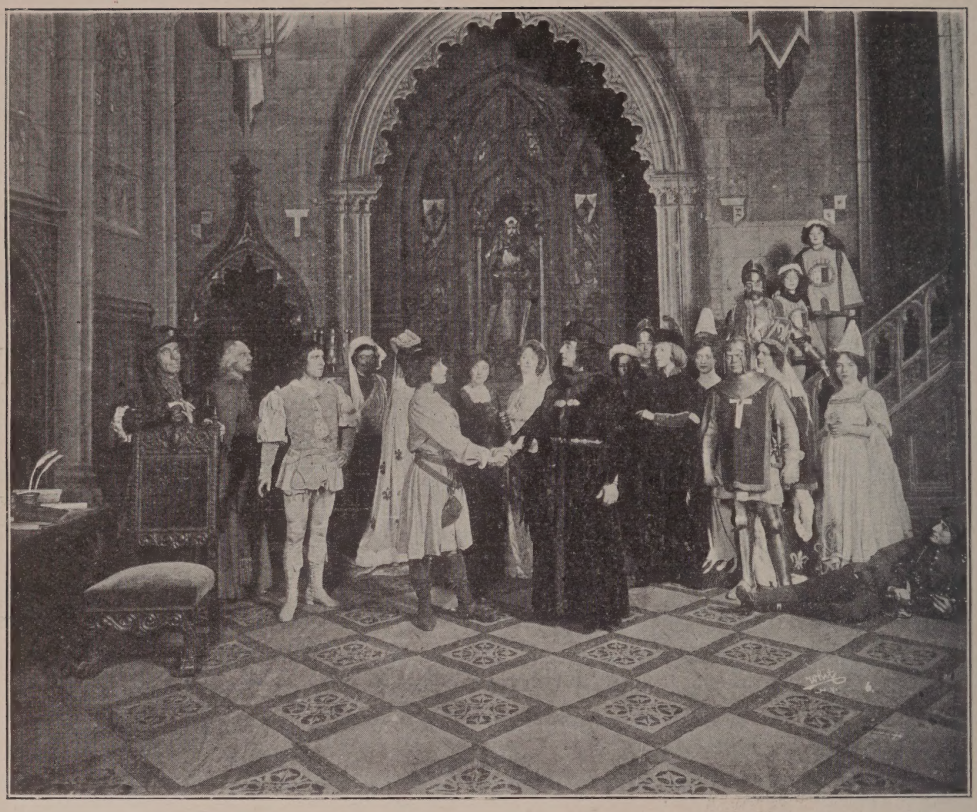
On the green hill stands the mill
With the White House at its feet;
And it never seems to mind,
Winter snow or summer heat.

It has sails! Four big brown sails!
Like a ship with rooks for crew,
And a star for mast-head light
Shineth there the whole night through.

Then you laugh! A funny ship!
That no voyage yet has been—
With the hawthorne for its foam,
And for waves the grasses green.

But I know when skies burn red,
And I hear the corn-bird "crake,"
And I 'member I've a bed,
And I say "For His dear sake,"

That this strange ship drifts and drifts—
Up my garden sweet with dew;
And I'm *skipper—though I've said—*
Long ago—"Good-night" to you.



SCENE FROM "JEANNE D'ARC."

THE POETIC DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

There was much rejoicing among the vehement supporters of the poetic drama during February, the month which saw the productions of the Sothern-Marlowe company and the *Peer Gynt* of Richard Mansfield. The clubs discussed the advantage of a revival of poetic drama, without going too deeply into the merits of the question, as depth in anything is quite beyond most clubs. "He is a very deep man," said someone in the hearing of Talleyrand. "You mean hollow," he replied. The common opinion hailed the poetic drama as a boon to the stage and the public, because it lifted up things to a high level, expressed subtle thought in beautiful language, and tinted the dramatic atmosphere with the lights that never are on land and sea; and there could not be too much of it in these hard, cold days of the glittering dollar. With due respect for the opinion of many distinguished people it may be pointed out that the day of the poetic drama passed away with the nineteenth century. That particular form of drama has been dying for a hundred years, but the *coup de grace* was not delivered until a decade back. We have learned that the drama is the reflection and reproduction of real life, human life, as it has been lived from the beginning. The

poetic forms of expression do not fit that reality. Men do not think or speak in any kind of verse. And no matter how high the level of life, even that of the saint, the portrayal of it in poetic drama is sure to be a misrepresentation.

The artificial in form leads to the artificial in essence or substance. One sees

MISS MARLOWE AS JEANNE AND MR. SOTHERN AS DUKE D'ALENCON IN "JEANNE D'ARC"

that clearly in the opera whose libretti are usually on unspeakable themes; because the music veils and excuses the words. The writers of poetic drama seem unable in our day to treat any but unclean themes. They hope to find excuse for dirt in their exquisite verse and diction. Thus has the Italian D'Annunzio fooled the world. In prose dirt is plain dirt. The inevitable conclusion with regard to the poetic drama is that it be kept off the stage, where only the realism of human life should find representation. All this has found illustration in the plays of the past month in New York. Splendid indeed were the productions of the Sothern-Marlowe company, of which I shall mention only three; but with all their splendor they convinced many that the poetic drama has fulfilled its mission and must give way to the higher truth and the saner method. Crowded houses greeted the players. Sudermann's *John the Baptist*

pleased vast audiences in spite of its tediousness; the scene in the desert was glorious, with its view of the strong prophet surrounded by disciples and clients; the meeting of the prophet with the Pharisees, with Herodias and Salome, in succession, was interesting; the passion of Salome and her contemptuous dismissal were finely portrayed: and the famous last act, with its dance and its execution, while theatric and spectacular, came near being superb. The one criticism which kills it is that it was not John the Baptist, nor Salome, nor anything but Sudermann exploiting himself with a theatrical version of certain incidents taken from history.

There is nothing more exasperating than historical drama which defaces and mutilates history and real personages. The dramatist in this case makes Salome fall in love with John, who laughs at her, and makes her rage the motive of the savage request for his head. The theme was simply beyond Sudermann. The strong, simple figure of the Precursor, the mission which took him from his beloved solitude, the incidents which led to his death, provide noble matter for a noble play; but no modern writer

JULIA MARLOWE AS "JEANNE D'ARC."

has all the qualities demanded for the theme, and very few have faith and religious spirit enough to grasp the character of John. Sienkiewicz, the author of Quo Vadis, might write such a play. The general result of Sudermann's drama is purely pictorial, and its deepest interest springs from the wantonness of Salome. Mr. Percy Mackaye did much better with his *Jeanne D'Arc*, which may be set down as the most satisfactory drama so far written on the famous subject. It has literary value, poetic grace, fine characterization. It is also purely conventional, because the author takes the usual incidents of the heroine's life as the main points of the drama. You see Jeanne at Domremy, at Chinon, at Orleans, at Rheims, and at Rouen: these are the objective moments of the strange creature's career; all dramatists treat them in the same order and precisely in the same way; and the only advantage Mackaye has over the others is his finer sentiment and sweeter language. No one has yet ventured to give us the meaning of such lives as those of Jeanne D'Arc and John the Baptist, simply because the expression of their significance is beyond any but the ablest writers. The real Jeanne D'Arc and John the Baptist lived in a realm of which the scenes at Chinon and Machaerus were as sparks from the fire. Who will give us the fire? instead of falling back on such creatures as Salome and such incidents as the taking of Orleans and the crowning at Rheims.

JULIA MARLOWE AS RAUTENDELEIN IN "THE SUNKEN BELL."

Salome has come riotously before the public and received so much advertising that the cheaper managers are planning all sorts of impossible enterprises on the supposed popularity of the Herodian princess. A distinguished actress with an Ibsen reputation, Madame Meta Illing, expressed herself as convinced of the superior force of Salome's nature by the attraction which painters, poets and dramatists have had for her; plays and poems innumerable have been written around her, and her supposed beauty has filled many a canvas; but in this case it is rather the mystery than the facts which attract the imaginative, seeing that history records nothing of this young princess but that she made a fool of Herod; a feat, it may be added, repeated before and after by the members of the small monarch's court. Richard Strauss set the Salome drama to music, as if to illustrate the contention that rottenness of the most putrid character can

inspire genius to its highest flights. The curious went to see it and found nothing remarkable; the influential few requested Herr Conried to withdraw it forever from the stage. Sudermann's play is decency itself compared with the operatic version; it is merely artificial and dull in the opening. It is regrettable that the writing of the religious drama should fall into the hands of the incapable so often. Its future in my opinion is a sure and bright one, but is largely delayed

E. H. SOTHERN AS HEINRICH IN "THE SUNKEN BELL."

by the fools who rush in where angels fear to tread. The poetic drama of this season has undoubtedly shocked the susceptibilities of religious people; and not even the fine acting of Sothern and the superb playing of Miss Marlowe can soften the wretched effect.

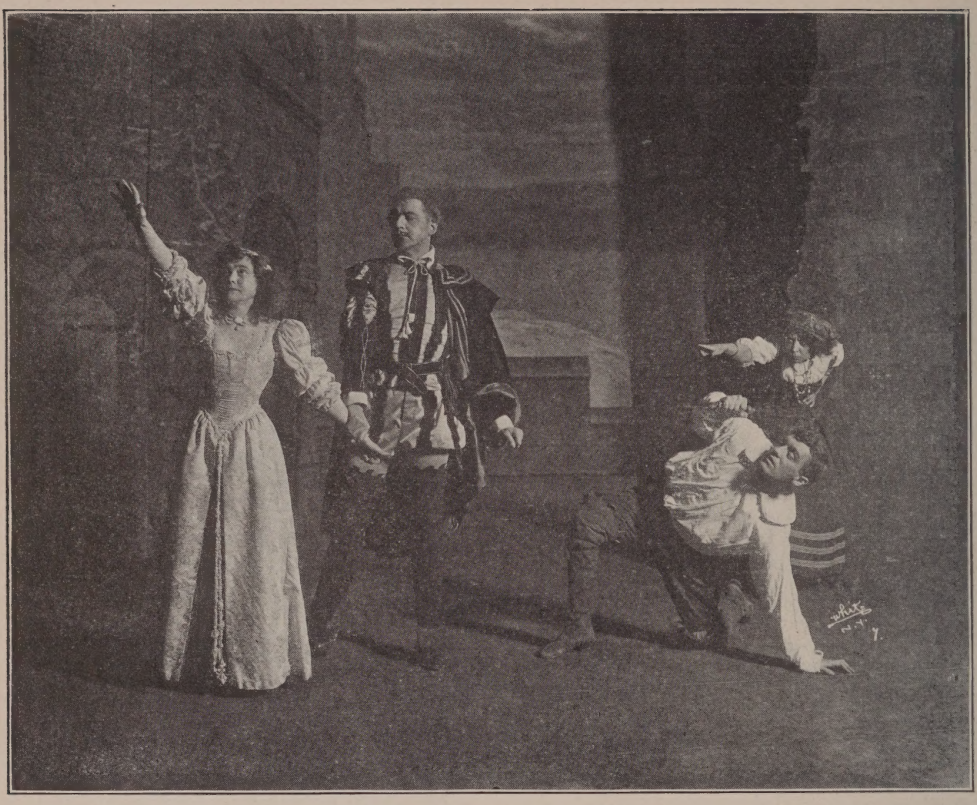
The most remarkable play in the Sothern-Marlowe repertoire chanced to be a German fairy drama by one Gerard Hauptmann, translated by my friend, Charles Henry Meltzer, of the Grand Opera forces in New York. It is not good literary form among the illuminati to refer to Mr. Hauptmann in the formal fashion required by etiquette for ordinary people. He should be simply Hauptmann, and the mere sounding of his name should make you wriggle and look awful. But for me all these weird and press-born writers of the last century have yet to prove their right to more than passing fame. It is likely that time will consign them to the waste-gas-bag, and the critics who worship at their tinsel shrines will escape the scorn of posterity only because posterity will use its scorn to better purpose. Gerard Hauptmann's play of *The Sunken Bell* is delightful as a symbolic fairy tale; when it comes to be interpreted its symbolism leads to exasperating confusion. The heroine is Rautendelein, a wood elf of some kind, probably human on the animal side, and simply immortal on the soul side without having a human soul. In the first scene she appears surrounded by all the wild creatures of the forest; a faun who adores her, mannikins, fairies, and a hideous but humorous water-sprite who rises from the depths of wells and pools, snorting and blowing like a porpoise. Here she meets the bell-maker, Heinrich, a poet, a dreamer, an artist, whose life has the bitterness of the true artist, that he cannot express his own dreams in the form and music of the bell.

She casts a spell upon him, heals him of his illness, and woos him away from his wife and family, from virtue and religion, luring him into the forest, where in solitude, aided by the mannikins, he produces the bells of his dreams. In vain the old Vicar seeks him out and appeals to him to return; in vain his own nature warns him of its weakness. His wife dies of grief and his children of

"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY." ACT I.

want; their ghosts bear to him in an urn their mother's tears; the great bell, which by an accident had sunk in the lake, rises miraculously from its water-depths and rings out its accusation against him; and in his horror he casts aside the elfin maid and flies from her. He is untrue to both women and untrue to himself; he cannot bring back the dead and the living maiden in her grief flies to the water-grottoes of the Nickelmann; grief breaks his spirit and destroys his craft; and he perishes wretchedly in the arms of Rautendelein. Miss Marlowe gave charming life to the elfin creature, and Mr. Sothern a dignified form to the artist; and the wild creatures of the forest were wholly delightful. The version set forth by Meltzer has fine qualities, beauty, music and fire. The interesting characters are the heroine and the water-sprite, and I rejoiced much when they married; for the homely old water-dog had all the sense that Heinrich lacked, and he never broke the hearts of his numerous wives. The healthiest interpretation of the drama would portray Heinrich as a confused and irritable invalid, who absorbed everybody and everything and gave back nothing, whose supreme selfishness broke up human society and nearly ruined the wood-kingdom, and who was saved from further devastation by a shrewd, capable witch, disgusted with his lack of will and courage. She gave him the poisoned cup which brought the curtain down.

The admirers of the poetic drama found a climax for their bliss in the presentation of *Peer Gynt,* the Ibsen poem, by Richard Mansfield. This play and poem demand an essay for themselves, so curious is the philosophy upon which



"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY." ACT III.

Minnie Dupree. White Whittlesey. Robert Dempster. Helen Ware.

the work is based. It is mentioned here only to note the fact of its strenuous support by the advocates of poetic drama. Ibsen in his later dramas is the realist par excellence; so that literature like politics makes strange bedfellows. The poetic drama like the romantic must be exceptional, and both should be confined to the books. When they are staged it should be only for the elite, who know their precise social value. As a matter of fact they have been more and more shelved with each generation, as the true pathos, significance and meaning of common human life have revealed themselves. The realism of today, while obscured by the doctrinaires and faddists, is the healthiest human note in letters, and will finally lead us to true values. Even the bald realism of Ibsen and the whimsical realism of George Bernard Shaw, utterly one-sided and colorless as they are, are of service, pointing out the way to the best by their very faultiness.

Ellen Terry came back to us for a few weeks in a Shaw play, entitled *Captain Brassbound's Conversion.* Now that Irving has departed it is easy to see that the actress was really the charm of that popular alliance; even in her old age the light of the past shines through; and while she forgot her lines and romped no more the pathetic beauty of her expression exercised its ancient power. The play did not amount to much, being an earlier effort of the Irish humorist and wit. It was chosen because it offered something of a popular novelty to the public. Ellen Terry had the female part of the cast all to herself, as the only woman in it; and the crowd flocked to

see her as they do to Ethel Barrymore, drawn by the witchcraft of an old woman. It is so much to say that one has seen Ellen Terry. Old-timers are saying it now of Mary Anderson, wagging their heads and rolling their eyes and clicking their tongues when the ardent exclaim over Julia Marlowe or Mrs. Fiske, crushing them with the remark: "you should have seen Our Mary as Parthenia in Ingomar!" Ellen Terry is the only one of her numerous family, all on the stage, that has achieved fame. The gift of magnetism was hers at her birth. Her artistic power is immense, but could never have achieved her popularity by itself. If Marie Antoinette had the pathetic beauty of Ellen Terry the murderous Convention would never have decreed her dethronement and death. As Lady Cecily Waynflete Miss Terry had the office of converting the piratical Captain Brassbound into a half-decent fellow, and thus made for herself the dilemma of marrying him or rejecting him. Having turned him from murder, and saved him from death, she is studying her dilemma nervously when the gallant Captain wakes from his peaceful condition, at the sound of a gun, bids the lady a hurried farewell, and flies to his buccaneers without popping the question. "What an escape!" is the last word of the lady as the curtain falls. Truly a Shaw ending, which left the audience rather nonplussed and inclined to laugh at the failure of expectation. One critic unkindly reminded us that for Ellen Terry's sake we endured Henry Irving, and in the next sentence he almost asked: for whose sake do we endure Ellen Terry? This feeling does not represent the common attitude by any means. The very cleverest actresses of the present hour could no more create the impression of delight which this old actress gives than they could fly. Temperament and experience and the associations connected with her career are responsible in part for the impression. For Henry Irving as much may be said, because with all his faults and mannerisms that quality shone forth in him which marked him off from other men; distinction.

It is a rare quality, indescribable, quite beyond the power of words. Booth and Madame Modjeska owned it abundantly; Dodson the Simonides of *Ben Hur* has it and Richard Mansfield has it not; Arthur Forrest has it and it has escaped Wilton Lackaye; so that when these two actors played Petronius in *Quo Vadis* the quality of distinction made just the difference between the two and gave the palm to Forrest. William Kelley, now playing in *Truth,* which is his debut on Broadway, is blessed with it. Consequently he more or less dominates the stage while he is on it simply by attracting the attention of the audience to himself. An essay could be written on this quality and charm of distinction. Enough for the present to say that Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving had it as their birthright, and could no more be commonplace in common matters than the reigning Pope. The fanciful play by Shaw had a mate in another entitled *The Road to Yesterday,* written by two venturesome ladies known to fame, Beulah Dix and Evelyn Sutherland. The first and last acts were modern comedy, the second and third acts harked back three centuries to old England in 1603. They were in effect the dream of a romantic young lady, who had just been the round of London sightseeing, and in the space of a short hour traveled the road to yesterday, finding all the characters of the first act filling other rôles in the Merrie England of Elizabeth. It was very amusing, even if not entirely novel. The dream has often been staged. Thirty years ago *Kathleen Mavourneen* enjoyed popularity because the intermediate acts were

simply the heroine's dream, in which she was nearly murdered by the elegant rival to her true, rude lover Pat; and on waking she very properly rejected the exquisite to march to the altar with Pat. The novel point in the present dream drama lies in the fact that the heroine knows she is dreaming, hopes to wake up in Kensington every minute, yet is compelled to make all the stages of a heart-breaking melodrama. As each of her Kensington friends appears in ruff and sword, or in stomacher and farthingale, she rushes into their arms, overcome with homesickness; thereupon she is repulsed and reminded of her place as servant to the vixen hostess of the Swan Inn; and finally all arrive at the conclusion that trouble has turned her brain. She is forced to marry a wicked lord and sees her young lover flogged to death; but at the proper moment the lover stabs the lord, in the moonlight, by the river, under the castle wall; and her shriek of horror and joy wakes her at once to the pleasant and unromantic world of to-day. It was clever, satirical, humorous, and very well done by the capable actors. February gave us a large and profitable measure of the poetic and romantic drama. Artistically these ventures will benefit the stage, the playwright and the audiences, by their splendid view of the dramatic possibilities.

RONDEL.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Who sow good words and deeds shall reap
  Sweet memories at harvest tide
Whether they laugh, whether they weep,
  Whether in hut or hall they bide.

They need not envy kings who keep
  High state and rule dominions wide:
Who sow good words and deeds shall reap
  Sweet memories at harvest tide.

Through twilight shadows dusk and deep
  No ghost of cruel word shall glide,
No deeds unkind like phantoms creep
  And rest their hearths at eve beside.
Who sow good words and deeds shall reap
  Sweet memories at harvest tide.

CLAIRFONTAINE.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"Enough, Father," said George, rather hotly; "you prove me a fool with all my science."

"Why no, here again you exaggerate. You are far from being a fool, and I have done wrong in speaking so bitterly; but I admit it is rather hard to listen to theories of this kind, which I have only too often heard from the lips of learned men—*young* men. I should remember you have not yet had time to form your opinions or formulate your views. I should have said, rather, that, gifted as you are with more than ordinary intellect, you ought to thank God for that great gift instead of assuming the right to despise those humble peasants who have not been given the opportunities which you have received, and whom you do not really know. And I would add, we do not live by the brain alone—the heart comes first. Love your fellowmen; be virtuous; these are the primary things to be thought of. Let science follow after."

George was too just not to understand that he had made himself rather ridiculous by his outburst against the peasant class; he felt instinctively this country priest had reason on his side, and could laugh at him if he were not so kindhearted.

"I am annihilated!" he exclaimed good-humoredly. "You are right, a thousand times, and I only regret I did not know you sooner, Father! After all, perhaps it is rather easier to be learned than to be good—to be 'myself' than 'you.'"

After a pause, during which both men gazed into the flowing water, with a vague feeling of embarrassment and regret, the pastor said:

"This morning I consulted the wardens on the subject of the generous donation your uncle wishes to give us. Those good men have accepted it with gratitude, and your uncle may take the old pew whenever he likes."

George hesitated a moment. The old priest had just told him, frankly, a few unpleasant truths. But there was a ring of interest, nay of sympathy, so sincere in his words, that he could not be mistaken in the sentiment which inspired them. He felt a strong repugnance to see this kind old man so very grateful to his uncle for the shabby trick he was about to play him. Meantime, to warn the priest against his relative would be a serious matter.

"You ought not to think of selling that pew, Father. I find it very beautiful," he said.

The pastor opened his eyes wide with surprise.

"Very beautiful, you say? Why, it is worm-eaten, and the carving is very antiquated! Have you not heard your uncle say it is a valueless piece of wood? He appears to know all about it."

"Quite so," said George, becoming more and more embarrassed. "He collects things of that kind. And you know what collectors are! What would you not do to possess a rare coleopter? If I were you, I would *not* give him the pew."

The young man hesitated under the pastor's glance.

"Come, come, I do not *wish* to believe that Mr. Grisard means to deceive me. I have never been able to doubt people, and I will not begin now. Such a trick would be horrible! You fancy you have discovered something valuable in that bit of carving, and you are mistaken, that is

all. I assure you numbers of people have visited the church, and not one of them ever took the least notice of the pew. Let us not suspect any one, least of all our good Mr. Grisard—such a generous man, too!"

Nothing could be more touching than to see the priest's horrified rejection of the idea that any one should think of deceiving him; and at the same time his desire to excuse George, though in the depths of his heart he considered the young man's suspicion very reprehensible. George, reading the kindly struggle going on in the old man's mind, grasped his hand, saying:

"You are right, sir; if *you* become distrustful, you would be no longer yourself. And, after all, what does it matter if the warden's pew be artistic or not, provided your church looks pretty, and the committee satisfied that all is well. I am quite sure that if the thing were your own property, you would give it for nothing," said George, springing to his feet and walking hastily away, while the priest gazed after him in amazement. The boy was deeply moved by the simple-heartedness of the priest and furious with his own wily uncle.

George hurried on across the fields of waving ripe corn; through shady paths beneath oaks and beeches; between high flowery banks with over-arching trees, and past openings through which he caught glimpses of sun-bathed plains; and as he went, he swore a little,—partly at the priest's simplicity, and also a little at his own stupidity in having got himself into an argument with that good old man who was so ignorant of life; *he* knew so much about it himself! By degrees his pace slackened, and he began to feel that ineffable charm which the silence and solitude of the country produce. It was silence, yet one in which a thousand tiny sounds could be distinctly heard,—even the light trembling of a leaf or the progress of a green-gold beetle through the grass in pursuit of its prey.

Away in the distance rose a voice, clear and pure, singing one of those quaint old ballads, such as village great-grandmothers might have sung to the humming of their spinning-wheels. As the singer drew near, George listened attentively; the voice was rich, yet extremely sweet and well modulated. The naïvete of the words, sung by a girl, brought a smile to the young man's lips. The ballad was a popular one with the peasants, but quite unknown to him. It sang of a conscript telling his grandmother that he was "off to the war, with his bed and knapsack on the back of his gray mare; and how, when he came in face of the English, he would mount his steed and have a look at them."

There was something so inexpressibly comical in the conscript's idea of seating himself on the bed, mounted on his gray mare, to see the "English," as if they were a species of wild beast, that George laughed outright. A sudden bend in the pathway brought the singer in view; the voice ceased abruptly, and Grisette stood before him!—a perfect little Red Riding Hood, a bundle of some kind under one arm, and a little jar in her left hand. She was confused and shocked to find she had had an auditor; above all, that it should be this very languid young man, who seemed to consider her a child and would surely make fun of herself and her song. But George did nothing of the kind; he thought her such a pretty picture as she stood gazing at him with such a charming air of surprise, that he could not resist the temptation to sing merrily the first verse of the couplet he had just heard from her lips.

"May I ask where you are going with this cake and jar of butter, Miss Grisette?" he said, smiling.

"I am going to yonder mill," answered

Grisette, who was well read in nursery lore. In fact, there was a mill visible away amongst the trees, a moss-grown, half-ruined one, whose wheel moved slowly round, as if weary of life. The roof was rich with grass, and no smoke issued from its half-hidden chimneys.

"You are going to that old mill, and what for?"

"To visit a poor woman who has been very ill. Will you come?" George hesitated. At that moment he would much prefer to run away. The idea of visiting a sick person was most repulsive—quite out of *his* line. Grisette understood his hesitation.

"Then please allow me to pass; my bundle is heavy," she said.

George saw she was annoyed; he felt remorse.

"Give me the parcel and the jar also, Miss Grisette. I shall carry them for you."

"Take care!" cried Grisette anxiously; "it is not butter, but soup that is in that jar. Carry it carefully; I had trouble enough to coax Seraphine for it."

"Ah! then Seraphine has a temper!" said George, who was carrying the jar of soup pretty much as he would have held a taper at a procession.

"Do not speak of her; she is a dreadful woman. One should be as amiable as my uncle to bear with her for twenty-four hours!"

"But *you* do, I am sure?"

"Well, yes, I have to. If I insisted, my uncle would yield and send her away. But then, what would become of her? Old, cross-grained and insupportable, no one would care to have her. As for me, I practice patience by getting angry."

George laughed.

"Practice patience by getting angry! Long live grammar!"

"Oh! I despise grammar and all the sciences. Do not spill my soup, I implore. It is really funny to see how gravely you are carrying it."

In fact, George was at that moment thinking if his uncle, or one of his professors or college friends, should chance to see him carrying that jar of soup, how astonished he would be!

"Yes, it is really droll," continued Grisette; "above all, with that eyeglass. Can you not see without it?"

"I am near-sighted," said George, rather annoyed at the question.

"Ah! in one eye only? You wear but one glass. How uncomfortable that must be!"

George, now very much irritated, stopped suddenly and looked at the young girl; but she was not laughing. She spoke quite ingenuously. The quick motion he had made in turning to look at her gave a dangerous evolution to the jar of soup.

"Do take care! Not one drop of that soup will be left; you are even more awkward than my uncle. Are you afraid of typhoid fever?" asked Grisette, after her remonstrance with regard to the soup.

"Eh! What? You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I shall explain. The woman I am going to visit has had a bad fever, but is now convalescent. One of her children took the fever also and has been rather ill for the last fifteen days. We took the other child to the presbytery to save him. You may have seen him, a little lad of five years?" George had a faint recollection of a small boy he had seen at the presbytery.

"But how can your uncle allow you to enter this fever-stricken house and run the risk of infection?"

"We cannot allow the poor people to die without trying to help them," she answered, simply. "The poor woman's husband died in great poverty six months ago. Since then the mill has fallen al-

most completely into ruins. The poor widow has been living meantime in absolute misery, with two little children to support. She took the fever and has had no one to take care of her but an infirm old neighbor. Then I took my turn to nurse her. My uncle loves me dearly, but when there is a duty to be fulfilled his affection for me is not of that kind which would keep me back from performing it. He thinks it is only natural I should act so."

"But, yourself? Have you not thought it possible you may take the fever and die?"

"No," she said, "I do very little because I am neither skilful nor strong as yet, but I do what I can. Will you come with me as far as the mill?"

In the depth of his heart George thought it an absurd thing to expose himself unnecessarily to the risk of contagion in order to aid people whom he had never known, but the calm courage of this young girl, still a mere child, impressed him; he would be ashamed to show cowardice in face of such heroism.

"Certainly I will come," he answered, resolutely. "If one must die, well, here goes, I'll chance it."

"There is not the least danger of that as you will see. Here we are at last. If there is a drop of soup still remaining in that jar, we may thank heaven!" In truth the grass at the wayside had drunk the greater portion of that much shaken beverage.

The mill which the young people reached presented the dismal appearance of an abandoned place. A great part of the building was in ruins, half the roof uncovered. The walls were cracked, and the floating boards of the wheel as well as the sustaining joists—which give mills such a picturesque appearance—had fallen away and lay broken on the ground. The little garden, too, had the same air of neglect and poverty, all grass-grown and smothered in weeds. Even the apple trees seemed in the last stage of decay, eaten up by parasites. On the ground floor of the dwelling-house, two large flagged rooms, damp, and only half-furnished, formed the abode of all that remained of the miller's family.

A woman, still young, sat in a straw chair near the window, and another, almost as old and rugged as the apple trees outside, attended to her wants. Farther off in the room was a little wooden bed on which lay a child in the painful alterations of feverish tossing about, and weary fits of prostration. On seeing Grisette the young woman's face brightened.

"How is the child?" asked the young girl, approaching the cot.

"Not worse, but it is time to change the sheets and we have none," whined the old nurse.

"I have brought a pair, and medicine, too. Here is some soup which we must warm immediately. What! have you allowed the fire to die out?" The old woman muttered an excuse. George, who had remained standing at the door undecided how to act, now came forward and asked if he could be of any use.

"Certainly," said Grisette, promptly. "Do you know how to light a fire?"

"Yes, but not very well."

"What, then, did they teach you at college?"

"Well, they did not exactly put me through a course of housekeeping! However, here goes, I'll try." George set to work rather awkwardly, but having found a bundle of wood he lighted some paper and soon had a fine blaze at which he blew vigorously. Meantime, Grisette opened her bundle, and taking out a pair of sheets asked the old woman to place the child in his mother's bed while she herself arranged his.

"I cannot, Miss Grisette; indeed I am not able, he is much too heavy for me, I

should fear to hurt him," said the old woman.

"I shall try to help you, Miss, leave him to me," said the mother.

"Remain quietly where you are. I shall manage by myself," said the young girl, with a resolute air which struck George.

He saw her begin to uncover the bed, yet he hesitated. If he took the sick child in his arms would he not be deliberately exposing himself to danger? But was Grisette strong enough and would he allow himself to be surpassed in courage by this fragile girl? He straightened himself and thought for a second. He could be as brave as most in face of certain dangers, but this was an inglorious one—the horror of dying thus, delirious, and poisoning the air for all who would approach him! Grisette stooped to lift the child in her arms; in a moment George sprang to her aid.

"Allow me," he said, putting her gently aside. She accepted his help and in a few seconds the little patient was resting peacefully in a comfortable, freshly-arranged bed.

Grisette next turned her attention to the soup and while the mother partook of it, the young girl gave her cheering news of the little son whom her uncle had taken to the presbytery. At the same time she flitted about the room trying to put it in some kind of order.

"I should like so much to see him," sighed the mother.

"It would be very imprudent, but I shall bring him as soon as I can do so without danger."

"My God, why there he is!" cried the old woman in real alarm. And true enough, there stood the little man at the entrance of the garden, bare-headed, flushed, dusty and looking very tired. His mother screamed and Grisette flew down the garden to meet him.

"You little wretch! what does this mean, have you escaped from the presbytery?"

"I want to see mamma and my little brother!"

"Ah! You wanted to see them, did you? Do you not know that it is forbidden? So just go back directly to the presbytery," scolded Grisette.

"I want to see them," reiterated the boy, obstinately.

"Do you know you might die," threatened Grisette.

"I do not care, I want to see them."

"You are a brave little chap, and you *shall* see them," said George, much moved. "But only for one minute to embrace them, and then come away directly. Do you understand?"

"Yes," cried the child, joyfully. They went into the house together, but as Grisette had ended her work and given a last look to see that her patient needed nothing more, she gave the signal to march, with a promise to return in the evening. When they regained the road she began to question the child.

"Did you walk here all alone, though Father John had forbidden you?" Jean hung his head. "Very well, I know how Seraphine will receive you, and how pleased she will be!"

"Oh! Miss Grisette, you are really cruel, you are making him cry," said George, sympathetically, for the boy had stood still and begun to sob. The poor little lad was tired and could not walk a step farther.

"Well, what is the matter now, ah! the little wretch, he wants to be carried," said Grisette, indignantly, as she stooped to raise him in her arms. This she did easily enough, but her slender form swayed under his weight.

"You are *mad* to think of carrying a great boy like that, give him to me," said George, swinging the child to his shoulder, and seating him as lightly there as if he were a feather. "I have

been doing sick nurse and cook, so I may as well perform the office of nurse-maid too."

Grisette smiled and walked on beside him, and certainly they formed a charming group. A cow driver who passed saluted them respectfully, and turned to see Jean playing with the young man's hair and trying to thrust the famous eyeglass into his own eye. George felt surprised at himself for the pleasure he experienced in walking along that shady road beside this graceful young girl, notwithstanding the turbulent young scamp on his shoulder, and the solitude and monotony at which he had railed so bitterly such a short time before. He could not recall an hour in his life like the one he had passed. Yet in none of his greatest and most brilliant successes could he remember to have felt so much satisfaction. It seemed as if a restful sweet peace had entered his soul, as he looked towards the splendid sunlit horizon, and listened to the distant chimes of many belfries ringing out the mid-day Angelus.

Three days had passed. Every morning by some strange chance, George found himself in the square, just as the pastor and his niece started for their morning walk. The priest invariably invited him to accompany them, and now George had developed such zeal in the pursuit of coleoptera that one might hope to see him very soon a distinguished collector. He passed hours, under Father Charriere's direction, in studying larvæ, grubs, and perfect insects, with a minute microscope. Those studies always took place in the garden, beside Grisette, who worked at her embroidery and occasionally took part in discussions concerning shell-wings, shields, articulation, etc. Mr. Grisard found those pastimes very silly. He held aloof completely, and shut himself up for hours in his room on pretext of important business, for he evidently had a weighty affair on hand. He sometimes met his nephew accompanying Grisette to visit the cottagers in the neighborhood, and would afterwards chaff him on his newly acquired tastes.

On evening an enormous case arrived at Clairfontaine, from the nearest railway station, and was deposited at the door of the inn where the strangers lodged. The case contained the grand bench which Mr. Grisard, according to his promise, had ordered from Paris, as an offering to the church. The pastor was sent for immediately, but George and Grisette had gone to visit their friend at the mill, and thus were absent on this grand occasion. In a short time a crowd collected around the case, one group being conspicuous as it was composed of the dignitaries of the Vestry Board. One of these men, a tavern-keeper, named Laigre, was an important person in his own eyes; he was a man of advanced "views" because his brother, a shoemaker, living in Le Fère, was president of the Radical Committee in that town. Laigre represented what was called the "Opposition" in the Vestry Board and Municipal Council. In private life he was the most peaceable of men, but was fierce with anyone who did not agree with his "principles," as he called his declamations in favor of the Protocol, a word which is the grand war horse of village politicians. Laigre asserted that he knew life; he was mistrustful in consequence; he had the habit of doubting the word of most people in general, but of some very particularly. Mr. Grisard's offer of a new pew had been suspected by Laigre, who now scrutinized the large case with the eye of a detective. That case might contain anything,—a bomb, dynamite, an infernal machine,—but not the promised pew. Meantime, some men set to work

at opening the case, and by degrees they extracted the well-packed bench, aided by the priest and Mr. Grisard himself.

A chorus of admiring exclamations greeted its appearance. It was of solid, bright-colored oak, mounted in crimson velvet and brass nails. The pastor, in an ecstasy, expiated on the beauty of the velvet, the strength of the wood, and on the generosity of Mr. Grisard.

The parishioners were enchanted with the present, and before the meeting broke up the new pew was borne to the church, and the old one, which now seemed uglier, more ancient, worm eaten and rickety than formerly, when compared with it, was brought by two men to Mr. Grisard's lodging. Laigre, whose mind was still worried by suspicions equally vague and tenacious, hovered around the new pew, feeling the velvet all over in eager search of a hole or flaw of some kind, and ending by throwing himself upon the seat with all his strength, hoping in secret it might crash to pieces beneath him, and thus prove that Mr. Grisard and the pastor had been in league to cheat the wardens.

That evening as George and Grisette leaned over the garden wall watching the sun go down behind the distant purple hills, and listening to the priest read his report on the five-spotted *Rosalie Alpine,* Mr. Grisard packed the old pew to a Parisian artist, whose specialty was the repairing of antique furniture. He addressed his letter from Clairfontaine where he intended to spend a few more days, so as not to arouse the pastor's suspicions by too sudden a flight.

Meanwhile, public opinion was undergoing a change with regard to the new pew. It looked too fresh and shining, just out of the workshop, and too like a piece of saloon furniture in appearance, and distinctly out of place in the church. How badly the thing harmonized with the old grey pillars, leaded windows, carved stalls, the fretted ironwork of the sixteenth century and the worn memorial slabs! Even Father Charriere himself, after the first moment of enthusiasm, began to regret the old pew, not that he thought it in the least valuable, but he could not fail to see how much out of place his new acquisition seemed. Laigre now began to air his "views," and proclaimed aloud his deep regret at the decision made by the Vestry Board—which he had strongly opposed without knowing wherefore. But to do Laigre justice, he held it as a "principle" to oppose every resolution not proposed by himself.

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And so a week was passing quickly away; too swiftly for George, who under pretext of studying entomology, traversed all the green highways and byways of hill and valley with the pastor and his niece. The priest, who as he himself had said, knew the human heart, strongly suspected that this sudden passion for entomology was nothing but a ruse. But, having spoken much lately with the young man, he had become quite convinced of the uprightness of his character, his genuine goodness of heart, and his superior intelligence. It had only needed a little tenderness or even sympathy to bring out his fine qualities; he could not be held responsible for his own education, which in a sense had been exclusively practical. No trouble had ever been taken to awaken in his soul a love of piety, goodness, or any of the nobler emotions. So, after all, his conceit, the fault of a very young man, in calling people whom he considered inferior to himself, brutes, was pardonable, especially since he himself had had the good sense to acknowledge how absurd and unjust his views were. The old priest observed with deep interest the

rapid evolution taking place in the young man's heart—a very ingenuous one—under Grisette's influence, whom he very evidently loved, and perhaps also not a little under his own. George no longer despised country life; and, interesting himself in the simple rustics in order to be more in touch with the tastes of his little friend, he ended by respecting and even liking them.

One morning, just as he returned from his early stroll with the priest and Grisette, the postman handed him a letter. He had entered his room, opening the envelope as he passed in, and it was only when he began to read the letter that he observed it was not to him but to his uncle. It was from the artist to whom Mr. Grisard had sent the pew. He wrote to say that an amateur who had seen it offered him five thousand francs for that article. George, quite forgetting the imprudence of the act, and agitated beyond control, crushed the letter indignantly in his hand. Five thousand francs! He had no idea the pew was worth so much; but his uncle knew, his uncle who had given such a vile price for it, and with that knowledge had wilfully deceived the good, simple priest.

George reddened with shame, for as he glanced that moment through the window which overlooked the square, he saw his uncle shaking hands most affectionately with the pastor and his niece. The young man was fiercely indignant at this display of friendship. He knew quite well that his uncle had not the least sympathy with the priest whose simple confiding nature was the reverse of his own. Those affectionate demonstrations were but the last act of the comedy he had thought necessary to play in order to gain the coveted object of art.

On coming into the room Mr. Grisard at once noticed his nephew's agitation. Glancing at the open letter on the table, he asked:

"What is the matter? Has anything happened?"

"I have unintentionally opened a letter addressed to you," began George. Mr. Grisard frowned. "It is from your agent, and the contents have given me intense pain," he continued.

"Ah! you read it, then? Allow me to tell you your curiosity has gone a little too far."

"Yes, I read it," repeated George, without noticing the interruption. "You have been offered five thousand francs for that pew, which you bought for almost nothing!"

"Five thousand francs! I would not give it for double that price; it is so beautiful. It is superb! Why, the moment I set my eyes on that pew, I swore it should find a place in my collection," said Mr. Grisard, forgetting his annoyance.

"Oh! and you have deceived the good, trusting priest," said George, indignantly.

"Sir," interrupted the old man, haughtily, "you use language which insults me. I have deceived no one. The church wardens are enchanted to have a good solid piece of furniture. As to the pastor, he is more ignorant than trusting. Had he suspected the value—"

"But he *did* suspect it," exclaimed George. "I warned him, yes, *I* told him the pew was both beautiful and valuable, but he would not believe that Mr. Grisard, 'such a good charitable man,' could be capable of abusing his confidence. Poor, simple priest!"

The young man's nervous excitement was so great that he did not notice his uncle's face. It had grown white with anger. Drawing himself to his full

height, and pointing to the door, with a stern gesture, Mr. Grisard said, coldly:

"Go. I trust that when you are calm you will remember you are absolutely dependent on me. Then come and apologize."

George threw back his head proudly and walked from the room without uttering a word. Mr. Grisard's mode of requiring an apology was tactless, nor was it calculated to exact one from his nephew. Once away from the house the poor boy flew like an arrow straight off to the presbytery. He found Grisette alone in the garden preparing breakfast under the elms.

"My God! what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"I have just had an unpleasant and painful scene with my uncle. Where is the pastor?"

"He will be here to breakfast, directly. Sit down and remain with us, and tell me what you are troubled about; you know it is a comfort, sometimes, to tell one's troubles; besides, I take such an interest in all that concerns you."

George looked gratefully at his little friend, whose blue eyes at that moment expressed something more than interest. He took her hand in his.

"Dear Grisette, how charming you are!" he said.

She blushed and withdrew her hand. Such audacity to call her "dear Grisette," but somehow it did not displease her.

"And so good," he continued. "Do you know I think I am not such a bad fellow since I came to know you. You are making me like yourself, and I feel life so sweet and easy near you that I would willingly and happily live here always, in this calm little valley, so far from the world and all that I have hitherto desired."

Grisette felt her heart beat, not so much at his words, as at the accent with which he uttered them. She blushed crimson and cast down her eyes, looking so innocent, fresh and sweet, that George felt deeply moved as he gazed down at her.

"If you could only love me, dear Grisette, I love you so dearly!"

Grisette started to her feet with a scared face. Her uncle was standing behind George, and had heard those terrible words! She trembled all over. What was going to happen? Nothing very tragic, surely, for the priest was smiling benignly.

"You love her so much as that?"

George was silent with confusion and embarrassment.

"Come, speak. Have I arrived at a wrong moment according to your idea?"

"At a wrong moment?" repeated George. "Quite the contrary. I should be very sorry if you had not heard what I said to Miss Grisette. I will repeat the words in your presence."

"No, no, my dear friend, that is not necessary. I understand you perfectly. But I should like to know if Mr. Grisard is aware of your sentiments towards my niece?"

"Mr. Grisard is nothing to me," said George, hotly. The mention of that gentleman's name recalled the unpleasant scene which had taken place so recently. "Mr. Grisard has done you an ugly turn, and when I reproached him he reminded me that I depended entirely on him for my future. I will have nothing more to do with him!"

The pastor and Grisette listened as if stupefied.

"An ugly turn? But in what way?" asked the priest.

"Do you really mean you do not suspect? Yet I warned you in time, but you did not wish to believe me. I did

not like to say too much then as I had only a suspicion myself."

"A suspicion? Pray explain what you mean."

"It is told in a few words. My uncle gave you five hundred francs for your pew, and a piece of furniture which cost about the same sum. In return he took the wardens' pew for which he has been offered five thousand, but which he would not sell for even ten thousand, the carving is so beautiful."

In the silence which followed those words Grisette heard a slight noise, the sound of a footfall on the gravel. Turning round she saw Seraphine disappearing towards the house. She had been listening to the conversation.

"Is it possible? Mr. Grisard to do such a thing, to take advantage of ignorance!" groaned the old priest.

"It is abominable!" said Grisette, with her usual vehemence. "And the pertinacity with which he impressed on you the poverty of your church, and then offers you his bench as a precious present!"

"Five thousand francs!" repeated the pastor, almost stunned. "Are you quite sure, George? It is not the money I mind, I assure you; but you cannot understand how I feel at this moment at the thought that anyone should take advantage of my simplicity. And this gentleman is wealthy and seemed so sincere! *How* could he think of despoiling my poor little church of its one ornament?"

The kind old man was thinking aloud. All his sorrow was the thought of having to depreciate anyone. The pain was easily read on his frank, honest face. George seized his hands and pressed them.

"Come, let us forget this unpleasant affair," he said, "I will not ask you to forgive Mr. Grisard, because I know you have done so already. We must only be resigned, and keep silence on the whole business. What good would it do to arouse the regret of the wardens now? We shall say no more on the subject. I have something more important to think of. Father, I am anxious you should give an answer to the petition I have just made to Miss Grisette, allow me to modify my demand. If you permit me to love her—"

The priest smiled, and, laying his hand on George's shoulder, said: "You are a child, barely twenty, and you talk of love!"

"Must one be sixty to talk of it?"

"You are still very young, George. If you renew this request three years hence Grisette will be twenty and you twenty-three—we shall see then. Come, boy, do not look so gloomy. Sit down to breakfast and let us put away our troubles for the present. The first thing to be settled is your reconciliation with your uncle."

"My uncle was wrong in saying that my future depended on him. If I made an apology now, he would think I did so for interested motives. I do not wish him to think so."

"Meantime, how will you get on without him? What shall become of your studies and prospects of a brilliant future?"

George laughed gaily.

"I no longer dream of a brilliant future, sir; but of a happy one. Your preaching has been so persuasive that it has converted me. I have begun to believe with you that happiness is in competence, and this valley where I have first known you, Grisette and you, has become so very dear to me that I could not leave it without deep regret. I wish to live here always."

"Here?" said the priest, much surprised. "But what would you do? Of

what use should all your studies be to you here, and you would never be able to work as a farmer."

"No, I am too ignorant of agriculture for that, but I have a project in my mind, so you can set any uneasiness you may feel on that point aside. For some days I have been studying your little river, and I find its course sufficiently rapid to be useful as a motive power. I do not see why one could not set up a factory at very little cost."

"A factory? It would destroy the valley!" said Grisette.

"But it would give plenty of employment to the people. Only one should have money to begin," said the priest, thoughtfully.

"Oh! we shall find some," said George, with the fine confidence of youth. "We could buy that old tumble-down mill for a trifle. At the foot of that hill I discovered a superior quality of potter's clay of a very plastic kind that we could get for the asking. Then I am—without vanity, let me say it—pretty well up in chemistry. Don't let that frighten you, dear Grisette! As far as I can see a ceramic factory ought to work splendidly here where labor is so cheap. With ten thousand francs I could begin by repairing the mill and constructing a furnace. Why should I not be able to find capital to start with?"

"And what about the Polytechnic?" asked Grisette.

"It may go to Hong-Kong, as far as I am concerned!" exclaimed George, irreverently. "I am no longer rich enough for the Polytechnic, and besides, if I were an engineer I could not remain here with the pastor—and you."

All three grew silent, and gazed fondly into the lovely valley which lay, half awake, as it were, like a sweet opening flower, under the rays of the morning sun. A deep peace reigned over all, and as the priest's eyes rested on the scene, he agreed with the assertion George had made a little while ago, that there could hardly be found on earth a corner where one might live more happily, while doing all the good in his power in the sphere allotted to him by Providence.

* * * * * *

The pastor had said, "let us forget this unpleasant affair," but it was not quite such an easy thing to do. That same afternoon some "politicians" who had been for a gossip with their chief, Laigre, learned with great indignation that the affair of the wardens' pew had been disastrous for the parish. An object of considerable value had been disposed of for a nominal sum, but the priest had made some profit by the transaction. One good-natured man suggested that the Vestry Board had accepted the exchange, but his timid assertion was immediately drowned in a torrent of general blame, each member of the Board declaring that he, individually, refused to acknowledge himself guilty in this ugly business; that if he had given his vote it was because the Board in general had authorized the thing—of course under the moral pressure exercised by the priest who was probably in league with Grisard and had got a share in the booty. Excitement rose to fever heat, and the men, who, though good poor fellows at heart, were now ready to believe anything, no matter how nefarious, which, according to Laigre, had been done by the priest. The man spoke eloquently on the subject; he boasted that *he* alone had opposed the exchange of pews, and given a formal veto against the manœuvering of the pastor. He then detailed all the beauties of the lost pew and declared them incomparable.

That morning George had told the pastor that five thousand francs had been offered for the pew; towards evening it

had run up to twenty thousand. Laigre, the latest informant, related, he had been told, that there were millionaires in Paris who gave thirty thousand, forty thousand, fifty thousand francs for things of the kind! Women standing at their doors listened, and uttered piercing exclamations at hearing of these marvels. One man, more energetic than his fellows, suddenly proposed that they should all go in a body to Mr. Grisard and demand that he should annul the contract, as some deception had been used. And to the inn they went in a body, to find that Mr. Grisard had gone away early in the day. Foreseeing unpleasantness of some kind after his rupture with his nephew that morning, Mr. Grisard had written a stiff letter to George, giving him a final chance to apologize, under pain of being cut off, and leaving him a sum of money sufficient to return home. He then left the village with all possible speed.

This sudden flight exasperated the men. Laigre, who that day revealed extraordinary rhetorical power, uttered some strong language and finally proposed they should direct their steps to the presbytery. The pastor, little dreaming of the storm about to break over his innocent head, was walking up and down one of the pathways of his garden, reciting his office. George and Grisette were seated beneath the lindens, making projects for the future, building castles in the air and talking about those thousand nothings which young people just engaged to be married find so interesting.

When the deputation reached the garden gate the priest raised his eyes, recognized Laigre, and waited. The latter, puffed up with the importance of his mission, yet much abashed at the thought of accusing the pastor, made a step forward, and said, rudely:

"Father Charriere, we have come to reclaim our pew."

"What pew?" asked the priest, much surprised.

"The church-wardens' pew, which you sold to Mr. Grisard for five thousand francs and which has been valued at twenty thousand. We demand an explanation."

The priest, now very pale, kept silence for a moment. George and Grisette drew near.

"When I sold the pew it was with the consent of the Vestry Board, then what further explanation can I give? You know as much as I do, except that the pew, which we thought valueless—" here Laigre shook his head significantly, *he,* Laigre, knew the value of that pew— "It has been found," continued the priest, "that an amateur has offered five thousand francs, *not* twenty thousand, for it."

"Ah!" growled Laigre, excited by the unhappy expression of the priest's face. "The Vestry Board, your Reverence, ought to remember he had not *all* the votes, *I* opposed the sale!"

"Who has told you of the value of the pew, and what is the meaning of this disgraceful scene? What has his Reverence to do with the affair? He only acted on the advice of the council," interrupted George, angrily.

"Who told us of the affair? Why the priest's own servant!"

"Seraphine!" exclaimed Grisette, angrily. The pastor folded his hands.

"Yes, Seraphine, a good brave woman, who is indignant at such a proceeding. Of course *some* one will profit by the transaction. His Reverence can now give a dower to his niece."

"Insolent fellow! scoundrel!" cried George, clenching his fingers and striding towards Laigre, who prudently fell back a pace. The pastor interposed.

"Let this person go, George. I thought that after fifteen years spent in Clairfontaine my parishioners knew me better than to suppose me capable of such a nefarious act."

Laigre had gone too far in reproaching the holy old priest thus coarsely, and the people, who had become over-excited, but were really good at heart, felt deep remorse at seeing their pastor pale with emotion, grossly insulted, and accused of a crime they knew him to be incapable of committing. They now turned fiercely on Laigre; some women called him a wretch; and his position as chief of his party began to totter.

"I swear to you," continued the priest, when he could make his voice heard. "I swear to you that I would give anything I possess to repair this involuntary wrong which, according to you, I have done to the Vestry Board. But, unfortunately, I have nothing. I am as poor as the poorest among you."

The women made threatening gestures at the Socialist leader, but wishing to have it out with the priest, he said:

"It is easy to say things like that. One who has nothing is willing to give everything."

A thought seemed to strike the priest and make him tremble. Nothing? Did he say he had nothing? And his entomological collection which Mr. Grisard had valued at ten thousand francs? Was not that *something?* A terrible struggle took place in the collector's heart. He thought of all the delightful hours he had spent in hunting up his dear insects, of his studies, and the joy he had felt on the discovery of some new and rare colepter; of the beetles Father Grayson had sent him. He recalled his choicest specimens, some of which could not be matched in Europe, and finally he thought of the dear old soldier, his first master, who had bequeathed him his beautiful collection before going to rest by the shores of that calm lake where he had first begun to collect. All this passed through his brain at that moment. The struggle was short but cruel. He raised his head, and looked calmly at the leader.

"Rest assured, Laigre, the Vestry Board shall lose nothing. I shall sell my entomological collection and repay you."

"Oh, my poor dear uncle!" cried Grisette, bursting into tears.

George, with difficulty, restrained himself from striking Laigre a violent blow on the face. However, the crowd, with one of those sudden changes so often seen in a mob, turned against their tribune, and by force of blows and invectives, expelled him most ignominiously, from the pastor's garden.

Two days after, the *Courrier Entomologique* announced that the collection of the celebrated naturalist, Rev. Father Charriere, was for sale. The same number of the *Courrier* also published an interesting account of the famous *Rosalie Alpine* of five spots, which the collection included.

Numerous offers were immediately made to Father Charriere, who finally sold the collection for the unhoped-for sum of fifteen thousand francs. The *Rosalie Alpine* alone had been valued at three thousand! The church-wardens received five thousand francs from the priest, and Laigre was humbled to the dust. With three thousand the pastor purchased the mill which George had expressed a wish to possess, and placing the remainder in the young man's hand he bade him set to work at once.

"It is too bad that this money should have been procured at such a sacrifice," said George, much moved and deeply grateful for such generosity.

"Bah! Do not think any more about it," said the priest, with a suppressed

sigh. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and it is well for all parties that this thing has happened. It was selfish of me to keep such a valuable collection lying uselessly by, just for my own pleasure. So everything turns out for the best. The Vestry Board is richer than it was; your uncle has the pew he so much desired; you are able to remain here doing good, and making my dear little niece happy. Yes, now all is well, very well. Even poor Seraphine, whose temper seems to have been cured by remorse, is *almost* amiable at times."

The old priest's head was bowed as he made those remarks. He did not see the tears in Grisette's eyes.

"And what do you intend to do now," said George, gaily, in order to hide his emotion.

The pastor pointed to a tiny black-spotted cochineal crawling on a lily:

"Do you see that insect? Well, I shall begin another collection!"

TO WORK AND NEVER TO WEARY.

To the Members of the Tabernacle Society.

BY A SISTER OF NOTRE DAME.

To work and never to weary,
To labor and never to tire,
To feel, though earth's prospect be dreary,
What faith, fervor, and zeal best inspire.
To work and never to falter,
Ah: deem it your noblest boast,
Whose hands are employed for the altar—
The home of the beautiful Host.

Dear privileged souls, you're receiving
Rich graces and blessings untold,
While garments for Jesus you're weaving
As Mary had woven of old.
Let indifference urge what it pleases,
In favor of comfort and rest,—
You know that to labor for Jesus
Is of rest and of comfort the best.

O Wonderful Jesus, Thy beauty,
Though veiled in such mystic disguise,
Enhances their love-imposed duty
Beyond what false wisdom can prize.
Then to work and never to falter,
Is their highest and noblest boast,
Whose hands are employed for the altar,—
The home of the beautiful Host.

DESIGNERS AND EXECUTORS OF THIS PIECE OF TORCHON LACE, VALUED AT $200, AND PRESENTED TO MOTHER KATHERINE DREXEL, ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, ODANAH, WIS.

OUR CATHOLIC INDIANS.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

When Columbus first landed on the shores of the New World he found a race of men, whose existence had never been suspected; and, as the whites spread more and more over the Western Continent, more and more, and everywhere, did they come into contact with this race. With widely differing characteristics in language, in types, and in habits, there are, nevertheless, certain features which—from the Arctic Circle to the Straits of Tierra del Fuego,—seem to mark the aborigines of the New World as individuals of one race. Whether possessing a certain degree of civilization with the inhabitants of the tableland of Amahuac, or the dwellers on the western slopes of the Cordilleras, or living in a savage condition with the greater portion of their kindred, the inhabitants of America appear to have originated from one source. At least such seems to be the case, to a casual observer. What that source was, whence they came to these shores, where their original home existed, how many waves of migration succeeded each other, and to what remote period these migrations belong, are questions which, perhaps, will never be answered. The fact remains that whithersoever the first colonizers went Indians were encountered.

What was the Indian population in that portion of North America which is now the United States, when the colonists first came? It is almost impossible to answer this question, owing to a want of data, and for this reason, calculations made have necessarily been variant. For a long time, the vast regions

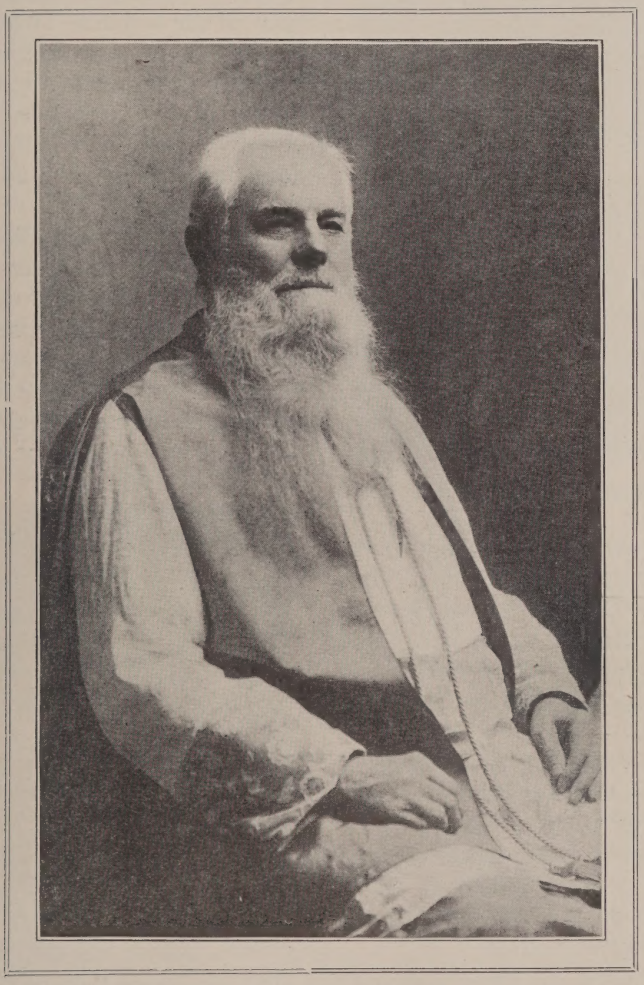
west of the Mississippi were hardly known; many tribes that existed then have since completely disappeared; and in pioneer days men were too busy fighting the wilderness to find time for the compilation of statistics. Still, Indians were found scattered everywhere, and even though they formed small communities, the extent of territory covered by these tribal communities argues for a very large population. It seems, therefore, absurd to say, as some have done, that there are as many Indians in the country to-day as there were when the whites first came. In fact, there has been a perceptible dwindling down of the Indian population, since the Government of the United States was formed; and the fact that so many tribes have disappeared, while others are fast disappearing, shows that there has been a marked decrease.

To give an account of the relations between the American colonists and the Indians, in detail, would be to write a book. As a general rule the Indians were regarded as independent tribes, and treaties were made with them accordingly. Frequently the relations were peaceable; while, at other times,—for instance in New England, Virginia, and Maryland,—for one reason or the other bloody conflicts were precipitated. King Philip's War, and its concomitant horrors will always be remembered in American history. In the wars between France and England some of the natives, notably the Hurons, sided with the former, while others, like the Iroquois, were for England.

HOLY CHILDHOOD INDIAN SCHOOL, HARBOR SPRINGS, MICH.

From the first period of civilization, Catholic missionaries devoted themselves to the conversion of the natives. Long before Sir Walter Raleigh landed

in Virginia, or the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock, the Spanish Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits, had been evangelizing the Applachian tribes, some at the cost of life; while the devoted sons of St. Francis penetrated from Mexico into the interior of the Pueblo settlements, watering the soil with their sweat and with their blood. In the seventeenth century Jesuits labored in Maryland, while Jesuits, and, later, the Recollects, penetrated into the wilderness in quest of souls. Quebec became the source of missionary activity, and thence went forth those heroic men,—Marquette, Allouez, De Breboeuf, Jogues, Lallemant, whose names are written in letters of gold in the annals of American history. One of Quebec's most beautiful public buildings stands to-day on the site of the home of these apostles and martyrs.



MONSIGNOR J. A. STEPHAN.

Protestants, too, men no doubt sincere in their belief, devoted themselves in those early days, as they have done since, to the cause of the Indians. The Estab-

STANDING BUFFALO.

lished Church won in Virginia its most illustrious convert in Pocahontas, while in stern New England, Eliot became known as the Indian missionary, and the Dutch domines in New Netherland added their quota to this Protestant missionary activity.

When the Revolution broke out the Indians took sides, some with the Americans, and a large portion with the British. Perhaps some of the blackest pages in the history of that period of blood may be written on the use made by the British of their savage allies.

When the Treaty of Paris had been signed, and the United States had taken its place among the nations of the world, our domestic relations with the Indians began. At first, and for a long time, we treated with them as with independent nations, existing under the suzerainty of the United States; but, alas for our honor! the policy of might over right has most frequently prevailed. If the Spaniards of the sixteenth century sinned against the American natives by the accursed thirst for gold, we have sinned no less through the accursed thirst for land. More and more the cupidity of the white settlers encroached upon the reservations of the Indians. Treaties were made, only to be broken, and under the most specious pretexts, the red man was deprived of his birthright, until, like the buffalo on his native hunting grounds, he vanished before the advance of civilization.

Protests from men filled with a sense of justice were of no avail. Sometimes it was the missionary who raised his voice in defense of those committed to his care, and at other times the very men who were sent to coerce the Indians sent forth their protest against the orders which military discipline forced them to

MRS. PABLO ABEYTA, FORMER PUPIL OF LORETTO INDIAN SCHOOL.

obey. All protest availed nothing, and the weaker race was forced to succumb.

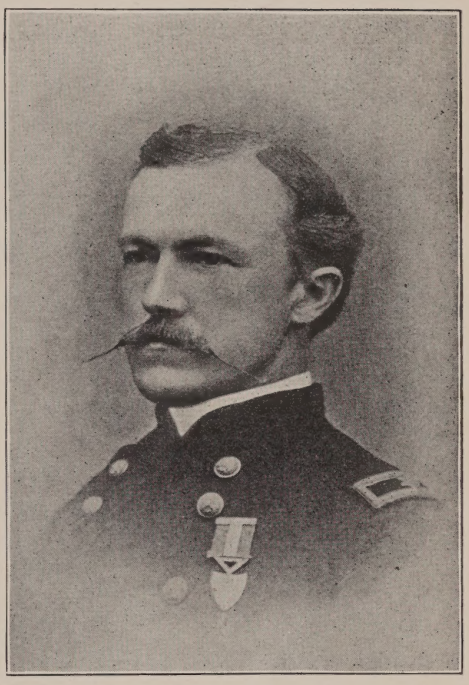
At one time the Government, recognizing the civilizing influence of the missionaries, aided them in their labors. Such was the case, among others, in the days of good old Father De Smet. But these days seem to have passed, and, owing to the spirit of bigotry, whatever assistance is obtained now must be strenuously fought for.

Differences of various forms of Christianity have no doubt constituted one of the greatest drawbacks to the conversion of the heathen. The non-Christian world beholding these differences among Christians has been puzzled; and those accountable for this condition must have an awful responsibility before God. We lament the fact that there are still 110,000 pagan Indians in the United States.

With the Peace Policy of President Grant a new era was inaugurated for Indian missionary work, though it is evident to even a casual observer that the division of the various spheres of labor was illogical and unjust, while the religious opinions of the Indians were not taken into account in the distribution of missionary labors, and too often the Peace Policy became equivalent to religious persecution.

This Peace Policy and the flagrant injustice which accompanied its execution became the occasion for the appointment, in 1873, by Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore, of a Catholic Commissioner for Indian Missions, in the person of General Charles Ewing. This appointment was the beginning of the institution since known as the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. General Ewing was at his death succeeded, in 1883, by Captain John Mullan of Washington.

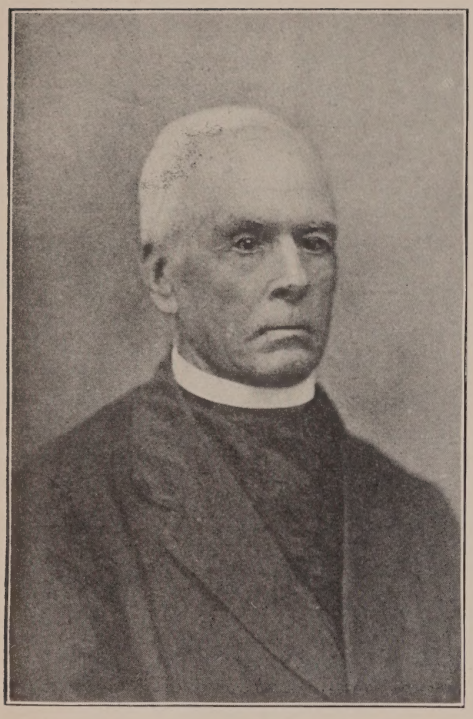
Years before, Rev. J. B. Brouillet, Vicar-General of the diocese of Nes-



GENERAL CHARLES EWING.

qually, had been appointed director of the Bureau, and after his death, in 1884, the late Monsignor Stephan succeeded to the office. The present incumbent and the immediate successor of Monsignor Stephan is the Rev. W. H. Ketcham. The secretary of the Bureau, Mr. Charles Lusk, has been identified with it ever since the days of General Ewing. The office of Commissioner has ceased to exist, and all the relations between the Indian Missions and the Government are now carried on by the Bureau. The "Peace Policy" lasted from 1874 to 1882.

During this period, namely, in 1877, the contract school system began, in virtue of which the various religious denominations contracted with the United States Government for the education of Indian children at a stipulated sum per capita. Catholics having by far the greater number of schools and of children received of course the larger



VERY REV. J. B. A. BROUILLET.

amount. This amount increased to such an extent that it drew upon our schools the jealous eyes of many who were not of our Faith and the cry of "Sectarian," was raised, that word which to many of the American public is like the red rag held before the eyes of a bull. The agitation became widespread, and the "Patris Conscripti" of our Republic went down before the storm. An act of Congress abolished the contract school system; a pen-stroke of the Executive made it a law; and those who had raised the howl as well as those against whom it had been raised suffered together,—Protestant and Catholic schools being alike left without Government assistance.

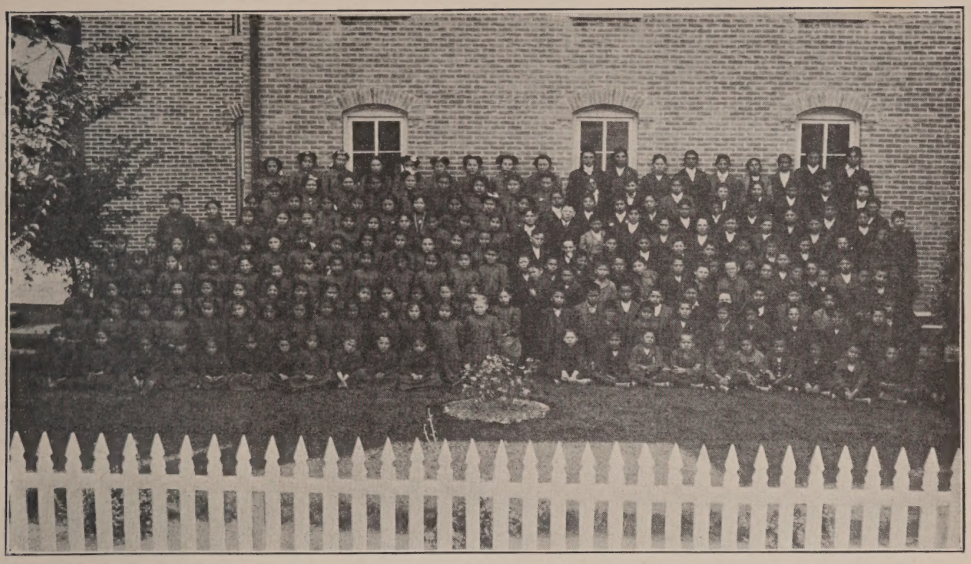
In 1894, it was decided to eliminate private denominational schools from the possibility of Government aid by the gradual substitution of Government schools; and, at the end of the fiscal year, 1900, the contract school system came to an end.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia will forever remain on record as one who took up the cudgel in defense of justice, at a time when bigotry was abroad, and the contract school system was about to receive its death blow.

The rations were taken away from those children who attended private schools, and methods were even resorted to in order to force our children into the schools of the Government where frequently, owing to the spirit of subordinates and other causes, their faith was in danger. No parallel can be drawn between our public schools and the Indian schools. The latter are for the most part boarding-schools in which parental influence is out of the question, and they are entirely at the mercy of men appointed from Washington. It does not take much philosophy to infer the consequences upon Catholic children of such an education. It is true that by an act of Congress provision has been made to return the rations. It is also true that the President, acting upon the advice of the Attorney-General, gave a portion of the tribal funds, held by the United States in trust for the Indians, to a few schools belonging to tribes that had petitioned for it. But the echoes of the storm excited by this act of the President have not yet died away, and it is quite doubtful how long this precarious distribution will continue, and whether, hemmed in by so many restrictions as it is it will be of much benefit.

We feel grateful to President Roosevelt for his action in the matter, and can only express the wish that having set his hand to the plough he may continue the good work with the manliness that has characterized his administration.

Still with all this we are striving to hasten the day when the cause of Cath-



GROUP OF PUPILS OF MISSION SCHOOL, PINE RIDGE RESERVATION, SOUTH DAKOTA.

olic Indian education will be independent, and the Catholic people of the United States, alive to the importance of the issue, will support that cause without further recourse to the Government.

What remains of the aboriginal population of what is now the United States is scattered over the land in detached fragments, called reservations, from Maine to California. The state of Maine possesses a remnant of the Penobscot tribes, in the Passamaquoddies, who are under the jurisdiction of the state. There are, I believe, a few hundred Indians still living in Massachusetts, without occupying any special reservation. A remnant of the famous Six Nations still holds out in New York where they live on various reservations. The Iroquois, known as the St. Regis Indians, dwell in the northwestern corner of the state, on the St. Lawrence. Other reservations in the same state are situated between the southern shores of Lake Ontario and the Pennsylvania line. They are the Oneida, Onondaga, Tuscarora, Tonawanda, Cattarangus, Oil Spring, and Alleghany communities.

In Delaware and Maryland there are a few half-breed families, remnants, probably, of the Nanticokes in the former, and of the Piscataways, in the latter state. Virginia, too, has a few lingering remnants of its aboriginal population in the Chickahominys and others. Descendants of the Indian population are also found in the Carolinas; and North Carolina possesses the Qualla reservation occupied by Cherokees,—the only remnant in the state of the powerful tribe that once occupied all that region, the principal portion of the tribe having been sent to the Indian Territory. Down in the Florida everglades you will still find a few Seminoles, descendants of those who figured so extensively in one of our great Indian wars.

The principal Indian district in the United States is the Indian Territory,—originally set aside for those Indians who had been removed from elsewhere, —from which the Territory, now state, of Oklahoma, was afterwards separated. Here in the Indian Territory proper dwell the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles, known as the five civilized tribes, besides the Eastern Shawnees, Miamis, and the Mo-

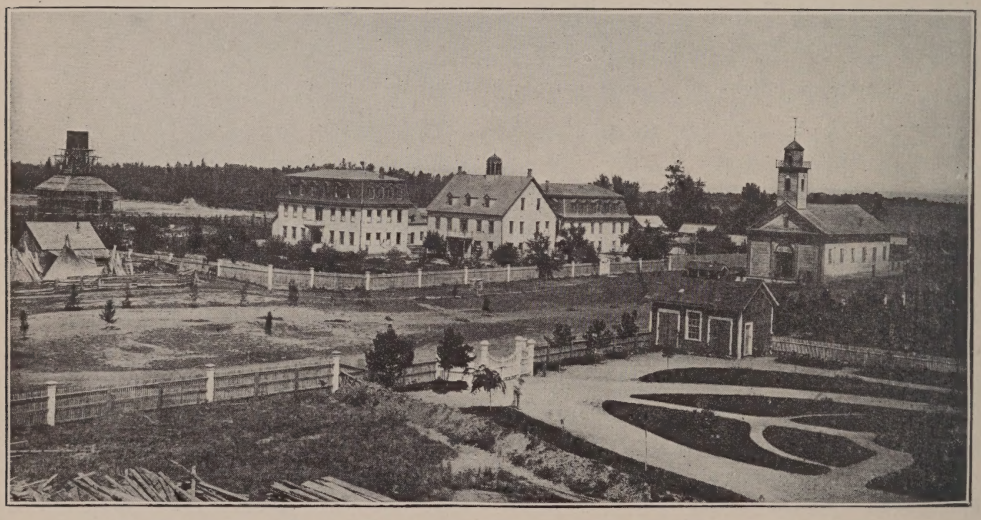
doc, Ottawa, Peoria, Quapaw, Seneca, and Wyandotte Indians.

In Oklahoma are found the Kansas, Tonkawas, Poncas, Osages, Otoes, Missourians, Pawnees, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Iowas, Sac and Fose, Pottawatomies, Wichitas, Kiowas, Comanches, Kickapoos, etc.

As we travel northward we encounter in Kansas other portions of the Pottawatomies, Kickapoos and Iowas, besides the Chippewas and Munses; and on the borders of Nebraska are the Sac and Fose. The latter state has in its northwestern corner the Niobrara, Winnebago, and Omaha reservations. A portion of South Dakota is occupied by the important Standing Rock agency,—which goes over into North Dakota,—and the Cheyenne River, Pine Ridge, Rosebud and Lower Brulè agencies, besides the Crow Creek and Yankton reservations. In North Dakota lie the Fort Berthold, Devil's Lake, and Turtle Mountain reservations. The principal tribes on these various reservations belong to the Sioux family.

The states of Minnesota and Wisconsin are dotted with reservations which it would be of comparatively little interest to enumerate, and which are principally Chippewa. Wisconsin has a remnant of the Six Nations in the Oneidas, and farther north lies the Menominee reservation.

There are several small reservations on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, principally of Chippewa, while in the extreme south of the Lower Peninsula we find the small reservation of the Pottawatomies of Huron. In Iowa there is a small reservation of the Sac and Fose tribe.



SCHOOL OF THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE, ST. IGNATIUS MISSION, ST. IGNATIUS P. O., MISSOULA CO., MONT.

As we turn towards the west we find the Shoshones and Arapahoes in Wyoming, and the Blackfeet, Flatheads, Crows and Northern Cheyennes, with others, on various reservations in Montana. There are a few small reservations in Idaho, the principal of which are the Fort Hall and the Coeur D'Alene, together with a large number of Nez Perce.

Besides the Colville and Yakima res-

ervations there exists a very large number of smaller ones in the state of Washington. The Umatilla, Warm Spring, Grand Ronde and Kelamath are among the reservations of Oregon, and California and Nevada may boast of a few small reservations. In the southern portion of the former state live the so-called Mission Indians. Arizona and New Mexico contain a large number of small reservations. The largest Indian reservation in the United States, outside of the Indian Territory, is that of the Navajos in Arizona and New Mexico, upon the Northwestern borders of which live the Utes in Colorado. The one large reservation of Utah is the Uintah reservation.

The entire Indian population of today is estimated at 284,079,—exclusive of Alaska,—of which number about 100,000 are Catholics, and about 110,000 pagans, the remainder belonging to various Protestant denominations. A very large portion of this Indian population is of mixed blood.

In several dioceses there are a few scattered Catholic Indian families who attend to their religious duties with the rest of the faithful, and for whom no special mission exists. There are thirty dioceses having Indian missions, if we include the work done by the parish priest at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, for the Catholics of the Government school, and the school of Mother Katherine Drexel in the diocese of Philadelphia. With the exception of Philadelphia, Ogdensburg where the St. Regis Indians are located, and Portland with the Passamaquoddys, all the other dioceses are in the west, Detroit being the most eastern. These missions are attended to by 178 regular and ninety-two secular priests, with sixty Indian and sixty-nine white catechists. The religious Orders having charge of Indian missions are Jesuits, Benedictines, Franciscans, Praemonstratensians and Theatines.

In these various missions we have twenty-nine boarding schools for boys, forty-two boarding schools for girls, and twenty-six day schools. These are taught by Jesuits, Benedictines, Franciscans, secular priests and Lamennais Brothers among the men; and by Sisters of St. Ann, Franciscan Sisters, Sisters of Charity of Providence, Sisters of St. Joseph, Benedictine Nuns, Gray Nuns, Sisters of Mercy, School Sisters of Notre Dame, Ursuline Sisters, Sisters of Divine Providence, Dominican Sisters, Sisters of Loretto and Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. These schools are scattered over a vast extent of territory, from Michigan to California, besides the schools for Indians in the dioceses of Portland and Ogdensburg. In the Indian Territory there are three boarding schools for boys, nine for girls, and three day schools.

In 1904 the Bureau of Catholic Indian missions provided for thirty-three schools, twenty-five of which were supported from the allowance made to it from the Indian and Negro Mission Fund, from the donations of Mother Katherine Drexel, and from the money raised through the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children. The amount paid out by the Bureau from these three sources must have aggregated $110,000. Eight schools were supported by Indian tribal funds granted by the Government in answer to petitions made by a certain number of Indians. The amount obtained from this source was $98,000. There are other schools which receive no help from any of these sources. Altogether no less than $260,000 was expended in 1904 on Catholic Indian education, not counting the last named schools. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith made its contributions independently of the Bureau, and directly to individual schools.

The schools supported by the Bureau

are all boarding schools. These are St. Boniface Mission and school of Banning, California; St. Anthony's Mission and school, San Diego, California; De Smet Mission and school, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; St. Joseph's Mission and school, Slickpoo, Idaho; Mission and school, Quapaw Reservation, Indian Territory; Mission and St. Agnes school among the Choctaws, Indian Territory; Chippewa Mission and school, Baraga, Michigan; Holy Childhood Mission and school, Harbor Springs, Michigan; St. Mary's Mission and school, Red Lake Reservation, Minnesota; St. Benedict's Mission and school, White Earth Agency, Minnesota; Holy Trinity Mission and school, Blackfeet Agency, Montana; St. Paul's Mission and school, Fort Belknap Agency, Montana; St. Xavier's Mission and school, Crow Agency, Montana; St. Labre's Mission and school, Tongue River Agency, Montana; Sisters of Loretto school, Bernalillo, New Mexico; St. Mary's Mission and school, Turtle Mountain, North Dakota; St. Mary's Academy of the Sacred Heart, Oklahoma; St. Andrew's school on the Umatilla Reservation; St. Francis Regis, Colville Agency, Washington; Bayfield boarding school, Bayfield, Wisconsin; St. Mary's, Odana, Wisconsin; and St. Stephen's, Shoshone Reservation, Wyoming.

Last year, the St. Labre's school, Tongue River Agency, Montana; Immaculate Conception school, Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota; Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota; and St. Joseph's Industrial school, Keshena, Wisconsin, were supported out of the tribal funds; this year they fall back on the Bureau. St. Francis school, Rosebud Agency, was supported out of the tribal funds in 1904-05, but in 1905-06 the support stopped, owing to an injunction brought—to restrain payment to it—by three Sioux Indians, acting, as I am told, under the influence of the Indians' Rights Association. The Bureau therefore supported the Rosebud School last year, and will have to support it this year. The only schools now receiving money from the tribal funds are two among the Osages. A distinction must here be made between the Trust funds and Treaty funds. To the end of the fiscal year 1905-06 both funds were used, but from the end of that year, such is the decision of the President, only the trust funds may be employed. The Menominee school at Keshena, Wisconsin, receives no moneys from the trust fund, as no petition to that effect has thus far been sent by the Indians of that tribe.

The Sioux schools, including the Rosebud, will receive no money, because their trust funds are not sufficiently ample for distribution. The Quapaw and Tongue River Indians, whose two schools were supported last year, have no trust funds.

The Bureau also contributes toward the support of the Cherokee Mission in the Indian Territory, St. Ignatius Mission in Montana, and that of the Sacred Heart Mission and boys' boarding school in Oklahoma. Mother Katherine supports at least six schools, namely, one in Arizona, one in the Indian Territory, one in New Mexico, one in Oklahoma, one on the St. Regis Reservation in New York, and one in Washington State. The rest of the schools are supported by public charity, by the Indians themselves, or by the dioceses in which they are situated. The state of Maine contributes toward the support of the schools in the diocese of Portland. The school of Tuka in the Indian Territory is self-supporting, and a few others partly support themselves.

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children was established a few years ago. Its prog-

ress is necessarily slow, as the members contribute only twenty-five cents a year. In one diocese in the country, namely, Cleveland, the Bishop himself has organized it in every parish. Elsewhere it is spread by means of promoters. The connection of the writer with it dates three years back, when with the encouragement of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Beaven, and the co-operation of Mgr. Madden, Vicar General, he established it in the Cathedral of Springfield. Not quite two years ago he was relieved from parish duties by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and appointed to devote himself entirely to this work. Since then he has labored quite successfully in the four dioceses of Baltimore, Springfield, Newark and Philadelphia. He has found that wherever the Catholic people have had their eyes opened to the needs of the Indian they have been quite ready to respond. On the part of the priests, too, he has experienced general and generous co-operation, in spite of the fact that here and there one or the other bishop and parish priest, absorbed by other cares and interests, could not give him the necessary assistance, though acknowledging the utility of the work.

Owing to a misunderstanding the Marquette League is sometimes confounded with this society, though it is a distinct organization. The Marquette League was founded a few years ago by the Rev. Dr. Ganss of Carlisle, Pa., and several gentlemen in New York. While the Preservation Socity has for its object exclusively the promotion of the cause of Catholic Indian education, the end of the Marquette League is more general. It strives to ameliorate the condition of the Indian in the United States, to bring him to the Faith, or help him persevere in it, to erect chapels and schools and support missionaries. Working in harmony and subordination with the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, it remains a separate body with its own officers and constitution. The headquarters of the League are in New York, with branches in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Worcester.

TO A POET.

BY J. T. GALLAGHER.

Prolific parent of the perfect song!
To-day I wandered in your garden fair
And saw the off-spring of thy genius rare
A brilliant, beautiful and graceful throng;
And as I mused its sun-kissed bowers among
There swelled a symphony upon the air
And music's soul and *mirth's* commingled there
And mystic voices that to love belong.

Sing on sweet singer of the gladsome lay!
Nor lark nor nightingale doth thee excel
Still plume thy pinions for the attic way
Nor cease to linger in the dewy dell,
Weave still thy fancies in the loom of day
Thy web of poesy hath a magic spell.

"INDEED THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD."

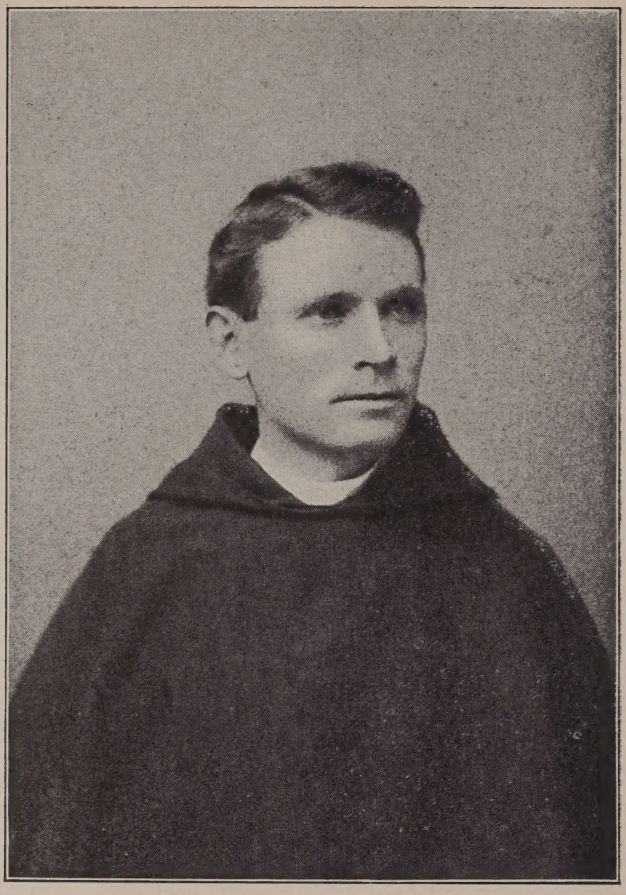
BY HENRY COYLE.

[Now the centurion and they that were with him watching Jesus, having seen the earthquake and the things that were done, were sore afraid, saying: Indeed this was the Son of God.—*St. Matt. 27 : 54.*]

Mocked and reviled, he passed from town to town,
An outcast, jeered and hooted in the street;
No shelter could he find from torrid heat,
Nor place to rest, but wandered up and down
The hills and vales, his greeting a cold frown
Of fear and hate from all he chanced to meet,—
The rabble tracked him by his bleeding feet,
And pressed upon his head a thorny crown.

They hailed him king—then bound him with a cord,
And scourged his tender flesh. He gave no sign,
But bore the pain with meekness so divine
That many were converted. They adored
Him as their Lord, when he was crucified.
"Indeed this was the Son of God!" they cried.

"'INDEED THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD!' THEY CRIED."



RT. REV. WILLIAM A. JONES, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The consecration of Rt. Rev. William Ambrose Jones, O.S.A., as Bishop of Porto Rico, took place Sunday, February 24th, at eight o'clock, in the Church of Santo Cristo, Havana. His Excellency, Mgr. Aversa, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to Cuba, was the consecrating prelate.

Dr. Jones was born at Cambridge, N. Y., July 21st, 1865. He pursued his preparatory and theological studies at Villanova College, March 15th, 1890, he was ordained priest by Archbishop Ryan, in the Cathedral, Philadelphia.

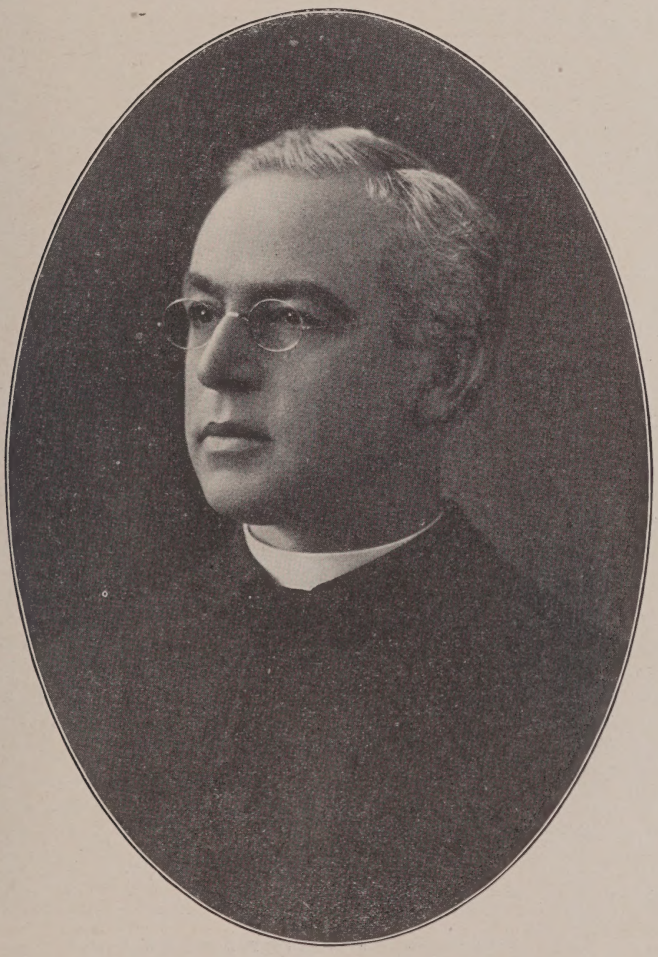
Old St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, was his first parochial assignment. In 1892, he was transferred to St. Nicholas' Church, Atlantic City. From November, 1892 to May, 1893, he spent in Cuba recuperating his health. At the Middle Chapter, June, 1896, Dr. Jones was elected Master of Novices and sub-prior of Villanova, to succeed Very Rev. M. J. Geraghty, who was appointed rector of the Augustinian missionary band. January 25th, 1899, his provincial sent Dr. Jones to Havana, to open a college for boys, within sight of a church built by Augustinians more than two centuries ago.

"How well he succeeded in his task," says a writer in the Catholic *Standard and Times*, "is evidenced by the present flourishing condition of the institution, which has an attendance of two hundred pupils. Even the casual visitor to Cuba's picturesque capital could not fail to notice the esteem and veneration of the people for this distinguished son of St. Augustine. He was valued as an efficient worker by Governor-General Wood during the Spanish-American War."

On June 23, 1903, at Villanova College, Father Jones had conferred upon him, by commission of the Holy See, the degree of Master in Sacred Theology, more familiarly known as Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Jones translated into English, Bishop Camara's excellent "Life of St. Alphonso Orozco," and revised and edited the Augustinian Mission Book and the Augustinian Manual, prayer books that are very popular with the laity.

The Rt. Rev. G. A. Guertin, Bishop-elect of Manchester, preached his first sermon as Bishop in the Cathedral of that city, on Sunday, February 17th, at High Mass.



RT REV. G A. GUERTIN, BISHOP-ELECT OF MANCHESTER.

The church was thronged to the doors by the vast assemblage of interested listeners.

In the course of his sermon Bishop Guertin paid high tribute to his predecessors, the late Bishops Bradley and Delany, and in conclusion said:

"An American by birth, a Catholic by baptism, a bishop of Christ's church by the grace of God and the favor of the apostolic see, we know not and have never known any national lines: We abhor strife, jealousy, contention of any kind; we cherish peace, harmony, united efforts, brotherly love. We are willing to spend and to be spent for the interests of your immortal soul. From this day your joys will be our joys, your sorrows our sorrows, your failures our failures, your successes our successes. In one word it will be my ambition to be, like my sainted predecessors, your leader, your father and your friend."

That Bishop-elect Guertin may be given many years in which to administer the high office to which he has been appointed is the wish of his numerous friends.

In the Church of Our Mother of Consolation, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, December 23d, 1906, the degree of Master in Sacred Theology, commonly known as Doctor of Divinity, was conferred upon the Very Rev. Martin J. Geraghty, Prior Provincial of the Augustinian Order in America, in recognition of his distinguished services in the ministry. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. John A. Nugent, O.S.A., Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Bryn Mawr, the Rev. Amedee J. Viger, S.T.L., O.S.A., master of novices at Villanova officiating as deacon, and Rev. Nicholas J. Vasey, O.S.A., Rector of St. Rita's Hall at Villanova, as sub-deacon. After Mass, the cap and ring, the insignia of the Doctor's office were conferred by Very Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A., representing the Prior General. The Very Rev. L. A. Delurey, D.D., O.S.A., President of Villanova College, delivered an eloquent sermon.

VERY REV. M. J GERAGHTY, D D ,O S.A

Very Rev. Martin J. Geraghty, D.D., O.S.A., Prior Provincial of the Augustinian Order in North America, was born in Carthage, N. Y., November 11th, 1867, and received his preparatory training in the public schools of his native town. He finished his classical studies at Villanova College, and entered the Augustinian Novitiate in 1885. He was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Ryan, in the Cathedral at Philadelphia, May 31st, 1890. At the Chapter, in July, 1894, Father Geraghty was chosen master of novices and sub-prior of the Monastery at Villanova, the mother-house of the Order in America. In 1896, he was appointed rector of the Augustinian Mission band, and, at one time, had under his direction nineteen priests. So successful was

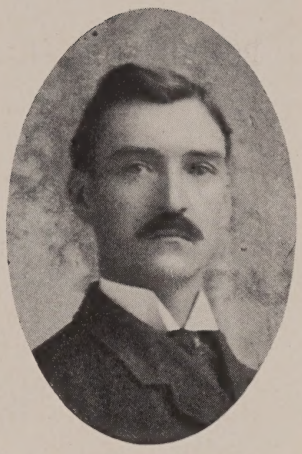
his work in this field that in 1898 he was re-elected to lead the Augustinian Mission bands for another term of years.

In company with Very Rev. John J. Fedigan, O.S.A., then Provincial, Father Geraghty visited Europe, in 1903, to attend the Middle Chapter of the Order, which was held in Rome during the summer of that year. The year following, Father Geraghty was elected Prior Provincial of his Order in the United States.

During his first term, he founded St. Rita's Hall, known as the School of Educandi, devoted to training young men who aspire to become Augustinians. This work has prospered under his fostering care, and this preparatory department to-day is furnishing excellent material to be moulded into zealous and learned priests. There are at present about seventy young men pursuing their studies in St. Rita's Hall. They follow the classes in Villanova College with the secular students, but, outside of class work, their daily routine is interspersed with such religious exercises as will fit them for their future career. In June, 1906, the Capitular Fathers testified their entire satisfaction with Father Geraghty's regime by unanimously re-electing him Provincial for another term of four years.

Besides founding St. Rita's Hall at Villanova, he opened the new College of St. Rita in Chicago, last spring, and also the new parish of St. Nicholas in the Bronx, New York City. Very Rev. Father Geraghty, in company with Very Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, Rector of St. Laurence's Church, Lawrence, Mass., and Rev. J. F. Green, President of St. Rita's College, Chicago, will attend the General Chapter of the Augustinian Order, to be held in Rome next summer, at which a Prior General will be elected. The Most Rev. Thomas Rodriguez, a Spaniard, who made a visitation of the American province in 1902, is the present incumbent.

Father Geraghty has a winning personality, and is gifted with a forceful and polished eloquence, which has made him admired by the laity, and respected and loved by the members of his Order.



HON. EDWARD F. BROWN.

Edward F. Brown, the new Mayor of Marlboro, Mass., possesses to a marked degree the rare quality of persistency. No matter what the goal, he keeps after it, and eventually wins. He has built up a successful business through his persistency, and he recently won an exciting mayoralty contest against the same opponent who defeated him for the office a year ago.

Mayor Brown, who is a member of several Catholic organizations, including the Knights of Columbus, was born in Waltham, Mass., in 1864. At an early age he went to work in a shoe factory in Marlboro, his family removing to that city. He worked hard, devoted his spare time to study, and at the age of twenty-five he secured a position in a clothing store.

After an experience of about eight months as salesman, his ambition asserted itself, and he made a proposition to the owner of the store, which was promptly accepted. As a result, Mr. Brown and another young man became partners in the enterprise. Within a short time they had purchased the establishment, and a little later Mr. Brown bought out his partner.

Mayor Brown served one year as alderman, and was for several years a member of the school board. Pleasant and agreeable of manner, and a fine musician, the chief executive of Marlboro is popular in social circles as well as in the realm of business and politics.

POEMS FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY OR ANY DAY.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

ALICE FURLONG.

Methodical people,—those who "know where they put things"— lose much of the joy of life. If I had known where to look for a needed clipping I should not have emptied pigeon-holes and hunted through scrap albums—thereby becoming blissfully forgetful of the purpose of the search. The author of "Lady Anne's Walk" says that "If any nation could have found the receipt for making poets, it would surely have been the Irish." It is not easy to resist the spell of the poet—particularly the Irish poet—and turn away determinedly from the lures that beguile one into forgetting the nagging of duty. And indeed, if excuse be in order, it is nothing more than respectful to St. Patrick,—with the Seventeenth so near,—to stop long enough to read "St. Patrick's Day" when it slips from a pigeon-hole, into your hand. It will take only a minute, and it is pretty reading—like being out in the open with the soft damp wind blowing in your face, and the smell of springing grass in the air, even though the radiator beside you asserts that winter is still on the land. But read for yourself, and if in so doing you are neglecting any urgent task blame Alice Furlong—not me. She should not write things that will make people off in America slight their work.

On Patrick's day as I came from Mass,
The rain was fresh in the damp, green grass;
But the wind-torn clouds left a rift of blue,
And the glistening sunbeams flooded through.

The strong, soft wind shook the grey boughs swinging,
And the warm, gold light set the robins singing;
The rain-clouds dark swept away to the east,
As I came from Mass on Patrick's feast.

Where the drifted clouds were grey and white
Shone the rainbow's arch of gleaming light,
Purple and primrose, green and red,
It flamed and burned in the sky o'erhead.

Then to my God I spake me thus:
"Lord, hast thou set this sign for us,
That we for sweet Ireland's sake may hope
Never again will the cloud-gates ope—"

"Loosing the fiercely-falling flood,
The blinding rain of tears and blood,
That poured on us through the long, dark years,
Sick with anguish, and hopes, and fears."

"Lord, may we hope, for sweet Ireland's sake,
That her pain is past, and her long heart-ache."
This was my prayer as I came my way
Home from Mass on Patrick's Day.

It is a "good prayer," but there is no word in it of the trefoil "the dear little shamrock" that was set as a sign of the Trinity before the unbelieving "who saw and believed." However, we do not fare far to seek it. For here is a sod of shamrocks from Tipperary, where "the hawthorn's whiter than the snow"—according to D. A. McCarthy, who is always yearning for the Suir, though the Charles almost washes the walls of the

sanctum where he works and dreams—but mostly works, as becomes an editor in Boston.

But—to return to Tipperary "in the springtime of the year," and to the shamrocks sent across the sea with a message that came too late, or, perhaps, was delivered in Heaven.

CECILY'S BUNCH OF SHAMROCKS.

Go, pluck a bunch of shamrocks, Thade,
To send across the sea;
The thickest, freshest, greenest one
For our sweet Cecily;
She'll kiss it fondly, o'er and o'er,
Tears dropping on each spray;
God bless the child, 'twill set her wild
With joy on Patrick's Day.

From the green hills of Tipperary
A tiny sod I'll take,
All covered o'er with shamrocks, Kate,
'Tis for old Ireland's sake;
Our *cailin dhas* will proudly wear,
And hug each little spray;
God bless the child, 'twill set her wild
With joy on Patrick's Day.

In the far off Empire City,
Stretched on a bed of pain,
Poor blue-eyed Ciss lay dying fast,
Dreaming she saw again

MOIRA O'NEILL.

The green hills of Tipperary,
Where the rosy children play;
God bless the child, her Saviour mild
Took her on Patrick's Day.

Death damps were in her golden hair
When a voice was heard above:
"Here's for Cecily O'Connell
A letter"—'twas full of love;
And the green sod crowned with shamrocks,
On her still heart it lay,
With a wreath of moss, and a Mission Cross,
That sad, sad Patrick's Day.

Ellen O'Leary.

ETHNA CARBERY.

A plain little story,—commonplace, if you will,—but such stories are not told to the intellect, they sink into the heart. And, next to the soul, in what better place could they be treasured?

Here is another. I found it in a scrap album made by a child, about the same time that the poet closed her eyes on the things of earth—all too early.

The child spent his fancy in decorating the poem with the pigments in his paint-box, and he made the cloak so red, and the cabin thatch so yellow, and the sward so amazingly green that you smile, in spite of yourself, when you come on the sketch. But after a moment the smile fades away, and the bad drawing and worse coloring are forgotten. The *real* scene is before you. The poem was inspired by a suggestion that the poet,

KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Helen F. O'Neill, should write something witty about the Connemara Cloak, —then in fashion in America—make it the subject of a jest; but she wrote this:

THE CONNEMARA CLOAK.

What! jest on it? 'Twould win me
A smile? I can't, alas!
The Irish blood within me
Salutes it while I pass.
The tears would rise unbidden,
And sobs my utterance choke,
The while my thoughts were hidden
In a Connemara Cloak.

The forms it drapes are dearer,
No matter young or old,
Their hearts to me are nearer,
For beating 'neath its fold;
In few or many pieces,
From hem to gathered yoke,
I love the folds and creases
Of the Connemara Cloak.

You wonder why I love it?
We've many styles, you say,
So very far above it
To win my thoughts away.
Oh, would my hand were clever
To paint with master-stroke
The scene I see forever
In a Connemara Cloak.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

An Irish roadside dreary,
A homeless mother there,
Half-famished, footsore, weary,
With rain-drenched, wind-blown hair;
The waters round her sweeping
Through every garment soak,
While she folds her nestlings, weeping,
In her Connemara Cloak.

When I deny the old name,
When I traduce my blood,
When I can think with cold blame
On Erin's martyred flood;
Mayhap, you then may hear it,
All fashioned in a joke;
But till then, I revere it—
The Connemara Cloak.

The poem was published in the *Pilot,* then edited by John Boyle O'Reilly, who, after Miss O'Neill's death, urged upon her brother, Mr. Charles S. O'Neill, the collection and publication of her poems, in book form. Mr. O'Reilly made an appointment for the following Wednesday, to consider the project, but on that very day he was borne to his grave in Holyhood, far from "the graves of kindred dead."

In some way Stephen Gwynn's "Ireland" comes to mind. Barring "London" the words might have throbbed from O'Reilly's heart:

Ireland, oh, Ireland! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Over seas you call me: Why an exile from me?
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests him in the sand;

Lives there and loves, yet with the year's returning,
Resting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tide-way,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free.

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers,
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart,
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

Stephen Gwynn comes by his Irish patriotism honestly. "It's kind grandfather for him" as we—no, not we—as our fathers and mothers would say. Our diction is much more elegant. "He inherited it" would be our way of saying it. But where did Theodosia Garrison get her Celtic imagery, her Irish intensity? Listen to this for a homesick cry. It haunts one:

THE DAUGHTER.

It's not meself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining.
(He's a good man, is Michael and I've never felt his frown)
But there's sorrow beating on me like a long day's raining
For the little wrinkled face of her left in Kerrydown.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other—
Do you mind the morns we walked to Mass when all the fields were green?—
'Twas I that pinned your kerchief, oh, me mother, mother, mother!
The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the world between.

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow—
(It's a fair land we've come to, and there's plenty here for all)
It's not the homesick longing that lures me like a swallow,
But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other—
Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright?
Me head upon your shoulder, oh me mother, mother, mother!
The broad seas between us, and yourself alone to-night!

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going;
It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here;

But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort I'd be knowing,
And her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other—
Do you mind the soft spring morning when you stitched the wedding gown?—
The little, careful stitches, oh, me mother, mother, mother!
Meself beyond the broad seas and you in Kerrydown!

"It's the man's part to say the word—the wife's to up and follow," says this writer in *McClure's;* and so the passing of the Gael leaves empty the cabins on the hillside.

"So some must wander to the East and some must wander West
Some seek the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern nest:
Yet never shall they sleep so sweet as on your mother breast."

Thus wrote Ethna Carbery whose ardent youth pulses in her poems. Reading them we can well believe the truth of her words, "I love each stone of the hills, each blade of grass of her fields; and I do not want to go abroad till I have seen every mountain and every valley of Ireland." In "Ireland's Lament for Lord Edward" she voices a noble sorrow "for the gallant heart long gone."

MOIRIN-NI-CULLINAN.

Ireland's Lament for Lord Edward.

Underneath the shrouding stone,
Where you lie in Death alone,
Can you hear me calling, calling,
In a wild hot gush of woe;
'Tis for you my tears are falling—
For you, *mo Creevin Cno!*

When you stood up in the Green
As beseemed the Geraldine,
Slender sword a-glancing, glancing,
Over you the tender skies.
How the radiant joy kept dancing
In your brave bright eyes.

"*Stoir,*" I said, "*A-stoir-mo-croidhe,*
Hope of Mine and Hope of Me,
Take our honor to your keeping,
Bare your swift blade to the Dawn;
Freedom's voice hath roused from sleeping
Moirin-ni-Cullinan."

So I dreamt the Day had come,
Now your ardent lips are dumb,
And the sword is rusty, rusty,
Through a hundred weary years;
All the winds are blowing gusty
With a storm of fears.

"*Stoir,*" I cry above your bed,
Where I kneel uncomforted—
"Feel you not the battle-anger,
Shake the Nations of the World;
While amid the stress and clangor,
Still my Flag is furled."

Were you here, O Geraldine,
This oblivion had not been.
Thus I mourn you, pining, pining,
For the gallant heart long gone,
Whose love was as a true star shining,
To Moirin-ni-Cullinan.

Among the clippings that my search dislodged is "The Passing of the Gael," which no doubt you have read before, but can read again—to your betterment.

Ethna Carbery was never called upon to "walk hard streets in far countries." She went early on that longer journey which brings the pure of soul to the house of their Father where partings shall be no more.

They are going, going from the valleys and the hills,
They are leaving far behind them heathery moor and mountain rills,
All the wealth of hawthorn hedges where the brown thrush sways and trills.

They are going, shy-eyed colleens, and lads so straight and tall,
From the purple peaks of Kerry, from the crags of wild Imaal,
From the greening plains of Mayo and the glens of Donegal.

They are leaving pleasant places, shores with snowy sands outspread;
Blue and lonely lakes a-stirring when the wind stirs overhead;
Tender living hearts that love them, and the graves of kindred dead.

They shall carry to the distant land a tear-drop in the eye
And some shall go uncomforted—their days an endless sigh
For Kathaleen Ni Houlihan's sad face, until they die.

Oh, Kathaleen Ni Houlihan, your road's a thorny way,
And 'tis a faithful soul would walk the flints with you for aye,
Would walk the sharp and cruel flints until his locks grew grey.

So some must wander to the East, and some must wander West;
Some seek the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern nest:
Yet never shall they sleep so sweet as on your mother breast.

The whip of hunger scourged them from the glens and quiet moors,
But there's a hunger of the heart that plenty never cures;
And they shall pine to walk again the rough road that is yours.

Within the city streets, hot, hurried, full of care,
A sudden dream shall bring them a whiff of Irish air—
A cool air, faintly-scented, blown soft from otherwhere.

Oh, the cabins long-deserted! Olden memories awake—
Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush! the blackbird in the brake!
Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts are fain to ache.

They may win a golden store—sure the whins were golden, too;
And no foreign skies hold beauty like the rainy skies they knew;
Nor any night-wind cool the brow as did the foggy dew.

They are going, going, going, and we cannot bid them stay;
The fields are now the strangers' where the strangers' cattle stray.
Oh! Kathaleen Ni Houlihan, your way's a thorny way!

Moira O'Neill, too, has her word about the gold of the whin—which did not satisfy the Boy of Ballytearim till he learned some cruel truths in the school of life. Most of us are slow to learn true values, and none too grateful to the Teacher for His patient guidance in the way of knowledge. "The Boy of Ballytearim" was a scornful youth, with an impudent way of criticising even the crows of his native village. He learned better. Let me tempt you to read what befell him—there's a moral in the story.

He was born in Ballytearim, where there's little work to do,
And the longer he was livin' there the poorer still he grew;
Says he till all belongin' him, "Now happy may ye be!
But I'm off to find me fortune," sure he says, says he.

"All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin;
All the crows in Ballytearim has a way o' gettin' thin."
So the people did be praisin' him the year he wint away,—
"Troth, I'll hould ye can do it," sure they says, says they.

Och, the boy 'ud still be thinkin' long, an' he across the foam,
An' the two ould hearts be thinkin' long that waited for him home;
But a girl that sat her lone an' whiles, her head upon her knee,
Would be sighin' low for sorra, not a word, says she.

He won home to Ballytearim, an' the two were livin' yet,
When he heard where she was lyin' now the eyes of him were wet;
"Faith, here's me two fists full o' gold, an' little good to me
When I'll never meet an' kiss her," sure he says, says he.

Then the boy from Ballytearim set his face another road,
An' whatever luck has followed him was never rightly knowed:
But still it's truth I'm tellin' ye—or may I never sin!—
All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin.

This poet has a minor strain in nearly all her songs. She repeats the loss of the lover in "Denny's Daughter," but here his grief must have been even greater, because he never possessed her love. It is a restful picture on which we gaze at the poet's bidding—the open field, green with clover, and the Irish maiden "the girl my own hands covered wi' the narrow daisy quilt." But I must not tell you the end. You will reach it soon enough.

Denny's daughter stood a minute in the field I be to pass;
All as quiet as her shadow lyin' by her on the grass;

In her hand a switch o' hazel from the nut tree's crooked root;
Well I mind the crown o' clover crumpled under one bare foot.
For the look of her,
The look of her,
Comes back on me to-day;
Wi' the eyes of her,
The eyes of her,
That took me on the way.

Though I seen poor Denny's daughter white and stiff upon her bed,
Yet I be to think there's sunlight fallin' somewhere on her head.
She'll be singin' Ave Mary where the flowers never wilt;
She, the girl my own hands covered wi' the narrow daisy quilt.
For the love of her,
The love of her,
That would not be my wife;
And the loss of her,
The loss of her,
Has left me lone for life.

There was more compensation for the Boy of Ballytearim. He had the memory of love possessed to comfort him. . . .

At this point the man from Ballyvourney came in and upset my clippings and notes. Just like a man, when he is looking for anything he wants everyone else to help in the search, and by the time he had found the date of the English Pope's accession the Boy of Ballytearim had receded into the distance. In contrast to his youth and overweening confidence is the waning life so skilfully portrayed by E. A. Sutton. At sight of a St. Patrick's Cross an aged daughter of Erin grows tenderly reminiscent. "Old times, old scenes, old faces" have her mind in thrall, and as the flood-gates of memory open wide she drifts back to the homeland, a child again, elate and proud, with the sign of St. Patrick pinned on her shoulder.

THE ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

Come, lift me up, alannah! Lift me up a little more
And let the sunshine touch my bed, and stream upon the floor,
Draw back the curtain farther yet—let enter ev'ry ray,
And make the place look cheerful, child, for this is Patrick's Day.

Once more I bid it welcome—'tis the last for me, I fear;
I've had a long, long journey, but the end is drawing near;
Thank God! I've seen my share of years; but somehow, child, to-day,
My heart grows warm and youthful and my thoughts are far away.

You know my old brown chest, asthore—go now and lift the lid,
And bring me what you'll find there, in the bottom corner hid;
A little colored pasteboard cross—'tis faded, quaint and old,
And yet I prize it dearer far than if 'twere solid gold.

Long years ago I carried it across the rolling sea,
And Time, with all its changes, has not stolen it from me.
Just as you read the other day, and I believe it true,
That everywhere we Irish go, God's cross will follow, too.

And there are twined around it, child, what you can't understand,
Old memories of other days—of youth and native land,
As dry and withered rose leaves speak of summers past and gone,
So life's bright, early springtime in this little cross lives on.

It tells me of the first time that I wore it, long ago,
Pinned here upon my shoulder, ah! but sure you'll never know
How grand I felt that morning, with my cross and ribbon green;
God and country bound together—I was prouder than a queen.

How light and gay my spirits, as we children climbed the hill
To seek for four-leaved shamrocks while the dew was sparkling still,
While the blackbird sang his welcome—the primrose showed her face,
And violets were nodding from each cosy hiding place.

My little cross! around you, oh, how many memories cling!
Old times, old scenes, old faces, to my mind this day you bring,
Come, pin it on my shoulder, child, in spite of age and pain,
For Ireland and St. Patrick let me wear it once again!

The weight of years may bend me, but my
soul will ever pray,
May God be with the good old land, and
bless her honored day,
And round the cross entwining may her
shamrocks e'er be met,
That as she bore the burden she may share
the triumph yet.

There is a deal of Irish mist in this poetry, but we like it better than the glare of sunshine in which the Irish are supposed to bask,—just because their optimism is so much on the surface, their volatile spirits so much in evidence, while the depths of character are rarely revealed in spoken words. And then there is always hope in the sorrow. Those "who bear the burden may share the triumph yet." The note of sacrifice is never missing from our songs. Thus Katherine Tynan Hinkson in "The Dead Son" depicts a mother sternly conquering grief, because her weeping marred the joy of her child in heaven.

The boy was in the clay,
The mother was weeping still
From dawn to evening gray
When stars looked over the hill.
Between the dawn and dark,
The night and day between,
About the stillest hour of mirk
O who is this comes in?

He did not lift the latch,
He came without a sound,
He stood within a moonlit patch,
A space of holy ground;
His robe was to his feet,
All of the fair silk fine,
The gold curls were soft and sweet
That she was used to twine.

But on his hair of silk
There was a drift like rain;
His robe, as white as milk,
Did show a piteous stain.
"Oh, mother, mother!" he said,
"Your tears have wet me through;
I am come from the blessed dead
To try and comfort you.

"The other children play,
But when I would rejoice,
O mother, I hear from far away
The crying of your voice!

Your tears are heavy as lead,
I cannot run or leap;
O mother, mother," he said,
"I pray you not to weep."

The red cock and the black
Crew, and her lamb was gone;
She rose and set the window back
And welcomed in the dawn.
She swept the sanded floor,
And made the fire to burn,
With all her weeping done and o'er.
God comfort them that mourn.

"In the Dawning of the Day" the same poet gives us a picture of an Irish widow, following her dead in spirit, but held to earth by the ties of mother-love.

From your own wife and your babies, was
it hard to go at last?
Mavourneen bawn! you labored, and your
breath came thick and fast,
The sweat was on your forehead, and your
eyes were far away,
And I knew your soul was travelling at the
dawning of the day.

It is far, far to Glanealy, and far to Wick-
low Hill,
But the place your true heart loved of old
your true heart loves it still;
And you could not rest in Heaven if you had
not said good-bye
To the home you brought your bride to,
where you heard your first child cry.

That night beside your quiet bed I lay as
cold as stone,
My lips against your trembling hand, my lips
that had no moan;
My heart had never a prayer at all, and you
were far away,
Still faring on to Wicklow hills in the dawn-
ing of the day.

Did you see the bonny hawthorn where we
kissed for once and all?
And the stile we used to linger by in the
quiet evenfall?
When the great gold moon put out the sun.
Mavrone, but you are gone,
And I am in the widow's cloak and here on
earth alone.

I heard the women whispering that you had
far to go,
You travelled all the winter night; the grey
day came with snow,
And then your soul returned again with that
long loving gaze,
And hearts and lips were close once more as
in the happy days.

But I break my heart for that long night
you travelled all alone,
Yet I'd gladly go that journey if the little
ones were grown,
O sweet, sweet, was Glanealy and the love
we had of yore,
But sweeter far to lie at rest on your proud
heart, *asthore.*

Dora Sigerson has a weird poem "The Banshee" portraying the anguish of one who had only the warning of loss. Father Dollard's poem on the same subject begins with: "In the dead of the night, alanna"—words that send a shiver through one, a rather pleasant shiver, however. Dora Sigerson prepares her reader gradually by describing the distraction of mind before stating the cause.

The kine of my father are straying from my
keeping;
The young goat's at mischief; but little
can I do;
For, all through the night did I hear the
banshee keening,—
O, youth of my loving!—and is it well
with you?

All through the night sat my mother with
my sorrow;
"Whist!—it is the wind, O one childeen
of my heart!"
My hair with the wind, and my two hands
clasped in anguish;—
Black head of my darling,—too long are
we apart!

Were your grave at my feet, I would think
it half a blessing;
I could herd, then, the cattle, and drive
the goats away;
Many a paternoster I would say for your
safe-keeping;
I could sleep above your heart until the
dawn of day.

I see you in the waters,—so white, so still,
forlorn,—
Your dear eyes unclosing beneath a foreign rain;
A plaything of the winds, you turn and drift
unceasing,
No grave for your resting: Oh, mine the
bitter pain!

All through the night did I hear the banshee
keening;
Somewhere you are dying, and nothing
can I do;
My hair with the wind, and my two hands
clasped in anguish;—
Bitter is your trouble—and I am far from
you!

On May Eve, too, uncanny thing happen, and restless spirits return to the haunts that knew them in life. Nora Hopper gives an illustration of this in the following:

There's a crying at my window, and a hand
upon my door,
And a stir among the yarrow that's fading
on the floor:
The voice cries at my window, the hand at
my door beats on,
But if I heed and answer them, sure, hand
and voice are gone.

You would not heed my calling once, and
now why would I hear?
You would not hold my wistful hand, but
let it fall, my dear:
You would not give me word or look, but
went your silent way,
Oh, *wirrasthrue,* dumb mouth of you that
had so much to say.

Be still, my dear: I heed, I hear, but cannot
help you now,
The rose is dead that was so red, and snow's
upon her bough.
Be still, be still a little while, for I shall
surely come
And kiss the sorrow from your eyes, and
from your kind lips dumb.

Be patient now, *avourneen!* You may not
lift the latch:
Go hence: the wind is bitter cold that
whistles through the thatch,
The wind is cold, and I am old, but you're
young and fair to see,
And my heart turns to you night and day,
my fair love leaving me.

"Seed-Time" blends admirably the light and shade of Irish character. The peasant plants the "pyaties" in full expectation of a rich crop by Midsummer Day, nothing daunted by the memory of another sowing that failed.

The top o' the mornin' to you, Mick,
Isn't it fine an' dhry an' still?
Just an elegant day, avic,
To stick the toleys on Tullagh hill.
The field is turned, an' every clod
In ridge an' furrow is fresh and brown;
So let's away, with the help o' God,
By the heel o' the evenin' we'll have them
down.

As long as there's plenty o' milk to churn,
An' plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter fire we'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

There's a time to work, an' a time to talk;
So, Patsy, my boy, your pratin' shtop!
By Midsummer Day, blossom an' stalk,
We'll feast our eyes on a right good crop.
Oh, the purple blossoms, so full o' joy,
Burstin' up from our Irish loam,
They're betther than gold to the peasant, boy;
They crown him king in his Irish home!

As long as the cows have milk to churn,
With plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter hearth we'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

A year ago we wor full o' hope,
For the stalks wor green by the First o' May,
But the brown blight fell over field an' slope,
An' the poreens rotted by Lady Day.
You'd dig a ridge for a creel in vain;
But He left us still our dacint friends;
If it comes again we won't complain—
His will be done! it's the besht He sends!

As long as we've plenty o' milk to churn,
An' plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter fire we'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

An' whin the turf's in the haggard piled,
We'll come, plase God! with our spades and loys;
It's busy ye'll be, then, Brigid, my child,
Fillin' the baskets behind the boys.
So shtick thim deep in Ould Ireland's clay—
It's nearly dusk, an' there's work galore;
It's time enough in the winter to play,
When the crop is safe on our cabin floor.

As long as the cows have milk to churn,
With plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter hearth we'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

Patrick James Coleman.

No one knew better than Francis A. Fahey what the neighbors could do in the way of hospitality. His father was the postmaster at Kinvara, and it must have been here that he saw the "Little Irish Cailin in the ould plaid shawl," as well as experienced the "cream of kindly welcome." The Donovans all over the world owe him a debt of gratitude, for writing this tribute to their house.

If you would like to see the height of hospitality,
The cream of kindly welcome, and the core of cordiality:
Joys of all the olden time—you're wishing to recall again?
Come down to Donovans, and there you'll meet them all again.

Cead mile failte they'll give you down at Donovans,
As cheery as the springtime and Irish as the *cannawaun*,
The wish of my heart is, if ever I had any one—
That every luck that lightens life may light upon the Donovans.

As soon as e'er you lift the latch, the little ones are meeting you;
Soon as you're beneath the thatch, oh! kindly looks are greeting you;
Scarcely are you ready to be holding out the fist to them,
When down by the fireside you're sitting in the midst of them.

There sits the *cailin deas*—oh! where on earth's the peer of her?
The modest face, the gentle grace, the humor and the cheer of her—
Eyes like the summer skies when twin stars beam above them,
Oh! proud will be the boy that's to light the lamp of love in them.

Then when you rise to go, it's "Ah, then, now sit down again!"
"Isn't it the haste you're in?" and "Won't you soon come round again?"
Your *caubeen* and your overcoat you'd better put astray from them,
'Twill take you all your time to try and tear yourself away from them.

Céad mile fâilte they'll give you down at Donovans,
As cheery at the springtime and Irish as the *cannawaun*,
The wish of my heart is, if ever I had any one—
That every luck that lightens life may light upon the Donovans.

And now for a glimpse at a pair of old lovers—married many a year—as they tread their way home from "Owen Doyle's weddin."

HERSELF AND MYSELF.

An Old Man's Song.

'Twas beyond at Macreddin, at Owen Doyle's weddin',
The boys got the pair of us out for a reel.

Says I: "Boys, excuse us." Says they: "Don't refuse us."
"I'll play nice an aisy," says Larry O'Neill.
So off we went trippin' it, up an' down steppin' it—
Herself and Myself on the back of the doore;
Till Molly—God bless her! fell into the dresser,
An' I tumbled over a child on the floore.

Says Herself to Myself: "We're as good as the best o' them."
Says Myself to Herself: "Shure, we're betther than gold."
Says Herself to Myself: "We're as young as the rest o' them."
Says Myself to Herself: "Troth, we'll never grow old."

As down the lane goin', I felt my heart growin'
As young as it was forty-five years ago.
'Twas here in this boreen I first kissed my *stoireen*—
A sweet little colleen with skin like the snow.
I looked at my woman—a song she was hummin'
As old as the hills, so I gave her a *pogue;*
'Twas like our old courtin', half sarious, half sportin',
When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue.

When she'd say to Myself: "You can coort with the best o' them."
When I'd say to Herself: "Sure, I'm betther than gold."
When she'd say to Myself: "You're as wild as the rest o' them."
And I'd say to Herself: "Troth, I'm time enough old."

Patrick Joseph McCall.

But—an alarming discovery!—the *minute* that I had intended to give to "St. Patrick's Day" has grown to *ninety,* and the clippings from *one* to *nineteen.* Was the time wasted or well spent? "Well spent," you will say, if you can also answer "yes" to any or all of the questions J. I. C. Clarke puts in these "Pictures of Ireland," published in the *Catholic World.*

Do you ever hear the blackbird in the thorn,
Or the skylark rising warbling in the morn,
With the white mists o'er the meadows,
Or the cattle in the shadows
Of the willows by the borders of the stream?
Do you ever see old Ireland in a dream?
A many a time, a many a time.

Can you see the hillside touched with sunset gold,
And eve slow darkling down o'er field and fold,
With the aspen trees a-quiver,
And the waters of the river
Running lonesome — sounding down the dusky glen?
Do you think of Irish twilights now and then?
A many a time, a many a time.

Have you seen green Ireland lifting from the sea
Her pebbled strands that join the grassy lea?
Seen her rocky headlands rise
With their shoulders in the skies,
And the mad waves breaking foam-spent at their feet?
Do her brimming tides on Mem'ry's shoreland beat?
A many a time, a many a time.

Have you ever seen a weenshe leprachaun,
Or the fairies dance by starlight on the lawn?
Have you seen your fetch go by?
Have you heard the banshee cry
In the darkness "ululu!" and "ulagone?"
Have you ever back on fairy pinions flown?
A many a time, a many a time.

Did you ever lift a hurl in lusty joy?
Did you ever toss the handball, man or boy?
Light bonfires at John's eve,
Or the holly branches weave,
When Christmas brought the robins and the frost?
Has Irish laughter cheered hearts trouble-crossed?
A many a time, a many a time.

Did your mother by your cradle ever croon
For lullaby some sweet old Irish tune?
Did an Irish love-song's art
Ever steal into your heart,
Or Irish war-chant make your pulses thrill?
Do haunting harps yet sound from Tara's hill?
A many a time, a many a time.

Do you ever hear the war-cry of the Gael
As O'Donnell led his kernes against the Pale;
The trumpet of Red Hugh,
Or the shout of "Crom Aboo?"
As they rushed to die for Ireland long ago?
Do their sword-blades from the ages flash and glow?
A many a time, a many a time.

'Tis not written that the Irish race forget,
Though the tossing seas between them roll and fret;
Yea, the children of the Gael
Turn to far-off Innisfail
And remember her, and hope for her, and pray
That her long, long night may blossom into day,
A many a time, a many a time.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Essays in Pastoral Medicine. By Austin O'Malley, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., and James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

This book will be of incalculable service to the priest and to the conscientious physician. Every priest who has much experience in the care of souls soon feels the imperative need of an acquaintance with those phases of human life and activity which are usually discussed in what is termed "Pastoral Medicine;" and Catholic physicians know well the usefulness of a safe guide in the work of their important calling, especially when that work is viewed from the standpoint of Christian Ethics. For Pastoral Medicine considers that part of medicine which is of import to a pastor in his cure, and those divisions of ethics and moral theology which concern a physician in his practice. It sets forth facts and principles whereby the physician himself or his pastor may direct the operator's conscience whenever medicine takes on a moral quality, and it also explains to the pastor, who must often minister to a mind diseased, certain medical truths which will soften harsh judgments, and other facts, which may be indifferent morally but which assist him in the proper conduct of his work, especially as an educator. For many reasons we are led to the verdict that these essays hold the first place in the English language along the lines proper to Pastoral Medicine, and we should like to see a copy in the library of every priest and of every physician. Many of the statements made will be found full of comfort. Note the following, for example:

"Our knowledge of the precise time the soul leaves the body is very imperfect. There is, we are aware, a close connection between the vital functions of the body, taken altogether or singly, and cellular activity. If the cells are not destroyed, a vital function may sometimes be destroyed after its cessation, but if the cells are destroyed up to a certain extent, the vital function is not recoverable. For example, if the various bodily cells of a patient dead from diphtheria are examined microscopically, it will be found that the diphtheria toxin has disintegrated the nuclei of those cells. What number of cells proportionate to the whole in, say the heart, should be destroyed before the vitality of that organ is lost, is not clearly known. Where the cells are intact, or nearly so, mere absence of respiration, or even of the heart movement, is not absolute proof of death. . . . The number of complete and partial resuscitations, however, are enough to justify a priest in giving conditional absolution or baptism within an hour, or even two hours, after a patient has to all appearances died, especially in accident cases."

At the Parting of the Ways. By Herbert Lucas, S.J. St. Louis. Herder. 1907.

These considerations and meditations will be found extremely serviceable by all who have to address gatherings of boys, upon the vital points of the spiritual life. Boys, as all educators know, are extremely particular as to the manner in which their spiritual food is served to them, and the number of speakers who know how to hold the attention and to captivate the good-will of these restless beings is not large. Father Lucas understands boy-nature well, and he has evidently made a special study of the means by which the hearts and souls of the student body can be effectively reached. How strikingly he unfolds,—in the following passage,—before our boys the means of attaining personal holiness.

"With holiness in itself as judged by God, the rule holds good: no holiness without heroism; though, of course, there are degrees of holiness just as there are degrees of heroism. A man may secure a very creditable place in the honors list without being actually at the head of it. But, for the attainment of holiness, it is essential that there should be at least some degree of heroism. It may be, according to circumstances, the heroism of endurance (for great crosses usually fall to the lot of those who are most dear to God), or heroism in resistance to evil, or the heroism of an austere life of penance and self-denial, or, at the very least, the heroism of sustained and

strenuous effort. In all the annals of the Church we never read of an indolent saint, of a slack saint, of a limp and languid saint, or of a frivolous saint. There are, in every class of society, plenty of harmless, comfortable Christians, 'very good fellows,' as we should say, who will, please God, save their souls, but whose virtues are manifestly of the 'jog-along-gently' order. 'Very good fellows,' in their way, but most unmistakably mediocrities. Now, it certainly is not this kind of middling virtue which our Lord expects from those who have enjoyed such blessings and opportunities as are ours, or with which we have reason to be satisfied ourselves."

This direct method of address will certainly be found most effective with college students.

Outlines of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women. By the Rev. Joseph Scherer. Edited by the Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph.D. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Father Joseph Scherer is not a stranger to the pulpit orator, for he has published several excellent volumes of aid and counsel for preachers. The volume under review contains well-developed sketches of addresses to sodalities, upon the duties and dangers of life. Original in thought, practical in application and simple in style, the earnest spiritual director will find this collection most suggestive with regard to the measures by which the moral life of young men and young women in the large commercial centres may be safeguarded and developed.

The Boston Cooking School Cook Book. By Fannie Merritt Farmer. Little, Brown & Company. Boston.

This new, thoroughly revised, enlarged, and profusely illustrated edition of Miss Farmer's cook book is undoubtedly the most practical and serviceable work of its kind. For many years it has been the favorite manual for housewives and cooks, and the new edition adds 125 new recipes, making in all more than two thousand thoroughly tested recipes, from the simple and economical to the elaborate and expensive. Illustrations, in half-tone, present such subjects as the table laid for formal dinner, the various kinds of kitchen utensils and their uses, five o'clock tea service, modes of serving, Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner table, luncheon table, and many other useful suggestions for the home-maker. The contents consider the elements of food, the various kinds of food, the best methods of preparation, helpful hints for the young housekeeper, and the concoction of all kinds of dainties, as well as the mixing and baking of the dishes for the ordinary home table. A glossary and index complete the volume—one that should be found in every kitchen.

The experienced housekeeper, as well as the amateur just assuming the responsibilities of domestic life, will find it invaluable in solving the many problems that confront the housekeeper from day to day. Nothing essential to the orderly conduct of the cuisine has been omitted, and in addition to culinary matters there is much information dealing with domestic management in general.

The author, Miss Farmer, embodies in her book the knowledge acquired in actual practice, and from her work as a teacher of cooking. In the preface she says: "I certainly feel that the time is not far distant when the knowledge of the principles of diet will be an essential part of one's education. Then mankind will eat to live, will be able to do better mental and physical work, and disease will be less frequent." Yielding to the solicitation of educators to prepare this book, the author expresses the wish that it may prove a help to the many that need its aid. "It is my wish," she says, "that it may not be looked upon as a compilation of tried and tested recipes, but that it may awaken an interest through its condensed scientific knowledge which will lead to deeper thought and broader study of what to eat."

The Witch of Ridingdale. By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1907.

Boys, and guardians of boys, will enjoy heartily this thrilling account of the weird lady of Ridingdale. In some respects it is a departure from the treatment of boy-life usual in Father Bearne's stories, but it shows the same skill, the same power over incident, and the same remarkable facility of captivating the attention and good-will of youthful readers. "Lance's Loss" alone is surely worth the price asked for the entire volume. The illustrations are exquisite.

Selections From the Prose Writings of Cardinal Newman. Maynard, Merrill & Company. New York. 1907. 40 cents.

To attempt to choose from the writings of Newman what seems most desirable for school use is to be embarrassed by the very wealth of matter which those writings contain. The present selection is an effort to provide adequate illustration of the more characteristic qualities of Newman's style and thought. At the same time, no aspect

of his point of view, or of the art through which his thought found its expression, is left entirely unnoticed.

The judicious choice of matter, the completeness of each selection and of each series of selections, the variety of subjects presented, the felicitous introduction and helpful notes, must aid the student to form a true idea of Newman as a prose writer, not to say a prose poet. It is an appropriate classic for the higher classes, and should find favor with all instructors.

Religion of the Plain Man. By Father R. H. Benson. New York. Benziger Bros.. 1907.

This is assuredly a book worthy of the highest praise. It is clear, convincing and concise, original in method and striking in treatment. It ought to be given a wide circulation, for it is exactly the kind of a book that will appeal to the ordinary, matter-of-fact individual, who is anxious to save his soul, but who lacks the comprehensive knowledge of the scholar or the theologian.

Miss Mary J. Donovan (whose address is 52 Myrtle Street), president of St. James' Branches of the United Irish League and the Gaelic League of Ireland, and the well-known teacher of the Irish language, has a large stock of Irish lace, crocheted collars, cuffs, insertions, altar trimmings, medalions and other specimens of handicraft made by the deft fingers of Erin's daughters and sons, which she is selling at reasonable prices. The proceeds will be added to the Irish Parliamentary Fund and will be turned over to the treasurer of the United Irish League of America. The goods may be seen at Miss Donovan's house.

QUESTION BOX.

What do Catholic theologians say about Hypnotism? I have talked with many of my friends about the matter; and I find their words so contradictory that I should like to have some definite advice from a theologian of note.

In answer to the above question, we cannot do better than quote the well-balanced words of Father Zulueta, S.J., upon this important topic. Father Zulueta is a theologian of deep learning and of broad experience. His statements are carefully thought out and his expressions are carefully chosen.

"*Hypnotism* is the modern successor of *mesmerism*, or *animal magnetism*. The scientific explanation of these two phenomena, put forward by the initiated, are not the same. But from the point of view of Christan ethics there is no appreciable difference between the two; so theology reasonably applies the same rules and Roman decrees to both.

"We may draw a distinction between what may be called (1) *ordinary* and normal hypnotism, and (2) *extraordinary* and abnormal—I mean, of course, as regards the effects produced: that is to say, between hypnotism produced by moral methods and exhibiting certain more or less constant results in all cases—some of which are also verified in the case of a somnambulist, *e.g.*, a walking-sleep attended by an abeyance of will-power, insensibility, intense receptiveness of any suggestion made by the hypnotizer, and docility to his behests and the like—and hypnotism which invests the subject with superhuman powers not possessed at other times, such as acquaintance with languages or sciences not known previously, knowledge of future events, ability to describe minutely what is happening at a great distance, etc. *Ordinary* hypnotism is not wrong in itself, since it appears to be free from superstition or recourse—direct or indirect—to unearthly agencies. But since it temporarily deprives the patient of the use of reason, a grave cause is required to justify its use—just as a grave cause is needed, and commonly exists, for the use of chloroform or other anesthetics for preventing violent pain. Moreover, since hypnotism gives the operator great control over his patient's mind,—weakening or suspending its power of resistance to practical suggestions—still greater precautions are evidently needed against abuse than in the administration of anesthetics.

"*Mere* curiosity on the part of the hypnotized or hypnotizer would not suffice as a reason for experimenting.

"Ordinary hypnotism, in the hands of trustworthy physicians, may have *good uses*. Since the hypnotized person readily assimilates suggestions, the drunkard's craving for liquor, for instance, may be greatly weakened, if not wholly eradicated, through an aversion to intoxicants being suggested to him by the operator during the hypnotic trance.

"*Amateurs*, insufficiently acquainted with all the bearings of hypnotism, and the con-

ditions under which it may be safely used, do great wrong by hypnotizing, just as much as they would by attempting surgical operations without scientific knowledge of surgery.

"Since hypnotism deprives the subject, for a time, of the use of reason, his consent is always necessary for its lawfulness.

"In decrees issued by the Holy See concerning *animal magnetism*, and which, as has been said, theologians apply to hypnotism, a marked distinction is drawn between its employment resulting in certain exceptional and immoral phenomena, and its ordinary scientific use under proper physical and moral safeguards. Moreover, no decree has been issued condemning hypnotism in particular.

"Further—as a modern moral theologian of repute notices—the Sacred Office of the Inquisition (July 26, 1899) replied to a doctor, who had asked concerning the lawfulness of certain hypnotic experiments performed by him, that they were lawful, provided there had been no danger of superstition or scandal; and that as regards some contemplated experiments, that these would not be lawful if the phenomena resulting clearly exceeded natural powers; but that if doubts existed on this head, then the said experiments might be tolerated, provided he openly disclaimed any meddling with the preternatural.

"Let me end this topic by pressing upon my readers a seemingly most important consideration which may induce them to keep *entirely aloof* from all such uncanny arts as those we have been reviewing.

"People are wont to allege in their defence that they perceive no sign of the preternatural, and, further, have reasons to give for this persuasion. Now, I make bold to say, abstracting from the question whether there be devilry or not, *there is still harm* to dabblers in these arts, and often such unmistakably *grevious* harm as to bear an unpleasant resemblance to *mortal* sin or the wilful *occasion* thereof. Not a sin of devil-dealing, let us concede, but a sin of serious and utterly wanton injury to body or to soul, or to *both*. By such practices people, especially of the more impressionable sex—who are athirst for new and exciting sensations and experiences—seek to pry into secrets, which God, in His wise and loving providence, does not wish them to penetrate, and which they have not the strength to bear. They curiously pull aside the veil, and they are often oppressed and crushed by the forbidden knowledge, or what poses as such—what, at all events, they are silly enough to believe, and take seriously to heart.

"In the case of some of these occult arts the nervous system is largely drawn upon. 'It tires me too much,' is a not uncommon protest, when a request is made for a repetition of the experiment, in which ordinary bodily exertion does not appear.

"In those practices in which an absolutely passive state of mind is required, and the will is surrendered to another person, the will-power is apt to be weakened—a serious drawback to virtuous living. Then the 'answers' received, with those who are sensitive or delicate, are calculated to produce fatalistic impressions, morbid broodings, and deep depression—not to mention development of suicidal tendencies. At all events, a dreamy, introspective, thoroughly unhealthy condition of mind is fostered, which renders prayer, devotion, earnest practice of religion, and application to the serious duties of one's state, almost impossible.

"I hardly think any appreciable spiritual good will ever be got out of the soul of one habitually given to these weird pursuits."

BEAUTIFUL CHINA PAINTING.

Mr. Timothy Costello, Fargo, North Dakota, though seventy-seven years old, has not lost his skill in the art of china painting, learned many years ago. Attracted by a double picture of Father Tom Burke—(laughing and frowning)—published in DONAHOE'S, Mr. Costello reproduced it on china. A wreath of shamrocks encircles the portrait, and the words, "It is better to laugh at Mr. Froude than to frown at him," are inscribed beneath. This plate is now on sale, fifteen dollars being the extremely modest price asked for it. Accompanying it was another sample of Mr. Costello's work, a large placque beautifully adorned with shamrocks, and having as a centrepiece a painting of Carol O'Daly's famous "Eileen Aroon." The tinting is wonderfully fine throughout, and the shields of the four Provinces, painted on the back of the placque, are perfect in detail. Mr. Costello is prepared to take orders in china painting, and collectors of curios will find much of special interest in the work he has done.

CONSTANCE CAST ADRIFT.

("The Man of Lawe's Tale."—*Chaucer.*)

QUEEN GUINEVERE AT ALMSBURY.

("Idylls of the King."—*Tennyson.*)

"Lo, there shall come a Day of Resurrection
When we shall rise;
We shall be gathered to Thy Heart's protection
Through Heaven's eternities."

Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LVII. APRIL, 1907 No. 4

The Power of the Resurrection.

By S. L. Emery.

What matters it which way I walk, dear Father,
In dark or light;
Whether I see around me closely gather
The friends I love to-night,
Or Thou hast bid them come to Thee, and hid them
far from my sight?

What matters it? My path is in Thy keeping,
Where'er it be;
Whether I wake, or whether I am sleeping,
Thou watchest over me,
And they — my dearest — unto Thee are nearest,
And safe with Thee.

Lo, there shall come a Day of Resurrection
When we shall rise;
We shall be gathered to Thy Heart's protection
Through Heaven's eternities.
Lord, as Thou willest! Yea, Thou thus fulfillest
All prayers, all sighs.

Only a little while this life of longing,
Of pain, of prayer;
Then, through heaven's gates, Thy children shall be thronging,
To meet forever there.
Shall I not love Thee, and desire to prove me
Thy servant here?

What matters, then, which way I walk to meet Thee,—
In dark, or light,—
Alone,—befriended? Thou art near to greet me,
By day and night.
Hark! hear them pealing,—Easter bells revealing
Thy love, Thy might!

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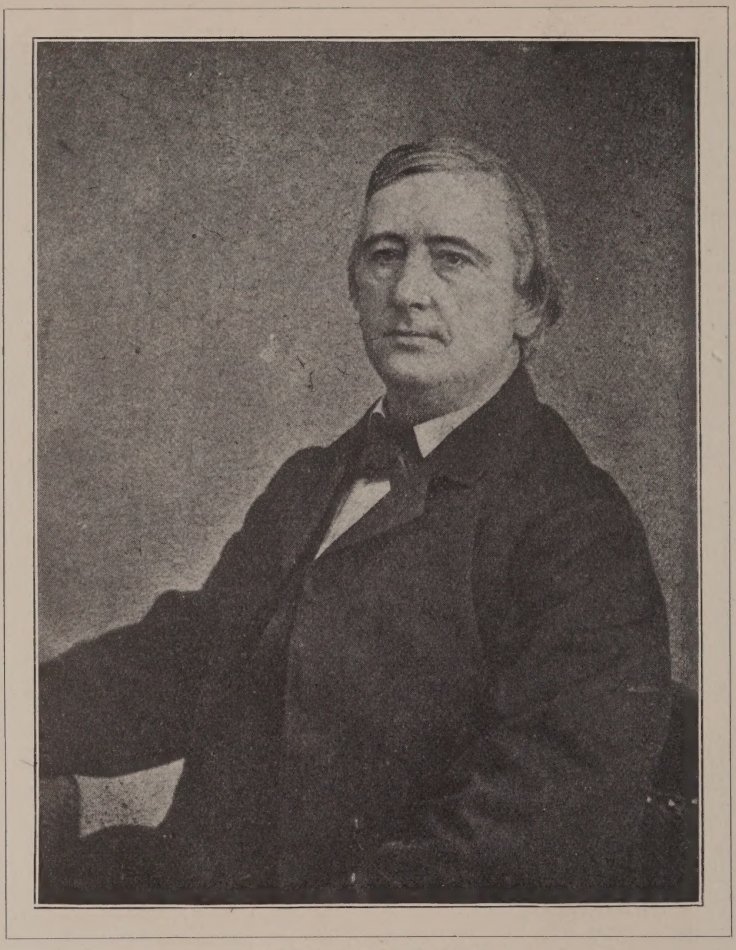
MOST REV. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON.

See page 342.



FATHER JOHN WILLIAMS.

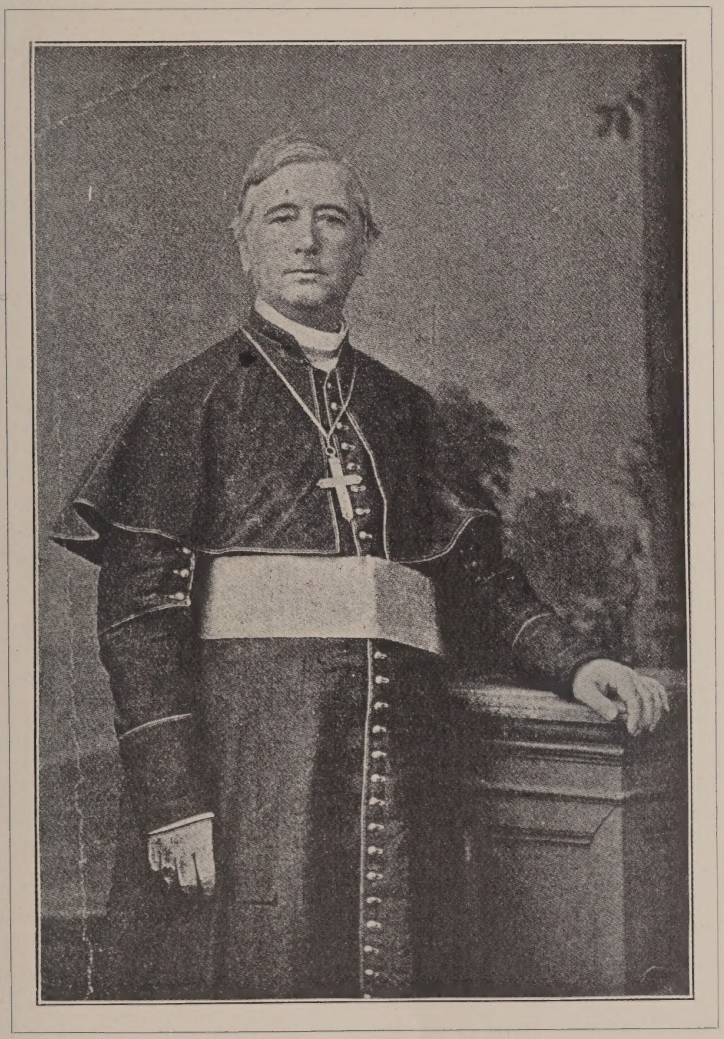
OUR ARCHBISHOP'S BIRTHDAY.

This month of April brings with it a notable anniversary in the eighty-fifth birthday of our venerated and beloved Archbishop. It has been noticed with extreme pleasure by all who have had the privilege of meeting His Grace since his last summer's vacation that a great improvement is manifest in his health and appearance. While he was undergoing the care and worry of the operation for cataract, the effect was visible in his features and general demeanor. When the operation proved successful and was supplemented by the rest and change of vacation, an improvement followed which was unmistakable and which happily still continues. That he may long enjoy his present health and vigor is the heartfelt prayer of thousands at this time.

Archbishop Williams was born in Boston, April 27, 1822. Looking back to that day over the changes and progress of the intervening years seems indeed like going back to primitive times.

It was the day of the stage-coach. Stephenson had not yet built his railroad from Liverpool to Manchester, and it

seems strange to think that when young Williams went to Montreal to enter the Seminary he had to travel from Boston to the St. Lawrence by frequent relays of coaches drawn by horses. In 1822 tended by not more than half a dozen priests. It was in 1822 that Boston obtained its charter as a city and had a population of some 45,000,—of whom scarcely more than 3,000 were Catholics.



BISHOP WILLIAMS.

(Shortly after his consecration in 1866.)

Bishop Cheverus was still in Boston. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were still alive. The diocese of Boston then embraced all New England, with a Catholic population of less than 10,000, at-

Contrasting this with the conditions to-day—New England with a Catholic population of fully one million and a half; Boston with a Catholic population of probably 350,000, within a five mile

radius of the State House on Beacon Hill; over 1,800 priests in what now forms the Province of New England, together with the churches, schools and charitable institutions everywhere to be found—all forms a picture of growth and progress during these eighty-five years that seems more like a dream of romance than an actual reality and leaves us in admiring wonder how such a development could take place within the span of a single life.

We can imagine with what mingled feelings of honest pride and self-congratulation, joined with humble acknowledgment and devout thanksgiving to God, the good Archbishop on this, his eighty-fifth birthday, looks back over the scenes of his long and busy life. How he must rejoice over the splendid work that has been accomplished! What gratification must be his when he remembers that in all that has been done he has been privileged to play such a prominent part, and that where so much has been achieved for the glory of God and the building up of Holy Mother Church, all has taken place to a great extent under his guidance, and no inconsiderable portion of the credit ensuing may be attributed to his wisdom and inspiration.

Archbishop Williams was ordained to the priesthood, at Saint Sulpice, in Paris, in 1845. There he had made his theological studies, and after ordination he returned immediately to Boston, stopping on the way for a short visit to the home of his parents in Ireland. He at once received an appointment to the Cathedral in Franklin Street, under Bishop Fenwick, whose death occurred in August of the following year, 1846.

The special duty assigned to Father Williams was the care of the children of the Sunday-school. He also did his share of other parish work, which in those days sometimes meant a sick call to some remote town in the western part of the State. Such an experience he occasionally had. The work of the Sunday-school seems to have fallen in admirably with his tastes and inclinations. The same earnestness and fidelity that have been characteristic of his after-life in more conspicuous and broader relations were plainly apparent in his untiring labors among the children and teachers of the Cathedral Sunday-school. He soon won the hearts and confidence of all, and as a natural consequence his labor among the children was blessed with abundant success.

To his zeal in this Sunday-school work may be attributed the first beginnings of the present parish of St. James. For the first move in the direction of a separation of that district from the Cathedral was the establishment of a Sunday-school in a hall near the corner of Boylston and Washington Streets. This soon suggested the propriety of accommodating the rapidly increasing population of the district with some convenient place for hearing Mass.

To Father Williams was entrusted the task of securing such a place, and the result was the opening of a chapel on Beach Street, under the title of the Chapel of the Holy Family, in 1850. From this beginning, four years later the parish of St. James was organized.

Father Williams continued at the Cathedral for seven years more—in all, twelve years, the last two as Rector. In 1857 he received his appointment as Pastor of St. James, in succession to Rev. David Walsh, the first pastor, to whom had been entrusted the erection of the church—the old St. James,—that formerly stood at the corner of Albany and Harvard Streets. About this time Bishop Fitzpatrick also appointed him Vicar-General of the diocese.

His administration of the parish was

distinguished by prudent financial management, strict attention to the requirements of duty, a tender regard for the sick and the children. So successfully did he manage the affairs of his parish, —which soon grew to be the largest and

Photograph by F. B. Conlin.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS (1882).

spiritual interests of the people, and a constant vigilance over all, both young and old, with special attention to the most important in the diocese,—that when Bishop Fitzpatrick began to realize that his own failing health was becoming

a matter for serious reflection, he decided at once to apply to Rome for the appointment of a Coadjutor, and his request being granted, he took the necessary steps to secure the appointment for his Vicar-General.

Bishop Fitzpatrick died on February 13, 1866. Early in the previous month the nomination of his Coadjutor had been confirmed, and just one month after his death—March 11, 1866—the Right Reverend John J. Williams, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Boston, by Archbishop McCloskey of New York. The consecration took place in the old St. James Church, where he had served nine years as pastor, where many tender attachments had sprung up, binding priest and people together, and many fond memories had taken shape worthy to survive and be recalled in after years.

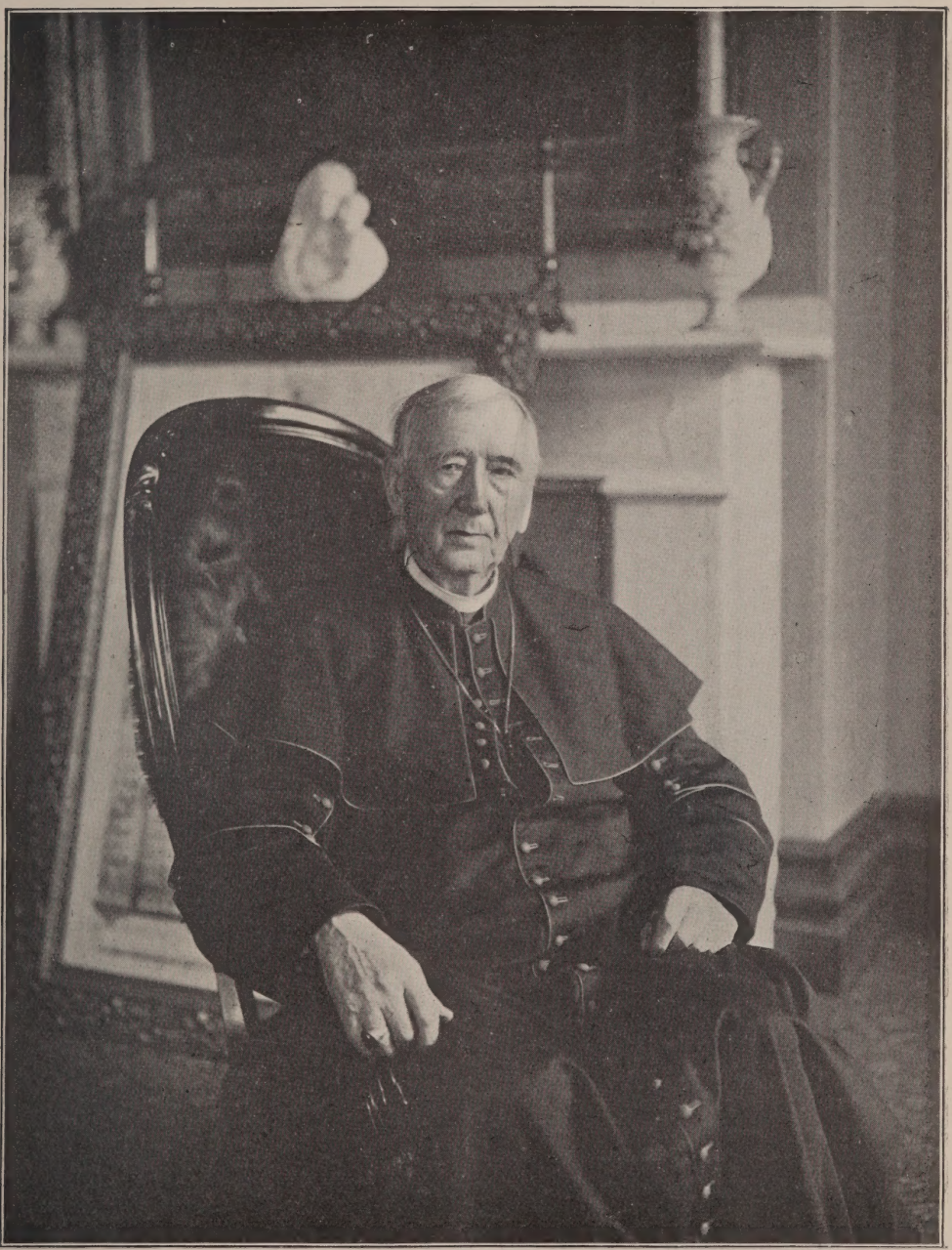
The first work to which the new Bishop directed his attention was the erection of the Cathedral. The site had already been secured by Bishop Fitzpatrick, at the corner of Union Park and Washington Streets, and clear evidence of the energy with which Bishop Williams entered upon the task of carrying out the plans of the new church is seen in the fact that before the end of April, immediately following his consecration, ground had been broken for the foundations of the building.

Its construction occupied eight years —a brief time, indeed, when the magnitude of the work is taken into account. It is indeed a great church. Its dimensions and stately grandeur at once attract the eye of the beholder. It is free from all meretricious ornament, everything is solid and substantial, plain, but of the best material, and adapted to the purpose intended. Few churches of its size are so satisfactory for services, whether we regard the functions of the sanctuary or the requirements of the congregation. It will ever stand as a monument to the first Archbishop of Boston. Indeed, while its construction was going on, and its huge proportions gradually were revealed, the thought occurred to many minds that such a cathedral would suit a Metropolitan better than a Suffragan See. Sure enough, hardly was it ready for occupancy, when the word came that Bishop Williams was to receive the pallium, and that New England was to be made a new ecclesiastical province.

The conferring of the pallium—one of the grandest ceremonies ever seen in Boston up to this time—made a fitting opening for the new Cathedral. It took place on May 2d, 1875. The presence of the Roman officials,—Archbishop Roncetti, the Papal ablegate, and Count Marofoschi of the Papal Guards,—lent distinction and novelty to the scene, while the immense gathering of Church dignitaries, clergy and people, presented a sight rarely met with, at least in America.

The Cathedral was dedicated December 8, 1875. After the completion of the Cathedral the Archbishop turned his attention to the establishment of a seminary for ecclesiastical students. Land was secured in Brighton and the work on the buildings was begun as soon as possible. The engagement of professors for such an institution was a matter of considerable difficulty and delay, but at last all was arranged satisfactorily and the Seminary was opened in 1884, with the Sulpitian Fathers in charge, under the Presidency of the Very Reverend John Hogan.

Probably of all the works undertaken by Archbishop Williams in his long experience, there is none so near to his heart as the Seminary. An engagement at the Seminary takes precedence with him over all other appointments. He never fails to attend the special celebrations that take place there, and whenever



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ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS (1902).

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ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

he has occasion to address the students the earnestness and emphasis with which he speaks show clearly how interested he is in the welfare and success of the institution. No doubt if he had the choice of any special title by which he might be remembered in time to come, the one he would select would be "Founder of St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton."

The most remarkable events in his career since the opening of the Seminary have been the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopate in 1891; that of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood in 1895; and the successive appointments of an Auxiliary and a Coadjutor, the former in 1891, the latter in 1906.

The celebration of the Silver Jubilee of his episcopate brought out a remarkable expression of esteem, affection, and loyalty from both priests and people. It was a general outburst of sympathetic love, reverent admiration, and joyful congratulation, as if the pent-up feelings of years had at last found vent and rejoiced that an occasion had finally come that permitted and called for their full manifestation and expression.

Yet this first celebration was but an introduction and preparation for the greater one that followed four years later, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood. The first was rather a private observance. The Catholic Union held a reception, and the clergy of the diocese gave a banquet in his honor, at the Cathedral. But both of these were somewhat limited in their scope, and neither of them appealed to the public at large. On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee, however, all took part,—people as well as clergy, those without as well as those within the fold. Music Hall was none too large for the banquet that was spread there. Stage and floor were filled with tables for the guests, and the galleries were crowded with ladies who had come to witness the memorable scene.

Cardinals Gibbons and Satolli sat at either side of the Archbishop, the honored jubilarian of the occasion. Governor Greenhalge came next, and made a forcible and telling address. Archbishops Corrigan, Ryan, and Ireland were there; Archbishop Elder,—also older in years than Archbishop Williams;—all made addresses of congratulation. Bishop Lawrence of the Episcopal Church came to contribute his meed of congratulations and good wishes. Some dozen bishops, and probably two hundred priests from various parts of the country, with many prominent and representative laymen from all parts of New England, made up an assemblage as distinguished and representative as one ever meets in the course of a lifetime, and which only the favored few have the privilege of meeting at any time. A purse of $50,000 had been made up to honor the fifty golden years that were the occasion of the celebration, and after the check had been presented to His Grace he rose to express his thanks for the generous gift he had received and his appreciation of all that had been done in his honor. The warmth of his reception by the vast assembly must have convinced him that his labors of fifty years had not been altogether in vain, and though he never looked for human applause or reward in anything he did, yet the assurance of such warm sympathy and appreciation on the part of those for whom he had labored, must have been to him in the highest degree pleasing and consoling.

The celebration of these anniversaries were forcible reminders of the flight of time. At the first the Archbishop had passed his sixty-ninth year, and as the diocese was ever growing and the work

of the Bishop constantly increasing, it was thought necessary to call in the aid of a helper to share the labors that were becoming too much for any one person, however strong. And so it was decided to have an Auxiliary appointed, and Bishop Brady was selected for the position. For fifteen years Bishop Brady has labored faithfully and well in sharing the burdens of the administration and management of the diocese. He has steadily grown in favor with both priests and people. In the meantime, age was beginning to tell upon the Archbishop, and both failing eye-sight and diminishing strength were rendering him unequal to the burden and strain of public functions which he had to share with the Auxiliary. And so application was made at Rome for the appointment of a Coadjutor with right of succession.

The events connected with the choice of Archbishop O'Connell are of such recent occurrence that it is quite unnecessary to repeat them here. His rapid promotion from the ranks of the Boston clergy made his appointment entirely acceptable, and since his advent among us he has continued to win golden opinions on every hand for his public utterances, as well as for his personal affability and kindness in official relations, giving an assurance that he will prove a capable incumbent of the See of Boston, and a worthy successor in the line of exceptionally gifted men who have presided over this diocese during the first century of its existence.

Now that the question of his successor has been finally settled, Archbishop Williams has been relieved of a great anxiety. His mind should certainly be more at ease when he knows that he can when required turn over the cares and burdens of office to one so eminently capable and trustworthy as Archbishop O'Connell.

The conduct and bearing of Archbishop Williams in relation to the matter of choosing his coadjutor was eminently characteristic of the man. He showed no leaning towards any particular candidate. He was absolutely impartial and unbiased during the whole course of the proceedings that led to the final choice,—as much so as if the matter concerned some third party in whom he had no concern or interest.

In all this he was true to his character, which always eliminates self and personal feelings in his official transactions. His great aim in dealing with others, especially where there is question of the exercise of authority, is to treat all with absolute justice. That he has admirably succeeded in attaining this high standard in the administration of his official duties, all must freely acknowledge. Moreover, he invariably accompanies the dispensing of justice with the utmost kindness of manner. He has always been a model of fidelity and punctuality in the discharge of his duties. He never neglects or forgets an appointment; never misses a train; is always prompt and ready when the appointed hour arrives, and always careful and exact in carrying out the minutest detail of the business in hand. He is to be found every morning at his office desk as punctually and faithfully as when he first took up his episcopal duties, forty-one years ago.

Few men identify themselves with their calling in life so much as he,—few, indeed, who can cut themselves away so completely from outside distractions. And yet he has always taken his annual vacation as regularly and even as religiously as any of his more serious duties. This may in part explain his exceptionally good health, which, however, is chiefly to be attributed to his simple and regular habits of living and his naturally strong and sound constitution.

His step is still sprightly, his mind clear. He still holds the reins of government and keeps in touch with the administrative affairs of his large diocese. He gives promise of being able to hold his own for at least another decade.

The centenary of the diocese of Boston occurs next year—1908. Archbishop Williams will then have completed forty-two years in the episcopate, a period nearly equal to the combined terms of his three predecessors.

That he may be spared to celebrate not only that, but also the Golden Jubilee of his episcopate, eight years later, in 1916, is the fervent prayer of all his devoted children and subjects in the diocese of Boston.

Merino.

IRISH VAGRANTS.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

A pair of bird-catchers, in August, took their seats on the train from Dublin to Wicklow, bent on doing business for themselves and relieving the farmers of a pest. While they smoked and joked, a small boy watched them from the platform, attired in a man's threadbare coat, hanging about his bare knees, his knickers showing many a rent, his round infantine face (beautiful as an angel's, had it been clean) masked in smuts, his legs and feet covered only with a compost of dust and rain-trickles. Like the hero of the old Irish song, "The hair of his head grew out thro' his hat," which happened to be a mutilated jockey cap.

He moved down the platform to where the porters were hurling luggage, and stood looking at them as in an innocent dream. Their backs turned, he jumped into the van and hid behind a bulwark of trunks. The van was locked, the engine screeched, and the train was off.

When the door of the van opened again, the wash of the near sea was audible to quick ears. A parcel was hauled out, and the boy went flying after it, over the head of the stooping porter, alighting ahead of him on the platform. A shout was raised, the stowaway was pursued and captured.

"Yez are all wrong. I was only takin' le'ps over the trunks for pastime!" protested the culprit, while the porter led him by the ear and locked him up in a waiting-room, with "stay there y' young makin's of a highwayman 'til I send for the polis to take charge o' you!"

Left alone, the boy began to write "Tim" all over the wall, with a piece of chalk from his pocket. The three letters reflected about all his learning at school, and he looked at them with pride, murmuring:

> "Tim, it is my name,
> Ireland is my nation,
> Dublin is my dwelling-place,
> And Heaven my expectation."

At the word "heaven" he looked up suddenly, sobbed "mammy," after the manner of babies, and flung himself on the floor. But in an instant he was on his feet again and climbing the window-sashes in search of a chance of liberation.

"They'll be catchin' the birds, an' I not there to see them," he complained.

Clambering with knees and hands, he pulled down the upper sash, slipped over

it, hung by his hands, dropped to the ground outside, and set off running along the road he had seen taken by the bird-catchers. At every "cross-roads" he questioned about two men on a car and was taken to be a sweep's boy following to a job in a country house in the neighborhood.

Tracking his men to a snug little farm, he crept along under the hedge of a green boreen, emerging on a haggard of gold hay-rick and brown turf-stack, where a flag of blue smoke waved its promise of plenty above whitewashed gables and chimney. A woman washing a pot of potatoes under a pump asked him his business.

"I come wid a word to the bird-catchers."

"They're down the field. What d'y' want wid them?"

The inquirer was gone. Skirting along by the hedges, he met the farmer.

"Thim bird-catchers is wanted a mile furdher on, when y've done wid thim."

"Hurry on then an' tell them," said the farmer, and pointed the way and went home to his dinner.

Tim kept by the hedges till he reached a spot where he could watch the operations of the bird-catchers through a hole in a thorn-bush, himself unseen. There they were, the powerful and admired men of cunning contrivance, lying, like himself, behind a screen of boughs, waiting the result of their arrangements to trap the free feathered creatures of the air and make a sordid use of their captivity. All across the field were outspread the green nets, not to be discerned in the grass; and above the nets fluttered a clever little bird, trained to deceit and theatrical display, acting a part for the betrayal of its fellow-creatures. It flew about, fluttered and flirted, and made every imaginable signal to lure wild birds from their safety in the high branches or in the near bushes; twittered, turned over in the air, shook itself and danced, exciting the feathered spectators to come down and see what was going on, inciting them to enjoy themselves in his company.

Tim watched with interest, trying to understand, and soon perceived the plan of the tricksters.

"Be the poky, the little chap has thim cotched!"

When a full company of flirting, fluttering dupes had assembled on the grass the bird-catchers raised the sides of the nets, threw them across and across, and hauled in the net. One by one the snared creatures were withdrawn by hand from the net and placed in a cage provided for their captivity.

"It's grand!" said Tim, and, impelled by fascination, he left his hiding-place and emerged from behind the hedge, close to the bird-catchers at their work.

One of the men looked at him.

"Didn't I tell you we wouldn't have boys out with us?"

"Me, sir? Sure I never seen y' before, sir!"

"You young rascal. Do you mean to say you have a twin brother in Dublin, with the same face on the both of you?"

"Sure I have, sir."

"I see. And who are you?"

"I'm the farmer's boy, sir. I live over there in the fields wid the cows. I do love to be wid the birds. An' I'm hungry, sir."

"Give him a bit of bread," said the man to his companion, who opened their wallet and gave Tim a morsel out of it. "If lies can make a fortune, the chap will do."

Tim, no way insulted, devoured his bread and watched the men making their preparations for departure. It was late in the evening, and he could not hope to travel back to Dublin by the railway.

Having examined his position carefully, he made his way to a turnip field and supped on a raw turnip; then, as the darkness grew and hid him, he approached the little farmhouse stealthily, seeking some kind of shelter for the night. Close to the gable was a turf-stack, in which the removal of sods had left gaps for feet to climb by; and scaling the height, he ensconced himself in a hollow on top, in a dry, hard cradle, with his face to the sky.

"It's sumptious!" he decided. "Bether nor halls an' stairs wid yer head wobblin' agin the wall, an' somebody always thrippin' over y'. Man honey! but I'd like to sleep here every night. But they'd find me out. 'Tallevence, here y' are, Tim! I wondher what they're doin' wid thim birds."

He could see nothing, as he lay on his back, but the sky with its stars, and his open eyes fixed themselves on Arcturus glowing in the dark field above, fluttering with vivid life, as if breaking loose from the wagon-driver's throng, making the jewels in Corona pale.

"Oh, thin, what's thim stars up there, at all, at all? I wondher if they're birds an' if they ever get cotched. Is it the gold feathers o' them that does be shinin' that way? An' y' could nearly see the wings of the big one movin'. They fly, anyhow, for all o' thim up there were down in the field whin I was atin' the turmit; an' didn't they fly on before me the whole way I was comin' along. An' they were quicker nor me, for here they are now, lookin' at me! If I had a gun in my hand, I could shoot down that fella an' see what's inside of him. If he has a song, I wouldn't like to shoot him."

Sleep stopped his wonderings, and when Tim opened his eyes again the sunshine made him blink. He peeped cautiously over the walls of the turf-stack. No sign of life appeared about the place, and he stole down the ladder of turf-sods, to sit on a stone at the house door till the woman of the place looked out and asked him where he came from.

"It's the little chap that came with word for the bird-catchers," said the farmer, from within. "What are y' up to now, youngster?"

"I'm lookin' a job. I'm not wanted any more over there."

"Can y' mind cows in the field?"

"Grand," said Tim, "if I had a bit o' brekswit first."

"Can y' ate porridge?"

"Can a duck swim?"

"The polis 'll be at us if we keep him from school," said the woman.

"They let me off, because they know I have to do my own earnin'," said Tim, proudly.

He got his breakfast, followed the farmer to the field, and was set to work to mind the cows.

He sat on an old tree-trunk and stared around him. The violet-gray hills, rising or curtseying behind the green pastures, the yellow irises in the stream, a crowd of crimson foxgloves on the bank dividing two fields,—all were drenched in the sunshine pouring from a blue sky, where slowly sailing clouds of mysterious shapes were pursuing the sun.

Tim watched the cows disapprovingly.

"Five of yez are red," he said, "becept one of yez that isn't. Are y' black wid bad temper, or what?" he asked suddenly of the cow that was not red. But the animals disdained to notice him, going on with their continual meal, moving past him with dignity, and lying down in the grass for their habitual rumination.

"Oh, I don't like cows," said Tim. "Always atin', atin'. What's the use o' mindin' them? They're stupid enough to mind theirsel's. Hello! there's a crow

on the back of the big one, walkin' up an' down and analyzin' her all over. I wouldn't be bothered wid it, if I was a crow. Be the poky! if there isn't a weasel inundher the hedge!"

In a second Tim was through the hedge and away, full cry, after the weasel, down the fields that sloped to the high road. After half an hour's pursuit of the animal, he lost sight of it and stood on the highway leading from Wicklow to Dublin.

"Here's an ould codger on before me," he said. "I'll ketch up to him, an' he'll tell me where I am."

With a few hops and skips he overtook an old man walking behind a young donkey. The man was small and grotesquely attired in a large garment. His battered chimney-pot hat was rakishly set on his head at an aggressive angle. The donkey trotted spiritlessly before him, and the old fellow toiled after it with effort.

Tim put his questions as to locality.

"I'm goin' that way myself, an' y' can come along, if y' can wait on me. I haven't yer young heels, my *bouchalaun!*"

"Where did y' get the ass?"

"Didn't I walk to Wickla' for him? The last one dhropped dead on me. Wore out. An ass won't last foriver, no more 'n a pair o' boots. I was sick then, but I'm all right now. They dhressed me in the Convalestin', the nuns did. I think it's a docthor's coat I'm wearin'. The physicians that visit there do send them the like. Look at the length o't on me. All about my feet. I'm bigger than many's the docthor; I'm not a bad heighth, on'y that I'm growin' down, not wid age, y' know, but on account o' the bad times we're havin'. But this be to been a great big docthor, long life to him!"

"It's grand," said Tim.

"Faith it is. I could ha' stayed longer in the Convalestin'. They would ha' kep' me, for they liked me well; but I had to come out about my little business. I've got a rale Wickla' ass now,—none o' yer Dublin manufacture asses for Dan. Sure I've to do for myself if I'm to live private. I've a brother right enough, but he's retired to the Infirmary. Bet up he is, wid a gintleman of a son he has in Dublin, a masher, if y' like, wid a top hat an' collars an' cuffs up to his elbows. If that gran' fella can't keep poor Charlie out of it, how could the like o' me, wid on'y the little ass between myself an' that same. An' the age I am!"

"Yer terrible ould," said Tim, staring up at him.

"Y'll be ould yerself some day, me boy," said the old man.

"I wouldn' be as ould as that, not for"—

He stared, speechless with awe, at the old man's wrinkles.

"I haven't done all my growin' yet. I've got to get big first, an' that'll take ever so long. An' then I'll hould hard back, an' I won't be ould. Man honey, y' must be a thousand!"

"An' how ould is yerself, me young chicken?"

"I do' know. I'm ould enough, for I dis-remember the time whin I wasn't in the world. An' that's the way I know you must be a thousand, wid them wrinkles."

"There's oulder nor me in creation," said Dan, smiling grimly. "Wait till y' see them lyin' on their beds in the workhouse. Not a leg to put undher them. An' then look at me, with my fine day's walkin' left in me!"

Tim stared at him again and was silent.

"Have y' a few crumbs in yer pocket?" asked Dan, as they footed along.

"I haven't," said Tim. "Sure, what would I do wid crumbs? Whin I'm

hungry, somethin' always dhrops into my mouth."

"Have y' any one belongin' to y'?"

"Not one, becept my mother, an' she's in heaven. She gets everythin' good. I'm goin' to her by-an'-by. But I'm not in a hurry, for there's a power o' things here I want to be seein' an' doin' first."

"Y'd need somebody to be lookin' afther y'."

"I'd rather ha' nobody. Somebody belongin' to y' always wants to run y' in somewhere,—to school, or a job o' work, —or scowlds y'. I've nothin' but my two feet to take me about, where I want to go. It's well for the birds that has wings. I wisht to God I had wings!"

They trudged on. Old Dan was weary, and the ass walked badly.

"What's the matther wid him?" asked Tim. "Is he that ould, too?"

"Not a bit of it. Too young he is. But his feet isn't pared yet, an' he isn't shod."

"Ah, I wouldn't like to be a donkey. Couldn't cut me own toe-nails nor go widout shoes. They're too pationate. A pony wouldn't stand it. He'd kick."

"Some be to be pationate," said Dan. "If iverybody in the world kicked, there'd be nothin' doin' but kickin'."

"Look at the wars!" said Tim. "Iverybody's kickin', an' iverybody else is praisin' them."

"The ginerals has to be pationate. They're pationate a long time; an' then they give out wid a burst."

As Dan said "burst," a rumble and roar from the hills announced a thunderstorm. A spreading dark cloud, like some portentous wide-winged bird, came hurrying up from seaward, and large drops of rain fell.

Tim danced with delight as the thunder roared again.

"It's grand!" he shouted. "Come on, yous wid yer cannons, yous behind the clouds!" And he squared up his little fists at the frowning firmament.

"Whisht! y' wicked little divil," said the old man. "Y' don't know what y're dhrawin' down on us. It's God that's angry."

"I heard that in a chapel. The priest was sayin' that God gets angry at badness. Mother tould me to say my prayers, an' I do. Sometimes I pops into a chapel, but I don't stay long. I always keep near the door, for fear somebody would cotch me. Somebody's doin' bad now, I suppose, if God's angry."

"I hope it isn't you," said the old man, crossing himself as man, boy and ass were wrapped in a blue flame of lightning.

"I don't do bad," said Tim. "Only just go on my own ways—if the polis wouldn't meddle me."

"There's a good woman at her door, beckonin' us," said Dan. "The anger of God isn't for us this time, an' Himself is takin' care of us. An' it's not too soon, for I can get the smell o' the sinjin' o' the two, three, hairs I have left on the back o' me head."

Crash, flash and flood swept the wayfarers into a roadside cottage. The woman of the house banged the door and crossed herself.

"Sure it's like shuttin' the door in the Almighty's face!" she said. "Sit down, good man. I'll shake a few sacks for the little ass in the corner."

"Yer foundhered," she said, hanging the kettle over the fire. "Ye'll be wantin' somethin'."

The storm raged, the donkey heehawed at the thunder, and the human creatures sat together and talked in low tones of awe, praying at intervals.

"He's your gran'son?" said the woman to Dan.

"Niver seen him till an hour ago. I'm my lone in the world."

A vivid flash of lightning was followed by silence. Then the woman said to Tim:

"Where do you be when yer at home, my boy?"

"Dublin," said Tim.

"Whereabouts?"

"Oh, all over the place. It's hidjeous to be always in a house."

"How do y' get yer livin'?"

"I hould a horse for a gent an' he gives me sixpence, an' then I buy newspapers an' I sell thim."

"An' where d'y' sleep?"

"Oh, halls an' stairs an' thim arches into the lanes. I do be thriggin' the polis always, but I get my sleep grand out of it afther. It's aisy to thrig people when they're stupid. An' the polis is stupid."

"I have a young gran'son. He's just the size of you. I wouldn't like him to be goin' on that-a-way."

"I bet y' he's at school," said Tim.

"He is that. A mile to go, an' a mile to come. He won't be home this half hour."

"Ah, I wouldn't be him for the world," said Tim. "I bet y' wash his face an' sew his clothes an' make him do iverything y' bid him. My mother's in heaven, an' they don't be washin' an' sewin' an' goin' to school up there. Ah, why would I be bothered wid it?"

"I'm goin' to take him home wid me," said old Dan. "He'll help me to go round ivery mornin' wid the little ass for pig-wash."

Tim grinned.

"The polis'll make y' pay a find for him if y' don't send him to school."

"I don't hould too much wid school myself," said Dan. "I done well widout it."

"They're makin' a terrible shout about it," said the woman. "The worst of the thunder's over, I think, and we'll have our cup o' tea. The Lord be thanked for takin' care of us!"

The frugal meal eaten, Dan and Tim and the donkey came forth into the wet fresh air, the newly washed green country,—and thanks and blessings were spoken at parting.

"Yer a good one," said Tim, pulling his ragged cap. "I'll tell my mother, an' she'll have an eye on y'."

There was another long trudge; but sunset provided a pageant for the travelers.

"That's heaven," said Tim, pointing to the western sky. "I do be lookin' sometimes if I could see a sketch o' my mother anywhere. It's in there she is."

"Aye, aye," said Dan. "I've a good few there, myself."

Twilight gathered, and the landscape became gray and ghostly.

"Threes gets terrible quare when it's comin' on dark," said Tim. "Look as if they were steppin' out. An' they do put their heads together an' nod at each other. Sometimes I do think they're alive an' be talkin' to me."

"It's little we know about thim," said Dan. "There's many's the quare thing goes on in the counthry afther hours, whin it's lone an' lonesome."

"The town's crowdier and heartsomer," said Tim.

Darkness settled on the world, and star-shine faintly lit the way. Other lights twinkled low, and little hamlets were passed. Music began to sound from distances, and within a mile of the village of Stillorgan they met a small band of youths playing melodions and mouth-organs. Three youths walked abreast, the musician in the middle, all marching, with a dancing step, in time with the tune. Next came one, playing, then two, then three again, all hastening to the

cross-roads to meet their friends. The moon appeared, large, silvern, resplendent, looking from above the hills between the high dark trees that met above the roadway. Lights shone in windows at hand, or from behind bushes, and there was an echo of song from somewhere. All the cool summer night was alive with the joy of the toilers escaped from the labor-prisons of the daytime.

"Fine night!" said one.

"Gorgeous!" said another.

"Makes yer heels light!"

Dan and Tim, plodding on, found their feet moving to the march of "God Save Ireland" and "The Boys o' Wexford." Now and then a burst of "Dolly Grey" or some other music-hall modern air broke the spell of the "ould, ould tunes." The village came in sight at the foot of a hill, with houses in a row on one side, and tall trees overhanging a high wall on the other.

Cottage doors stood open, and mothers sat in the doorway while the young people danced on the road. The music-maker squatted on the side path under the trees, a knot of girls on either side of him singing in unison with the notes of the melodion. Their light cotton gowns looked white in the star-shine and moon-gleam, and the young figures, swaying with their own music, had a wingy movement. Each in her turn quitted the chorus to join the dancers, who, also in succession, left the dancing and sat on the ridge of the path to sing.

A dark figure came down the road; the priest passed through the little crowd of merry-makers, crying, "God bless your dancing, children!"

He spoke to the women sitting at the doors as they rose and curtsied.

"He's on his way home from that sick call at Boulna-breena," they said, as he passed on.

Dan, Tim and the donkey stood right in his way.

"Why, Dan, have you got the ass?"

"Will y' give him yer luck, Father?"

The priest passed his hand over the donkey's neck.

"God bless you and your work," he said, and made the sign of the cross on his head.

"It's sweet him an' me'll sleep to-night, Father," said Dan.

The travelers lingered a little longer among the merry-makers, till Dan said to Tim:

"We may as well be gettin' on. We're not their sort. You're too young, an' I'm too ould for them."

Tim had been darting about among the dancers, but nobody had noticed him. Now he put his fingers in his mouth and blew a long shrill whistle that made many look round at him. Then he turned on his heel and followed the old man and the donkey.

Another mile was trudged. At last Dan stood before a large iron gate, lifted the latch, and shuffled in with the ass under wide-spreading sycamores and chestnuts that had almost grown over the entrance.

"Is this your house?" asked Tim.

"Sure it is," said Dan. "It's imp'y, and they can't let it because of the ghost that's in it. I know the man that care-takes it, an' since him an' his wife has got over the ghost there isn't a snugger housekeepin' in the county. He gives me the coach-house, for my own apartment, an' I pay him in pig-wash. It's a grand establishment for me, an' you're welcome to a corner in it, me boy. Y' can sleep wid the little ass, an' he'll keep y' warm."

"Do y' ate the pig-wash, too?" asked Tim, as they fared wearily up the long avenue, where the overgrown cypresses and cedars that lined the way took all

kinds of uncanny forms and expressions as they moved between them.

Tim was by this time nearly sleeping on his feet, and he did not hear Dan's indignant response. It was with a stagger that he got over the threshold of the coach-house which was the old vagrant's mansion. Dan lit a candle that was in a sconce on the wall, and the thin light revealed a few rickety bits of furniture, a small stove, a pile of dry twigs and sticks, and a shelf on which was half a stale loaf. A sack of straw and an old blanket in the corner indicated Dan's accustomed place of repose. In another corner some loose straw was provided for the donkey. Dan shook down a couple of empty sacks that hung from a rail in the same corner and invited Tim to rest his back and legs.

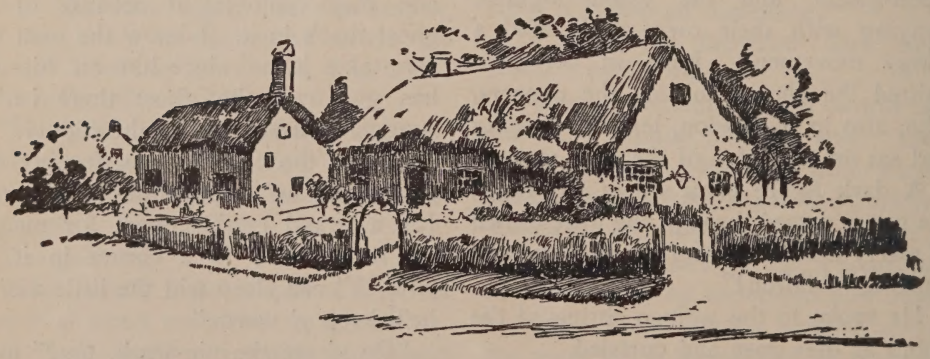
"If they're achin' like mine, they're bad enough," he said. "Here's a slice of bread for y', an' to-morrow mornin' I'll take y' into my sarvice, yerself an' the ass. Pig-wash is a good business, if y' stick to it; an' I'll lave it to y' whin I die."

Tim just heard enough of this to carry the idea of a life of pig-wash into his dreams. About break of day he wakened bright and ready for action and looked around him. The donkey was rapt away into a donkey heaven of slumber, and old Dan lay with his furrowed face turned up to the rafters of the roof, white and sunken as a mask of death. A loud snore, however, announced that the sleep of fatigued age was on him only, and that he had yet to wake and toil.

"Ah!" said Tim to himself, "I'd rather have newspapers nor pig-wash." He got up and stretched himself, and his eyes fastened hungrily on the remains of the loaf on the shelf. But he forbore to touch it.

"I suppose it's his brekswit," he reflected, and let himself out of the coach-house softly and away with him down the gray avenue and out at the gloomy gate.

A few minutes later he was hopping and skipping and turning somersaults on the road to Dublin, hanging on to the market-garden carts and exchanging quips and scoffs with the drivers.



A PILGRIMAGE TO BOURY.

BY HERBERT SPRING.

Author of "By the Grey Sea," "Mère Gilette," "An Old Marquise," etc.
Views by Frances Gordon Spring.

Many years have passed since the *Récit d'une Soeur** appeared, "a book," —to quote the words of a writer in one of the reviews,—"which took all England and France by storm." At the publishers in Paris, edition followed edition with extraordinary rapidity, while the author herself received the highest honors to which a writer can aspire in France. The enthusiasm which those volumes evoked has indeed long passed. In an age in which, as has been well said, "the dead die quickly," nothing else was to be expected. It is but in the ordinary course of things then if the general run of readers have lost sight of the characters of the *Récit,* but we think that the enthusiasm which the perusal of those beautiful memoirs first awoke must have left traces behind not impossible to revive, and that therefore to many an account of a pilgrimage to Boury may not be without interest. And to some—to those who knew and loved Mrs. Craven,—as well as those others, "her many unknown friends"—as she once described them to the writer,—to whom the *Récit* became a household word, we venture to think it may be even welcome.

There are also those, too, for whom the book had a special meaning. From the first page to the last no word, or scarcely a word, can be found which can be styled controversial, and yet it is beyond doubt that to not a few the work was the cause of the removal of many of those prejudices against Catholicity, which, at one time, may almost be said to have been the natural outcome of British birth. People as a rule had grown up with the belief that Catholicism was opposed to liberty, yet here were vivid pictures of M. de Montalembert—"the foremost and most enlightened statesman in all France," as the English *Times* afterward described him in a leading article at the date of his death—which ever show a love for this same liberty, as ardent as that entertained by Mr. Gladstone himself, and every line of his correspondence, too, is redolent of fervent Catholicism. To the average British reader of those days a priest was synonymous with everything that was unattractive, yet who could read of the Abbé Gerbet and fail to be impressed? It was indeed largely through the influence of the afterwards Bishop of Perpignan, that Alexandrine —once so overwhelmed with sorrow that she could only pine for death—learned, long before the last chapter of life, to write that she had grown "to mourn for her Albert gaily." And not to Alexandrine alone—"Madame Albert," as she ever loved to be called!—was the holy Abbé a support. The record of his tender counsels to the other inmates of the Château de Boury is faithfully told, "ever helping them on their upward flight," as Mrs. Craven puts it. Indeed, once, when in delicate health, so prolonged was his visit, that we find de Montalembert writing, half playfully, half indignantly, to enquire if the good Abbé had been turned into a crow in the park, since nothing had appeared from his pen during a crisis in the history of the Church of France; a criticism which we are told the future Bishop received smilingly.

We have culled but two names from among the many distinguished ones that figure as guests at the Château, and we have done so because they are perhaps

*The translation appeared as "A Sister's Story."

a trifle better known in England—where a lamentable ignorance of all things French seems to exist—the one as a liberal statesman, and the other as a great churchman. But it is not because of those we have just mentioned that the writer has made, year after year, a pilgrimage to Boury, but solely because of those others who once lived, loved, and suffered beneath the château roof, and whose entrancing journals and beautiful letters really make up the famous *Récit d'une Soeur.*

For the benefit of those from whose memories the details of the book may have faded, it would perhaps be well, before proceeding further, to sketch in brief outline the history of the work. The writer of it, Pauline Craven, was the eldest daughter of the Comte de la Ferronnays. She was born in London, where her parents were then residing, prior to the restoration of the Bourbon Monarchy, and married in 1834 Augustus Craven of the Diplomatic service, a grandson of the Margravine of Anspatch. Of her father we shall speak later—sufficient here to say that he was the head of a Breton family of great distinction, and that under the *ancien régime* he played a conspicuous part. While yet young, Mons. de la Ferronnays married Albertine, daughter of the Comte de Montsoreau, whose sister had been Duchesse de Tourzel and who had held the post of governess to the children of France, and had been in attendance on the night of the attempted escape of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette from Paris.

A family of eleven, four of whom died young, was the result of this union, which was in itself one of profound happiness, shadowed only by the dread of the inevitable parting. "This fear," wrote Madame de la Ferronnays, forty years later, when the blow had actually fallen, "took possession of me as soon as I became his wife. What if I were to lose him? I have never for an hour felt secure, or lost sight of this. Nothing but hope and trust in God could keep my mind properly balanced." The remaining seven children make up the characters of the *Récit.* Two of the sons, Charles and Fernand, figure but little in its pages, for the reason that at the date of its publication both were still living, while the third son, Albert, may be described as the hero of the book.

After the Restoration, Mons. de la Ferronnays was appointed ambassador at St. Petersburg, and there commenced the acquaintance with the beautiful Comtesse von Alopeus, afterwards Princess Laponkhyn, and her daughter Alexandrine. This friendship was renewed at Rome in 1832, and rapidly a romantic attachment sprang up between the last-named and Albert—an attachment which stood proof against every sort of obstacle, chief among them being the fact that Albert was a devout Catholic, while Alexandrine herself was a Lutheran, and her mother—at least at one time—prejudiced against Catholicity. How these obstacles were overcome will be found in the pages of the *Récit.* Later, when in her widow's dress, Alexandrine sat down to write the story of her life, and which indeed forms the first part of the book, she records significantly that her first meeting with Albert took place on a day dedicated to the Guardian Angels. The union was crowned with a love that has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. Its history, however, is a striking instance that it is not by easy paths that God, as a rule, leads souls upward to himself, since the journal of the young wife records but ten days after marriage that Albert put his handkerchief to his mouth and took it

away stained with blood! Ten days of perfect earthly happiness—no more! Three years later and the young wife was a widow! The second half of the book records her later life—first the early days when she was all but overwhelmed with sorrow, but from which, in time, the reader sees her emerge, till at length she is able to write that she was happier as a Catholic without her beloved Albert, than she, as a Protestant, could ever have been with him. To fully appreciate the extraordinary force of this remark it is required to see unfolded in the pages of the *Récit* all that love and marriage meant for Alexandrine.

One other word, and we may proceed on our pilgrimage. Throughout the volumes, Mrs. Craven, in her humility, keeps herself almost entirely in the background, emerging only when circumstances compel her to show herself. Adoring her parents as well as her brothers and sisters—it is almost impossible to remember as we make progress through the book that Alexandrine was but a sister-in-law—her whole life was made up of partings from them, partings which then seemed both cruel and frequent, but without which we now see the composition of the work would have been impossible. In the end not only Alexandrine's journal, but those of Pauline Craven's two sisters, Eugenie and Olga, came into her hands, and these, together with the home letters which she had so carefully cherished, enabled her, in later years, to put together these exquisite memoirs from the perusal of which none can surely fail to profit.

Boury is not easy of access. A tiny village in the Department of the Oise, it is situated some five miles from the old town of Gisors, whose frowning castle—once a great English stronghold—and cathedral-like church may be seen for miles around, rising amid masses of green trees. The place itself is well worth a visit. In the ruined chapel of the castle St. Thomas of Canterbury was wont to say Mass, and his feet must often have paced the stones of the great church close at hand, since, during his exile, he resided at Gisors for a considerable period. From an artistic point of view, too, there is much to attract. The quaint old houses, with their high pointed roofs, have known scarcely any change in the last two hundred years, while the trees, which practically shut in the ruined castle, are magnificent. On the hottest summer day one can wander for hours in the spacious avenues without fear of the sun's rays, and they form an almost equal shelter from the heaviest rain. Indeed, the whole place, seen from the neighboring high ground, on the road to Paris, presents the appearance of a garden city. But enough of Gisors.

For those who are not good at walking, the easiest way of reaching Boury is by taking the train to Dangu, a picturesque village, some four miles off, and situated on the line to Vernon. Leaving the quiet place on our left, crowned with the old Château de Dangu, mentioned in the *Récit*, and formerly the residence of the Comte de Lagrange, with its great flight of worn stone steps leading down to the pretty church and village, which nestle at the foot of the hill—we make no mention of the large white mansion which the new owner has erected—and crossing the railway, close to the station, the traveller takes the road before him, which leads direct to Boury. The distance is not great. Less than half an hour's walk and we are in the hamlet. The village is situated in a dell, and the population is only some four hundred and

thirty souls. The road winds through the village almost in the exact shape of an S. Just at the point where the cottages commence there is a branch road, ascending the hill, which lies to our left, and which, at a distance of a little over a mile, joins the main one to Gisors. This is indeed the way we should have come had we proceeded on foot. It has the advantage, too, of being on higher ground than the road from Dangu. On the left of it are pretty woods, while from the top of the hill there is a fine view of the surrounding and richly-wooded country. From this point, too, Boury itself presents an attractive picture lying at our feet. The red tiled roofs have been worn by age to a rich, dark color, while the many patches of moss-like growth thereon have a pretty effect. In reality, however, the village is not picturesque. Most of the houses have been whitewashed, but their age is seen by numerous iron supports. There is not much attempt, either, at ornament. Here and there, creepers have been trained over gateways, but that is about the extent of what has been done. The gardens, too, in most cases are at the back, and not visible from the road.

Boury is not on a large scale. In less than ten minutes the traveller can walk through it by the main road. In the centre of the hamlet is an open space, and in front of us an old gateway, leading into a farm-yard where, rising amid sheds, is a very ancient round tower, now thatched over, and spoilt by a modern chimney. On the south side of this tiny village green is the church, a quaint little old building with a clock high up in the very French-looking steeple, the chimes of which break the silence which seems to reign always at Boury. It is of churches the most simple, but, to those who know the *Récit,* filled with interest. Here, twelve months after death, rested, the night before burial, the body of Albert de la Ferronnays. The private burial ground, situated high up on the hill to the left of the village, and leading out of the general cemetery, had taken that time to be prepared. The hearse, which had come by road from Paris, was met by the family at the great Calvary,—surrounded by trees, and situated close to the southeast gate, of the park, — and then, preceded by the Abbé Gerbet and the usual procession, passed slowly through the château grounds in all the beauty of a summer's evening, before depositing its burden at the house of God. "Thus it was," writes the widowed Alexandrine, "that Albert saw Boury at last!" The next day his body was conveyed up the steep hill to the cemetery. With that exquisite spot we shall deal later. Everything in the little church is of the simplest, except a few of the ornaments, gifts of members of the family. On the right of the high altar is a framed announcement of certain indulgences to be gained there on the usual conditions, and applicable to the Holy Souls. It was granted by Pope Gregory XVI. to Albert's father, the Comte de la Ferronnays.

It may not be out of place to say here a word or two respecting the Comte. Readers of the *Récit* are perhaps accustomed to think of him only as a man of extraordinary piety. In reality he played a very considerable part in the history of his time. His name figures largely in the earlier volumes of the Greville Memoirs, and Mr. Greville—never particularly bountiful in his praises of those with whom he was brought in contact!—has much to say in favor of his shrewdness, tact, etc. Chateaubriand also tells of his uprightness and tolerance. In the diplomatic annals of those days M. de la Ferron-

nays played an important rôle, holding, too, the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Charles X. The last post he accepted was that of French ambassador at Rome, an appointment he relinquished on the fall of the Bourbon Monarchy. It was he who planned the burial ground where,—as he wrote in a touching letter to his daughter Pauline, then at Lisbon, where Augustus Craven was attached to the Legation,—they "were one day all to lie." By a strange coincidence, however, M. de la Ferronnays himself rests in the church of S. Andrea della fratte at Rome, which is inseparably bound up with his name and the undoubted part which his last prayers played in the Ratisbon miracle! "A striking instance of how little human foresight avails both before and beyond the grave," is the touching comment on this letter made by Mrs. Craven many years later.

The little church at Boury is associated with every event of importance, sad or joyful, in the family life, during the years that the Château was in the possession of the La Ferronnays. Here, in the heyday of her youth and beauty, her white robes typical indeed of the spotless purity of her heart, stood Eugénie on her bridal morn, to be united to the heir of the Marquis de Mun. The marriage took place in midwinter, and Mrs. Craven came all the way from Lisbon to be present at it. She has given a vivid account of the journey, which forms a striking contrast to the ease with which it would now be made. To many indeed the obstacles that arose would have been sufficient to cause an abandonment of the project, but not where love was so strong as existed between these two sisters. "I cannot be married without her," wrote Eugénie to Augustus Craven, and appeals to him "to spare her beloved Paule to her" for the time. Read in the light of what afterwards took place, an incident of the wedding morning has about it an almost prophetic touch. Going very early into Eugénie's room, Mrs. Craven found the bridal robes resting in all their snowy whiteness on the black velvet cover of the writing table, thus forming a striking resemblance to a funeral pall, and, with an impulse she could not control she seized them and flung them on the blue coverlet of the bed.

The days that followed the departure of Eugénie for her new home at the Château de Lumigny were blank indeed to Alexandrine. Between the widow of her beloved brother Albert and Eugénie existed no ordinary love. Had they been sisters in blood their devotion could not have been greater. But Providence did not see fit to leave Alexandrine without a substitute. It is after the marriage of Madame de Mun that the entrancing figure of Olga becomes more conspicuous. Glimpses indeed we have had of her already. We have heard of the visits to the oculists respecting the partial blindness from which, at times at least, she suffered, but which happily did not mar in any way the beauty of her eyes. We have seen her, too, if but for a few moments, in her white dress, in childhood's golden hour, in the convent parlor of the Trinità da Monti in Rome, on the afternoon of that never-to-be-forgotten First Communion day. It was she, too, who filled the office of grand almoner, as Alexandrine playfully puts it, in all the little works of charity in which this trio delighted to unite. From the departure of Eugénie from the parental roof, Olga begins to take a more prominent place. Nothing more sweet can be fancied than her journals or her beautiful letters, above all those written from Rome after the death of her beloved father and of her idolized

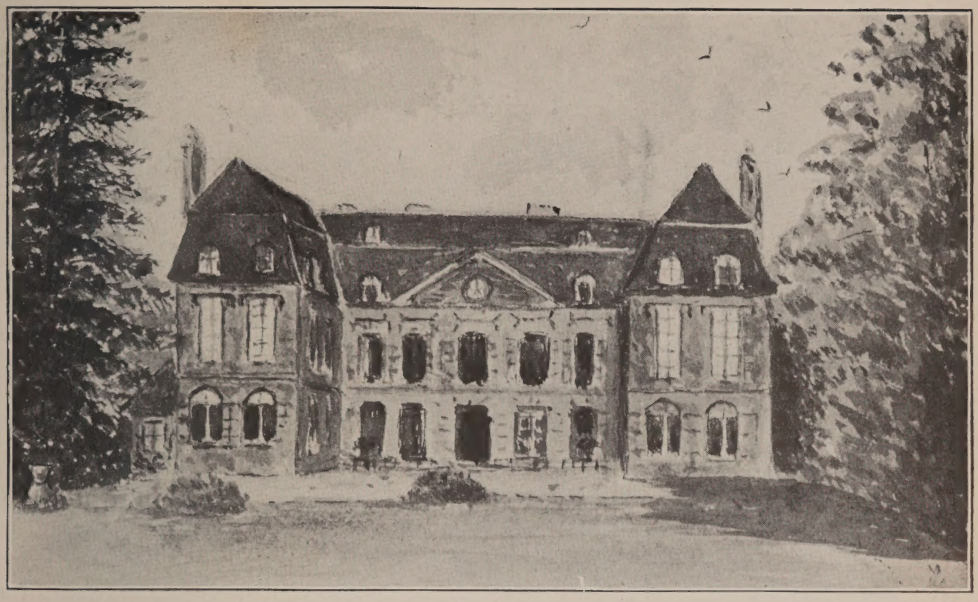
Eugénie. Decline had early marked the last-named for his own. Everything that could be tried was tried, but in the height of her earthly happiness she was called on to leave husband and children. Eugénie's whole life had been a preparation for death—indeed she has told us that she was at one time "in love with death," and we are not therefore surprised to find her meeting it with sublime resignation.

Less than four months before this terrible blow, Olga, wintering in Rome with her family, was dressing for a ball at the Austrian ambassador's, and while placing a wreath of white roses on her head, was suddenly summoned to her father,—whom she had left but a few moments before in apparent health,—to take leave of him forever on earth! She was then about eighteen, and a vision of beauty. When she took off the white wreath she never again wore any earthly ornament. But three short years of life were all that were then left to her. Fears had been expressed that she would never recover from the shock of her father's death, and it was deemed merciful that Eugénie died at Palermo, and not in her presence, since it was said she could not have survived seeing her beloved one pass from before her eyes. Henceforth her progress in things spiritual is rapid indeed. She seems to mount from height to height with almost breathless haste. Decline, too, early laid his hand upon her, but through weary days and sleepless nights, oppressed with fever and coughing, no word of impatience ever escaped from those beautiful lips. Olga suffered less when leaning her head on her mother's shoulder—that mother beside whom her body now rests until the resurrection morn. Parching thirst, too often a symptom of rapid decline, was always with her, but on one occasion having said she should like some water she gently, as it were, reproves herself, saying—"Jesus Christ on the cross, never said 'I like'!" The heights of Calvary were almost reached when these words were uttered! Fortified by the Last Sacraments of Holy Church, made joyful by daily Communion, Olga, conscious to the last, "breathless but as one triumphant and winning a race," as Mrs. Craven describes her, passed away at Brussels in the twenty-first year of her age. *"Je crois—J'espére—J'aime—Je me repens,"* are the last burning words of devotion she uttered, dying a moment later with the name of her beloved Eugénie on her lips. Well might the great de Montalembert write on hearing the news, "that lovely and holy Olga had gone to Heaven."

It is the wish of the writer not to quote from the *Récit,* but rather to send his readers to those pages so full of instruction and encouragement, but we cannot forebear inserting here the picture Mrs. Craven has given of the scene after death. "When we returned," she writes, "a most consoling change had taken place. All trace of sickness had vanished, and the room had been transformed into a chapel, in the midst of which lay our angel, clad in white, and looking more beautiful in death than she had even done in life."

Three days later and the body was removed to the little church at Boury. And the following morning Olga was laid to rest near her brother Albert.

And now it is time to leave the sacred edifice and pass out once more into the summer sunshine. For a moment we will glance at the Château, situated not more than a minute's walk from the church, and the actual scene, as it were, of the *Récit.* It is a large, handsome house, more in the Parisian style than that of a country residence, and is not

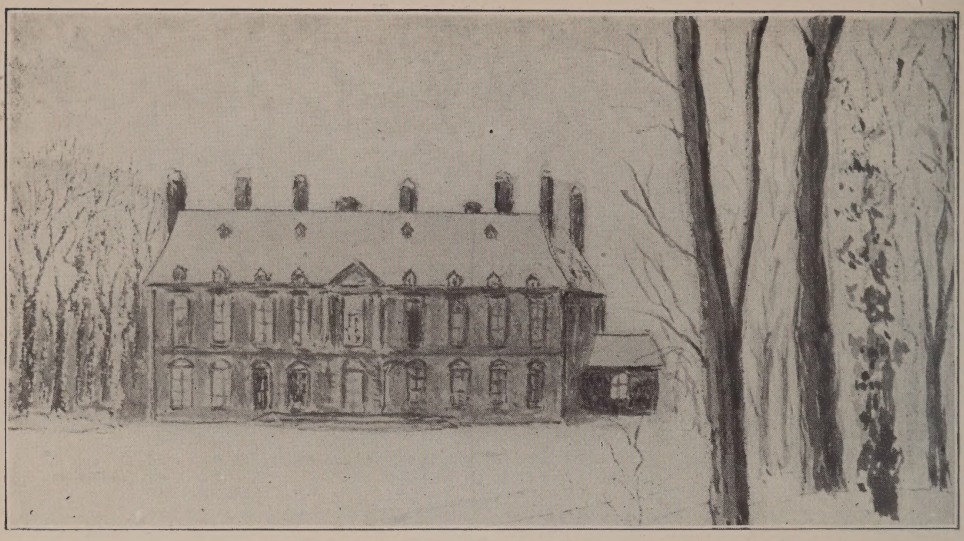


CHATEAU DE BOURY. (Front view.)

yet a hundred years old. On the high roof, however, many touches of time are visible in the shape of little green patches of moss-like growths. The back of the mansion is finer than the front, though both are imposing. To the right the tall poplars cluster thickly, while a charming wood and extensive gardens lie to the left, and quite close to the house there is ornamental water. The view, too, from the drawing-room windows, in spite of Mrs. Craven's deprecatory remarks, is certainly very pretty, but then, all the family had grown critical after years spent by the Bay of Naples, and amid the glories of Italian scenery.

There are two ways to the cemetery, and we will take the one which lies through the village. Just outside the great iron gates which lead into the Château grounds is the quaint old presbytery, and, before proceeding on our way, we will pause to pay our respects to M. le Curé. Longevity would seem to be associated with the office in this quiet place. The late Curé was nearly ninety years of age before he was laid to rest, and the priest who comes hurrying down stairs to give us kindly welcome is himself eighty. He is, however, very far from showing it, and has just returned from his annual holiday of less than a week at Tréport, where he goes for the benefit of the sea air. At four score years, however, it is well to have some one to look after one, and M. le Curé has generally one of his nieces with him now. Both nieces have lived in Russian families—indeed the one whom the writer met last year on his annual visit to Boury is still in Moscow, while the elder lady, who does the honors of the presbytery to-day, has much to say respecting life in St. Petersburg, from which she has not long returned.

M. le Curé has inherited all the traditions of the place, and, grasping one by the arm, he delights to show the various souvenirs which hang on the walls. They consist of portraits of many who figure in the *Récit,* notably, a strikingly handsome one of Albert, and a charming one of Alexandrine, together with a large portrait of the Comte de la Ferronnays himself. Below it is a photograph of



THE CHATEAU IN WINTER. (Rear view.)

Mrs. Craven, and the gray-haired priest likes to tell how she always came to the presbytery to breakfast, when, in the latter years of her life, she made pilgrimages to Boury.

Taking leave of the kindly old Curé, who comes with us to the door to give a last blessing, we pass once more by the Château gates and the little church, and cross the open space. The key of the private ground is kept at the house next the blacksmith's forge. A gray-haired, handsome woman, whose aged mother is custodian of the little cemetery and is devoted to Mrs. Craven's memory, hands it to us, smilingly, for we are old friends. Turning out of the little yard, where great piles of horseshoes lie, we ascend the steep hill. The road winds upward for a considerable distance, bordered on the one side by a steep bank, and on the other by a thick plantation, at the foot of which is a stone column, surmounted by an iron crucifix. A few minutes' toil and we reach the cemetery gates. Passing these the traveller ascends four steps, and then follows—still upward—a tiny, winding path, bordered on each side by carefully trimmed hedges, till he reaches a substantial door let into a stone wall and kept doubly locked. Above this wall is visible the top of the great white cross which stands in the centre of the burial ground, and was erected by the Princess Laponkhyn to the memory of her daughter Alexandrine.

"Sa fille unique et bien aimée," are the touching words inscribed thereon. The graves are covered by large stone slabs, the inscriptions much worn by the weather. To the left lie Albert and Alexandrine. The words *"Quod Deus conjunxit non homo separalit,"* are cut on the latter's grave. Spite of the two stones there is no division below, since it was Alexandrine's wish that the two coffins might touch one another. Next lies Madame de la Ferronnays, the saintly mother of a saint-like family—and beside her Olga. The group is now complete since the last chapters of the *Récit* have been, so to speak, added to the tale, and Augustus Craven, and finally Pauline herself, have been laid to rest in the place where she so often came to weep and pray. On the stone wall above, half covered with ivy,—indeed the cross which surmounts it has been in the last few years, wholly buried from sight,—are many beautiful marble slabs, not only to those who rest there, but also

to those whose graves are far away—to M. de la Ferronnays in Rome, and also to Eugénie, who lies in the churchyard at Lumigny, where her married life was spent, and at the château of which place now lives her son, the Comte de Mun, to whom the Catholics of France owe a debt of gratitude they can never repay.

In that sweet burying-ground all is beautifully kept. Each morning the paths are freshly raked. On the left grow the rose bushes planted by Alexandrine, and against the wall is the little stone seat on which she was wont to sit and meditate. A wondrous silence reigns up there near the top of the high hill.

PAULINE DE LA FERRONNAYS.
(Mrs. Augustus Craven.)

BOURY CHURCH.

Now and then, from the village far below, come faint sounds of life, or the echo of the church chimes, telling of the flight of time, but near at hand nothing breaks the stillness save the song of the birds. It is indeed an ideal resting-place, and one well worth a pilgrimage. Joys, it is true, were granted to those who rest there, but as a rule only for brief periods. After Albert's death, sorrow seems to have become habitual in the lives of the inmates of the Château, since blow followed blow.

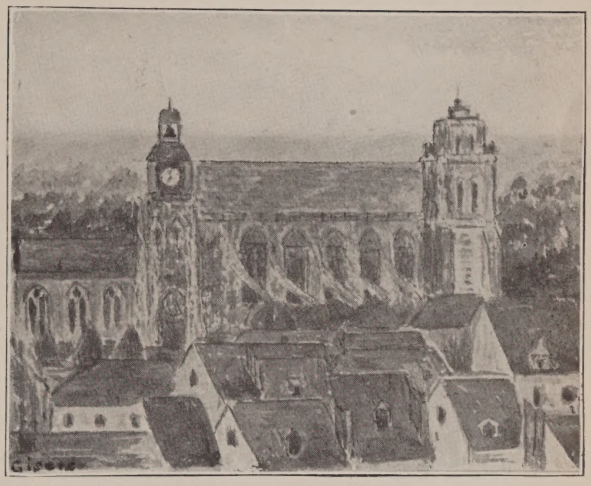
"When we shall have been ages in Heaven," writes Olga from Rome, after the death of her father and Eugénie, "how differently we shall look back on these short moments of trial! Why, we shall bless God for having sent them to us!" *This* indeed is the lesson of Boury churchyard. "Everything on earth ends so quickly," she tells us, too, in her little journal, kept with such difficulty, owing to her defective sight. The shadow of the great white cross falls in turn on each of the graves, till at length to one who goes there often, and lingers long, it becomes a very sun-dial by which to tell the hour. In life an all wise Hand saw fit to lay on each a special cross, but that time of trial has passed!

Per crucem ad coronam! Overhead the cloudless blue sky speaks to us of heaven open and the sorrows of earth forever done; and as we kneel on Olga's early grave, the memory of her dying words comes back: *"Je crois—J'espére—J'aime—Je me repens."* Truly might her mother write "Olga said everything in those last words." Realized to their fullest they make, indeed, heaven ere earth itself be done. Let us close the door of this quiet God's acre, and descending the steep hill, ere we leave Boury,—which even looks its sweetest, lying

DANGU.

golden in the sunset hour,— enter once more the House of God. Sorrowing, but not as those without hope, we murmur before the altar, where the burning lamp tells of the presence of the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle, the words of the *De Profundis* for those who once, beneath that prayer-impregnated roof, were wont to pour forth their souls to God. And before we rise from our knees let us not fail to bless Him for the bright examples given by those whose memories have been with us through these hours, while overhead, in the cloudless skies of France, the summer sun has shone all the long day through. Every good and best gift cometh from above. It was the grace of God *alone* which made these lives what they were, and enabled those who knew and loved her best to inscribe upon her grave, and on the white tablet above her dreamless head, those words—

"Olga — *melle Dulcior.*" — "Sweeter than Honey."



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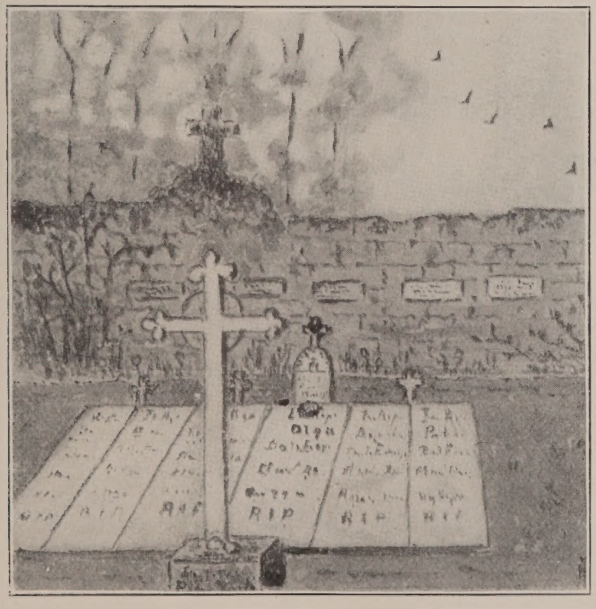


THE CEMETERY AT BOURY.

"We are getting the cemetery here laid out, where, if God wills it, we shall ourselves rest bye and bye."
— *A Sister's Story.*

THE QUEEN OF THE RESURRECTION.

BY F. X. EMMETT.

In the deep midnight
  Came Jesus the Child,
Came unto Mary
  The Maid undefiled;
Found on her bosom
  Safe shelter and rest,—
With Mary our Mother,
  Whom Jesus loved best.

In the great darkness,
  When Jesus the King
Was nailed on the cross
  For the world's ransoming,
In one true heart, there,
  His torn Heart found rest,—
With Mary our Mother,
  Whom Jesus loved best!

When in the midnight
  Rose Jesus our God,
Though unsealèd the tomb,
  Unbroken the sod;
First of all others,
  That true heart He blessed,
Thine, Mary our Mother,
  Whom Jesus loved best!

Christ, let me serve Thee
  Through all of my life,
Though dark be the way,
  And bitter the strife.
One day Thou wilt call me
  To Heaven with Thee;
For Mary, Thy Mother,
  Is praying for me!

"With Mary our Mother,
Whom Jesus loved best."

Photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

The Dean of Catholic Editors.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

"I entered the Jesuit Novitiate March 7, 1857," writes the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., in a recent letter; and to this incidental mention of his golden jubilee he adds, "May God forgive me and God help me and God be praised." A trinity of holy petitions to which all who read them will add one more: "May God long spare the petitioner!" For what Catholic reader or writer, editor or publisher, has not cause to bless the name of the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., editor of *The Irish Monthly* for thirty-four years, and the friend, counsellor and inspiration of hundreds of literary workers on both sides of the ocean?

Was there ever another publication that contained as many blessings, as much encouragement and as little harsh criticism as the dear little *Irish Monthly?* Its arrival in a time of depression is enough to dispel gloom, for you cannot open the magazine without chancing on words of cheer, holy counsel, pleasant comment and quaintly humorous thrusts, such as the following, directed at the calling he himself adorns: "The editorial chair is said to be a bar to canonization; no editor has ever yet been beatified." But in the next sentence he prays, "God bless the work!"

Are there not saints whose claims for canonization have never been presented? Who knows? there may be an editor or two among them.

Instead of saying as "little *harsh* criticism," I should have used the words as "little *unkind* criticism." One cannot associate the word "harsh" with such a genial, gracious personality as Father Russell's. Here is an instance of his quiet but effective way of expressing disapproval; I quote it from a "Pigeonhole Paragraph":

"It must be very melancholy for any one with a mind and heart to waste time over the dinners and balls in high society and over whatever amusements take their place in lower social grades." The votaries of pleasure, who are waiting for Lent to be out to resume their round of gaieties, may like to reflect on these words.

The "clannish" will be grateful for the endorsement of the advocacy of near interests expressed so pleasingly in this excerpt:

> "They love their native country best who love their native county, their native town, their native parish, their native village, their native homestead. Our small hearts are not capable of unlimited love and sympathy and interest; and we are allowed to feel special interest in the persons and things that we are closely connected with."

For the perfunctory, conscienceless reviewer, there is a wholesome suggestion in the quotation that Father Russell embodies in one of his admirable "paragraphs." May it extend its circulation by being reprinted here:

> "An interesting article in *The Month* (November, 1902), on Monastic Libraries, describes how, in Benedictine monasteries, on the first Monday in Lent, the Brothers returned the books that had been doled out to them, and he who was conscious of not having read the book through, which he had received, was bound to fall down on his face, confess his fault, and pray for forgiveness. What if reviewers were obliged to account in this fashion for all the books they had received? They would fall on their faces pretty often."

The department in *The Irish Monthly* devoted to "Notes on New Books" gives abundant proof of the thoroughness of

the reviewer. Little escapes his vigilant scrutiny, and while praise is generously bestowed, weak points or unsatisfactory features are not passed over in silence. The word of protest is spoken very gently, however; frequently, it takes the form of a question, of which the following is an example:

"Have they abolished Christian names in the United States? The three prominent men in this tale have no Christian names but Dean, Warren, and Norris; and a clever contributor to *The Georgetown College Journal* has three surnames and no Christian name at all. How did the priest manage to baptize him?"

Again mild reproof is administered to an author careless of literary form and indifferent in the choice of words:

"There seems to be a tendency among clever American writers to wander very far from the classic simplicity of our Oliver Goldsmith and their own Nathaniel Hawthorne. We are inclined to throw some of the blame on American journalism and that eternal reading of newspapers."

The charity that makes allowance for limitations of character is evinced in such comment as this:

"Yet it may be unfair to quarrel with these lively sketches for not being what they never aimed at being, and blaming them for a certain want of heart. . . . We have confessed already that we are prejudiced against the clique to which they belong, while we acknowledge that they are extremely good of their kind."

The *Monthly* may be said to hold a series of receptions, at which Father Russell extends a large-hearted welcome to American writers, as well as to those of the Old World. Familiar names appear again and again in the "Notes on New Books," names of authors whom one knows personally, and of many more whom one claims as friends of years' standing, friends made through the medium of books. Writers known to fame are here, and eager young aspirants for literary honors, as well. Editorial fraternity is expressed in the greetings to American authors who are also associated with the Catholic press. It is very pleasant to meet fellow-workers in such an environment, even if one hasn't a book to one's own name.

But not alone to the work of skilled members of the profession does Father Russell give thought. With the most fatherly regard, this venerable editor scans the college and convent journals that find their way to him from Europe, America, Asia and Australia. He has a great regard for these proofs of budding journalistic ability. "We wonder," he says, "if there is any library that attempts to collect complete series of the school magazines. It would be a very interesting collection. This section of periodical literature has developed very considerably of late years." *The Georgetown College Journal, The Redwood* of Santa Clara, Cal., *The Boston College Stylus, The Stonyhurst Magazine, Our Alma Mater* of St. Ignatius College, New South Wales, *The Clongowian* and *The Castle Knock Chronicle* are passed in review; and then *Silver Leaves,* conducted by pupils of St. Mary's Dominican Convent, in South Africa, is taken up very gently, for the editors are girls. But evidently there is no fault to find. Nothing but praise for the little women so seriously engaged in getting out their class journal. Two contributors earn the distinction of being considered capable of wielding "as lively pens as any editor could wish for."

And for those who guide the youthful journalist of any land there is this appreciative word:

"What energy and what self-sacrifice are exercised in all parts of the true Church in the great work of the education of the young. May God reward the workers, as He will."

The appearance of a new name in

Catholic literature immediately engages Father Russell's friendly consideration, and either through the *Monthly* or by private word a message of appreciation and encouragement goes to the neophyte. Who can measure the results of thirty-five years of such kindly concern in opening the way to beginners! And not content with doing his own part so generously, through his publication he frequently appeals to the public to be more alert in rendering service.

"We do not get enough out of one another," he says. "We do not show enough thoughtfulness and unselfish zeal in trying to secure for those around us, especially the more shrinking and less self-reliant, the fullest opportunities for showing the best that is in them. To do this is often better and more useful and gains us more merit than anything we could do ourselves."

But these quotations from *The Irish Monthly* grow too numerous for the space at my command, though I have drawn only a few from the treasures stored in the numbers lying on my desk. I had opened one after another in my search for the poem, "To St. Matthias," which settles a dispute about the name-day of the subject of this sketch, and I could not resist the temptation to linger in so heartsome an atmosphere. However, I found the poem and, in the first stanza, the information I sought. Let me share it.

I have not wearied you till now
With prayers or praise, St. Matthias!
Nay, to my shame I must avow
A lurking jealousy and bias.
For though not yours the name whereby
I'm known along life's dusty path, you
Have seemed unwittingly to vie
With my true namesake, great St. Matthew.

With the exception of this poem, there is little direct information of a biographical nature to be gleaned from the magazine. And the same humility that accounts for this, probably accounts for the scant data furnished by the usual sources, scarcely more than the statement that the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., was born at Newry, July 13, 1834, and was the second son of Arthur Russell of Newry and Killowen, and of Margaret Mullan of Belfast; was educated at St. Vincent's, Castleknock, and at Maynooth; has edited *The Irish Monthly* since its beginning, in 1873, and is the author of a number of valuable books.

Over and over again Father Russell insists on the value of time and exhorts his readers to make good use of each day and its opportunities. His practice is as inspiring as his preaching, for, in addition to the performance of the many duties of his position, he has enriched Catholic literature by contributing to it thirteen or more books, comprising volumes of poetry, devotional manuals and the "Life of Mother Mary Baptist."

Fortunately the earnest worker must impress himself on his work, and therefore we turn again to Father Russell's writings for the knowledge withheld from formal biography. Taking up the "Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell," the pioneer Sister of Mercy in California, we are rewarded not only by learning of her heroic work and experiences in the New World, but are also permitted to enter the home circle at Killowen and make the acquaintance of the children who were destined to accomplish such great things at home and in foreign lands. Father Russell draws a beautiful picture of a Christian household, where the young lives unfolded under the happiest conditions and vocations were shaped by prayer and deeds of loving kindness. In "The Poor Man's Knock" we are given a glimpse of the future Sister of Mercy and her little brother dispensing alms at their father's door. I wish a picture of the little boy in the blue frock had been made on can-

vas. It would be interesting to reproduce it facing the fine photograph of the reverend editor of *The Irish Monthly,* on page 372. In lieu of the portrait, let me quote the first three stanzas of the poem in which he, the little boy, appears:

'Tis many a year, a score and more,
Since a little boy in blue frock
Would run to open the great hall-door,
Whose latch he scarce could reach from the floor—
"It is only a poor man's knock."

The harsh word "beggar" was under ban
In that quaint old house by the sea;
And little Blue Frock's announcement ran:
"'Tis a poor little girl—'tis a poor blind man—
Poor woman with children three."

And when our little boy would say,
"There's a poor person at the door,"
The sister who carried the keys that day
From a willing mother leave would pray
To give to him of her store.

This poem, in full, is included in "The Idyls of Killowen," where, too, we find "Retrospection," dating back almost to the author's boyhood. It is a family record in rhyme, from which we venture to extract this pleasant sketch:

'Tis a roomy, old-fashioned mansion
In a quiet country place,
And the whole starts up before me
With each well-remembered grace;
And every nook and crevice
Of that dear old house doth rise,
As clearly before my vision
As if 'twere under my eyes.
The cosy substantial kitchen,
And the parlor warm and bright,
And the room where we played in the daytime,
And the bed where we slept at night:
The queer old corners and crannies
In memory's sight arise,
And a twinge of sadness comes o'er me
That brings the tears to my eyes.
There lay a grassy meadow
The quaint green porch before,
And our fields, just half a dozen,
Stretched down to the fresh seashore.
'Twas indeed a pleasant homestead
And noisy as a hive,
And father and mother dwelt there,
And merry children five.
In that quiet, happy household
The days went merrily by—
Five innocent-hearted children,
And the youngest of them I.
But, ah! those times are over—
Far, far back in the past:
Sad changes come o'er all things,
Nothing but change doth last.

Of "the merry children five," three entered the Order of the Sisters of Mercy. Elizabeth took the name of Sister Mary Aquin, Katherine became known to the world as Mother Mary Baptist Russell, and Sarah as Mother Mary Emmanuel. Of the two remaining members of the group, the elder, Charles, afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen, rose to the high estate of Lord Chief Justice of England, and Matthew, the youngest child, is the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., the sole survivor of the happy family circle in "the pleasant homestead." Abundant indeed were the fruits of the seed sown in those early days, when a Christian mother and the pious governess, so tenderly remembered, nurtured vocations by making prayer and visits to the altar a cherished part of each day's routine, as we learn from a letter written by one of the daughters shortly after her father's death. After referring to the changed conditions, she recalls the social evenings in the secluded life in Killowen and adds:

"It was not in social pleasures, however, that our happiness lay, but in the riches of religious enjoyment that opened up to us: the morning Mass, the weekly Confession which we were soon allowed by our holy confessor, and Holy Communion each week, and oftener after a time. The Sunday filled with devotions—several Masses, sermons, Benedictions, teaching catechism, and Vespers—made that day truly the Lord's day for us from beginning to end. And through the week the daily visit to our Lord in the always open church was a happiness not known before."

What wonder that devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament breathes in every line of "Moments before the Tabernacle," "At Home near the Altar" and "Close to the Altar Rails," messages of bright and tender counsel to the de-

vout, and of solace and relief from sordid cares and false ambitions to votaries of the world. With apostolic zeal the author exclaims:

"How blessed a thing it must be to have any share, however slight, in helping any soul to spend better any of its moments before the Tabernacle. Amongst the immense number of the pious industries of the heart and brain and pen of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, one might guess that his 'Visits to the Blessed Sacrament' is the book that he now rejoices most to have written."

This guide to holy living points to the Tabernacle as "our refuge, our resting-place, our resource for seeking comfort, advice, pardon, courage and all that we want to keep us up in our lifelong fight with the world, the flesh and the devil." In another sentence we are reminded that we must not be too selfish in our seeking, that "though God allows us to be selfish, though in the exercise of faith and love and gratitude and adoration we are allowed to fall back upon ourselves and to think of our wants and miseries, nevertheless it is very well in all our prayers, and especially in our prayers before the altar, to give most of our thoughts and words to God and not to ourselves." The value of everyday opportunities for spiritual advancement is dwelt upon, and we are warned that we need not wait for great sacrifices and trials, as we may never be honored with such. The little trials of ordinary life are important enough to require this consecration, and we are admonished to offer them up in some moments before the Tabernacle. To promote fervor in receiving Communion, those who are about to receive are advised to recall the morning of their First Communion, "a great day." "Yet it is hard to see why every Communion day should not be counted just as great, and how we are to be excused from feeling or trying to feel just as joyful and grateful." The day of his own First Communion is recalled in these beautiful lines:

Yes, I remember well the time, the place,
Of First Communion—date of rarest grace,
Sweetest of childhood's happy days! For then,
And when He walked amongst the sons of men,
Christ in His arms raised up His little child,
With soothing gesture fatherly and mild,
And pressed him to His bosom. With the same
Unutterable tenderness He came
Into our hearts full often since that day.
How many more such visits shall He pay
Before He comes to summon us away?
How many such between us and the shore
Of that dark ocean He will waft us o'er
As our Viaticum? Ah! none can tell
Save only One Who keeps the secret well.
To Him I leave the manner, time and place
Of that dread change, so He but give the grace
Of Last Communion. When and how and where,
I know not, care not; but for this I care—
Dying may I my Last Communion make
In peace with Him Who died, too, for my sake,
And may that loving Lord my parting spirit take.

To learn what thoughts are inspired by an anniversary in the Order, open the "Idyls" at the poem, "A Birthday in Religion." Every word should be read, to profit fully by the sweet calm record of passing years, that leave behind only grateful thoughts and memories of happy, holy hours.

I feel it hard, and very hard to hold—
The world grows wicked as the world grows old.
Through many a changeful year I've breathed its air,
And found it ever genial, bracing, fair.
But, ah! my lot has been a special choice;
Not all can lift to heaven so glad a voice—
A gladsome voice, yet broken by sweet tears
Of grateful wonder at the happy years
My soul hath known. . . .

Reflecting on the watchfulness of Providence, the poet-priest continues:

How strange, how strange that I, yea, such as I,
Should be so fondly tracked from hour to hour—

And telling of the triumph of divine love in guiding his vocation, he recalls the days when the "blessed bondage of the novice having ceased," there was set over him:

"A master, brother, friend, so kind,
So strong, so gentle, wise, unselfish—blind
To others' faults, keen-sighted for his own—
Duty by labors, not by precepts shown—"

This estimate of another's character aptly describes that of the eulogist, who concludes his reminiscences of mentors and friends with this petition:

For 'tis our hope and prayer that each fresh year
That God may let us live and labor here,
May each pass quietly and each improve
Our lot eternal in the home above.
Well, short or long, we must not dare to ask,
But do our best at each day's petty task;
To us the gain, to God the praise be given,
And may each birthday find our souls more ripe for heaven.

"The Art of being Happy," a translation, is another of the helps to make the most of our lives that Father Russell gives to us. It is replete with practical advice for preserving peace of heart and acquiring the virtues that we have occasion to exercise in our relations with our neighbors. A pamphlet of twenty-four tiny pages, one for each hour of the day, is an example of the happy facility with which this poet-priest employs rhyme to impart spiritual instruction. In "All Day Long" there is a thought for every act of the day, even when about to indulge in light reading:

Give thanks to God for all the graceful things
That wit has woven and that genius sings.
The pure alone is beautiful: restrain
Your eyes from all that might the memory stain.

On the following page we find this childlike prayer, breathed from a heart that can never grow old, because to be as His little ones is the command of the Master.

Mother, now I'll say my beads,
For my soul some comfort needs;
And what better can there be
Than to raise my thoughts to thee,
Sweet Mother.

The simple trust, expressed in these lines, is voiced at greater length in this invocation of "Our Lady of the Wayside."

Our Lady of the Wayside
Is Queen of earth and heaven,
And yet to us in mercy
As mother she is given.
Smile on us, sweetest Mother!
And, lest our feet should stray,
O Lady of the Wayside!
Watch o'er us on our way.

This is your holy picture,
To Saint Ignatius dear,
And oft he prayed before it
As we are praying here.
Would that his faith and fervor
Burned in us as we pray;
O Lady of the Wayside!
Watch o'er us on our way.

O Lady of the Wayside!
Our way is rough and long,
Howe'er we may beguile it
With prayer and holy song.
Your loving smile, dear Mother,
Will turn our night to day.
O Lady of the Wayside!
Watch o'er us on our way.

A forceful illustration of condensing thought, without weakening it, is afforded by this poet in the following lines, copied from the fly-leaf of a prayer-book. They form a memory gem that should be preserved:

All sins forgiving
All wants supplying,
All graces shed,—
God bless the living,
God help the dying,
God rest the dead.

An unique feature of Father Russell's writings is that young and old alike may read and understand. Every child will like to read for himself such poems as "The Little Flower Strewers," which shows how thoroughly in accord with the hearts of the young is the heart of this lover of children. The poem was

suggested by seeing the children kiss each handful of the flowers with which they strewed the corridors of the Convent of Mercy, Dublin, during the Forty Hours' procession, June 24, 1879. We quote the closing stanzas:

Not all your path, dear children, can smile,
like this, with flowers:
For lifetime would be fruitless, if all were
sunny hours.
The rain and snow in season must make
the roses grow:
So throw your flowers, dear children, and
kiss them as you throw.

. . . . . .

Ah! soon the rose-leaves wither—we, too,
like flowers must die,
But in the heavenly springtime shall bloom
again on high,
That God unveiled beholding whom 'neath
these veils we know,
And at whose feet, dear children, our flow-
ers, our hearts, we throw.

The parents who read aloud to their children will be refreshed by entering into the thoughts so lovingly presented.

The thought of eternity is ever present, whether Father Russell writes in prose or verse. Among his poems is one entitled "Land! Land!" of which the London correspondent of the *Daily Express* (May 20, 1898) stated, on the authority of a gentleman who had just visited Hawarden, that these lines were among the last that interested Mr. Gladstone on his death-bed:

My dying hour, how near art thou?
Or near or far, my head I bow
Before God's ordinance supreme;
But ah, how priceless then will seem
Each moment rashly squandered now!

Teach me, for thou canst teach me, how
These fleeting instants to endow
With worth that may the past redeem,
My dying hour!

My barque, that late with buoyant prow
The sunny waves did gaily plough,
Now through the sunset's fading gleam
Drifts dimly shoreward in a dream.
I feel the land breeze on my brow,
My dying hour!

And here is a beautiful prayer for Frances Wynne, gone early from the walks of life. "May she rest in peace, the bright, gifted, amiable, innocent soul!"

An author who depicted death as a captor, holding in his possession those whom he snatched from life, calls forth this protest:

"Why should writers of prose speak as if death were the end and not the beginning? . . . Death can own nothing. There is a reaper whose name is Death, but he does not reap for himself; what he reaps is garnered in the bosom of God."

From time to time Father Russell's name appears in the contributors' list of American Catholic magazines. The greater part of his work in this line, during recent years, has been published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, which had the privilege of giving to the public "Poets I Have Known," a series of delightful personal reminiscences. Readers who are anxiously awaiting the continuation of the papers should pray that the author may be given leisure to finish, at an early date, the life of Mother Mary Emmanuel, on which he is now engaged. "I am so absorbed in this work that the poets have halted," he says. And again, "I am at last working in earnest on my Mother Mary Emmanuel. It will be much more minute, and I hope also more interesting than the life of Mother Mary Baptist."

The story of a life spent so generously and gladly in the service of humanity, and crowned by so many visible works, can merely be touched on in an article of this nature; but imperfect as this sketch is, the quotations it embodies give it merit, and it may serve as a vehicle to convey to the editor of *The Irish Monthly* the congratulations of his American readers and friends on his golden jubilee in religion.

THE IRISH CHORAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY MARGUERITE DONEGAN.

The hapless Emmet, in his famous address, looked forward to a time when his country should take her place among the nations of the earth. There are, probably, many ready to assert that cycles must pass before Ireland becomes a nation politically. Whether it does or does not, one thing is certain: not for centuries have those things that make for nationality been so dominant as now. It is not always necessary that a race should have political independence in order to accomplish great things. The ancient kingdom of Poland has for years been divided among three oppressive powers, yet during the last fifty years strong men of her race have practically made the world forget that she is not a nation. Czerny, Chopin, Paderewski, Henryk Sienkiewicz, Jan Styka and many more,—these have literally forced the world to recognize that there is a Poland which those who scan maps may never find.

In like manner, men of Celtic blood are to-day compelling the nations of the earth to see that still there is an Irish nation, although it doesn't possess political autonomy.

The Celt has always distinguished himself in war and politics; now, on both sides of the ocean, he is turning to other ideals, and these are precisely of the kind that makes for that sort of empire which may not be found upon any map, yet exists for all time. In Ireland itself there is an industrial revival and a language revival and an educational revival; but these are not all. There is a literary revival and another that seeks to revive, popularize and develop Irish music. Even in Ireland the poet is coming into his own once more, as proved by the phenomenal success of Ethna Carbery, Alfred Perceval Graves, William Rooney and others, while in music several distinguished names have arisen within recent years. Who does not know the songs of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford? Who is not aware that once Sir Robert Stewart existed? Who has not heard of the work of Dr. Annie Patterson, Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham, Mrs. Milligan Fox? Finally, is not the music of Michael Esposito to-day becoming known?

It is necessary to refer to these things in any consideration of the Irish Choral movement in the United States. The dawn first broke over sea. Ireland showed that she had poets capable of writing words, and musicians capable of writing music. Let this be frankly acknowledged, to her everlasting credit. She had the composers and the song-writers, but she was not able to furnish the vast audience composed of her sons and daughters.

Why? Because her sons and daughters have come across the sea to this land. It is commonly estimated that there are 23,000,000 people of Irish birth or descent in the New World. Scarcely three and a half millions remain at home, and, however patriotic these may be, experience has shown that they have not numbers sufficient to make the composition of music pay. As a result, composers were forced to seek audiences elsewhere,—in London, Liverpool, Birmingham or other English cities. God unquestionably directs all uplifting activities of the world. Any one can now see

that it was vitally necessary that the Irish music revival should be brought to this country.

The Dublin *Feis Ceoil* has accomplished much, but it could not supply the vast audience possible in a country like this, with its 23,000,000 people of Irish blood. Among these 23,000,000 there are tens and thousands who have wealth and social or political distinction, by which they may prove of help in forwarding all worthy Irish causes. There are hundreds of thousands, if not millions, to whom the pathos and the sorrow and the joy of the ballads of Erin are dear and ever will be. Here there was a new field to be developed, a greater Ireland to be roused. The ancient land had the genius and culture; the new land had the numbers and the wealth. The hour was ready for the dawn that awoke in Erin to awaken here.

And it came. One snowy evening in November, 1902, five or six young Irishmen met in the studio of Prof. Thomas Taylor Drill, in Kimball Hall, Chicago. They were lovers of Irish music, and one or two of them, being new arrivals, had recently taken part in the *Feis Ceoil*, or song festival, at Dublin. Professor Drill was enthusiastic with regard to Irish music, and so were they. They had carefully studied the opportunities that existed in the New World, and particularly those that abounded in Chicago. The fact that Chicago contains more people of Irish blood than does the city of Dublin was to them significant. Because Chicago has a number of Irish who are millionaires, and thousands who are wealthy, they were convinced that it was a good place to launch a movement to revive, popularize and develop Irish music. It has an archbishop and two bishops who are of Irish descent, hundreds of Irish priests and about four hundred thousand people with Irish blood in their veins. Among these are mayors, superior-court judges, circuit-court judges, congressmen, eminent lawyers, prominent editors and a host of distinguished politicians, merchants, manufacturers, poets, painters, principals in schools and professors in colleges, virtually Irish. It is no wonder the field was considered an inviting one.

The result of the first gathering was a determination to call a larger meeting the next week. That evening about forty people met in the studio, and much enthusiasm was evident. The week following a hundred people met in the auditorium of Kimball Hall, and the Irish Choral Society of Chicago was organized. Maurice J. Lawlor was elected president; Hon. William Dillon, treasurer; and John J. Nolan, secretary; Thomas Taylor Drill was elected musical director. With the exception of Professor Drill, these first officers were not musicians. They were gentlemen who voluntarily enlisted as associate members. As decided earlier, membership in the Chicago Society was to consist of two kinds: first, the active members, who were to train their voices and sing; second, associate members, who agreed to contribute $5.00 a year for the purpose of fostering and developing Irish music. Through a board of annually elected officers and directors these were to manage the business of the society, arrange for concerts, engage soloists, see that each event was properly advertised, and in every honorable way arouse public interest in the movement. This arrangement proved so successful that it has been continued ever since.

Then began preparation for the first concert. There was much raw material, of course, but forty good voices were finally secured, and with these the initial concert was given a couple of months

later. The Choral Society acquitted itself splendidly, the three or four soloists nobly. The city press praised the work as a whole, and people began to wake up to the fact that a new star was dawning in the musical firmament; voices that had held aloof now came in, and a hundred singers crowded on the stage when, two months later, the second concert took place. Like the first, the second concert was a distinct success artistically. Neither paid financially. It was not expected that it would. Everybody who knows anything about music knows that a field has to be developed. Every society of the kind has to create its own public. The results were encouraging, and this was sufficient. At the close of the first season it was not singularly difficult to get associate members. Neither was it hard to induce the best Irish voices to enter the active membership.

Maurice J. Lawlor was president in 1902-03 and was reëlected to serve during 1903-04. He was born in Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, and is a member of the United Irish League, the Knights of Columbus and other Irish and Catholic societies. As president of the Irish Choral Society, he was earnest and progressive, and his enthusiasm was of great assistance in those first days of development. He was succeeded by P. T. Barry in 1905, and under Mr. Barry the Society went forward with a bound. A member of the Irish Historical Society, ex-president of the Irish Fellowship Club of Chicago, member of the Press Club of Chicago, life member of the Illinois State Historical Society, and a member of the Catholic Club, New York, it can be seen that in many respects his connection with the Irish Choral movement would be a tower of strength to it. Honest, earnest, upright, a thinker and a scholar, no man in Chicago is more respected than he.

Dr. Richard J. Tivnen was elected president for the 1905-06 season. A gentleman of wealth and culture, Dr. Tivnen is also a pianist of fine ability, member of the Irish Fellowship Club, the Knights of Columbus, Knights of Equity and other organizations. He did a great deal, in conjunction with R. W. Wolfe, to put the Irish Choral Society on its feet during his administration. He was born of Irish parents in Mattoon, Ill., and is exceedingly aggressive and enthusiastic in any work he undertakes. Under his direction the Irish Choral Society came greatly into favor, not only with Irish people, but with the music-loving public generally.

Especially worthy of chronicle is the name of Hon. William Dillon, one of the earliest and best friends of the Irish Choral Society. He is a brother of "Honest" John Dillon of Ireland, a great parliamentary leader, and is himself a leader of men and a promoter of every high cause. He was born in Brooklyn, but was educated in Dublin, at the Catholic University, of which Cardinal Newman was the first rector. His legal education was received in London, and he practiced some six or seven years at the Irish bar in Dublin. Owing to ill health, he came to the United States in 1880 and was admitted to the bar in Chicago. In 1893 he became editor of the *New World,* but in the fall of 1902 he resigned to devote himself exclusively to the practice of law. The first treasurer of the Irish Choral Society, later vice-president, and now a director, his interest in the movement has been and still is unwearied. He has never been too busy to give it his best efforts unselfishly, and it is simple truth to state that a great part of its success is due to his labor in its behalf. Mr. Dillon is a Knight of Columbus, a member of the Irish Fellowship Club and of the United Irish League.

In June, 1906, James J. Stokes, intimately connected with the great firm of Marshall Field & Co., was elected president. Mr. Stokes is of Tipperary stock, his people coming from near "Rare Clonmel." When he took charge, the Society was on its way to success, owing to the splendid work of Dr. Tivnen. Under Mr. Stokes it has gone forward in leaps and bounds. Hundreds of new voices and new associate members have been procured, and, as a result, thousands of new friends and supporters have come forward. Now the list of associate members, printed in its artistic pamphlet program, shows the names of nearly two hundred of the wealthiest and most prominent Irishmen in Chicago. The Society dares to attempt great things, yet is supported to such an extent that now it has thousands of dollars in its treasury and is in a position to accomplish things even greater. To Mr. Stokes is due a great part of its recent advance. He is a Knight of Columbus, a Knight of Equity, vice-president of the famous Irish Fellowship Club, and a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Like Homer J. Buckley, the popular secretary, he has the confidence of the best element of Chicagoans.

A sturdy friend of the organization, both as officer among associate members and a singer in the ranks, is D. Ryan Twomey, the present vice-president of the society. Mr. Twomey has an extensive law practice and is a man of large affairs, yet he is never too busy to give his time and attention to the movement he first helped to promote. Without his aid, the Society would lack much of the success it now enjoys.

No history of the Irish Choral Society could afford to omit the name of one man—Thomas Taylor Drill, the musical director of that organization. Professor Drill is most enthusiastically Irish,—musically, racially and politically. If the race has any faults, he is the last man on earth to see them. He is singularly and distinctively Irish, full of unbounded enthusiasm, earnestness and hope. There has never been a moment in which he has not been confident that the Society was certain to attain the highest artistic success. A master of courtesy, boyishly frank and unflinchingly upright, the organization could not fail to succeed under such a man. He was born in Athy, County Kildare, Ireland, and his father before him, William Drill, a pupil of Sir Robert Stewart, was many years organist of St. Michael's Church, Athy, and musical director of the "Athy Choral Society." Thomas Taylor Drill studied vocalization under Ivan Morawski, William Courtney and Jacques Bouhy, the last the famous Paris teacher. In July, 1906, he went to Ireland, at the instance of the Irish Choral Society, to interest Irish musicians in the development and popularization of the music of Erin in the New World. He did not go unheralded. Four consecutive years of success had made the Chicago organization known abroad. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford had already written music for it, and Dr. Douglas Hyde had wished it godspeed. Before sailing, Professor Drill attended the national convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Saratoga, at the invitation of Mr. James E. Dolan, then national president, and succeeded in gaining the encouragement of that great organization.

On his arrival in Ireland he found many hands held out to welcome him. Among composers of Irish songs and music, who pledged assistance to the movement in America, may be mentioned Alfred Perceval Graves, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Henry Grattan Flood, Signor Esposito, Alicia Adelaide Needham, Dr. Annie Patterson,

Mrs. Milligan Fox, T. D. Sullivan, P. W. Joyce, J. M. Judge, T. R. G. Joze, Hamilton Harty, Norman O'Neill, Dr. Charles Wood and Harold White. Graves, Stanford, Joze and Esposito were especially kind, seeing in the New World movement a future which could scarcely be seen at home. Arthur O'Keefe of the London, Eng., Gaelic League was full of kindliness for the new American departure, and Dr. Douglas Hyde wrote a letter especially commending it to the attention and support of the musicians of Ireland. It is worthy of note that the year 1906 also found the national president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians saying, in his official report to the Saratoga Convention: "A movement has been started by our organization in several cities to form Irish choral societies, to give public rendition of the songs of our people and to revive interest in Irish music. This object, apart from the fact that it imparts a musical education in itself to those taking part, is one deserving of our sincere support. We recommend that similar action be taken whenever the opportunity presents itself and sufficient Irish talent can be secured. Other nationalities have organizations of this character; we should not be backward in the movement." When National President Cummings was inaugurated he wrote the president of the Chicago Irish Choral Society that he was in hearty sympathy with such organizations and their purpose.

A glance, in passing, at the work done by the Chicago Society may not be amiss. It has presented many of the standard Irish songs, of course, but it has gone farther. Its first ambitious undertaking was "Phadraig Crohare," the libretto by Sheridan Le Fanu, the score by Sir Villiers Stanford. Then followed "Maelduin," and on May 27 of last year a "Moore evening," devoted exclusively to the songs of that poet. On that occasion Joseph Sheehan, the famous tenor of the Savage Grand Opera Company, was the leading soloist. On a former occasion, Patrick O'Shea of Dublin was a tenor soloist, as later was Frederick Beard. Other soloists gradually developed out of Professor Drill's own studio, prominent among these being Miss Anna McDonald, a young lady who has a marvelously expressive contralto voice and whose singing invariably brings storms of applause. Another soloist is Miss Gwendolin Williams, a mezzo-soprano of much sweetness and power. Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson was a popular soloist during two concerts. Charles Godfrey O'Malley, the son of Charles J. O'Malley, the Catholic editor and poet, and S. M. O'Malley, the gifted Catholic novelist, is a baritone soloist who has come prominently into the foreground during the existence of the Irish Choral Society. He was also librarian of the organization for two years. Another baritone developed is Jeremiah McDonald, who is also believed to have a great future as a vocalist.

The evening of Feb. 3 the present year was an important one in the annals of the Chicago Irish Choral Society. When Professor Drill returned from Ireland he brought back with him, among other things, "Deirdre," the Irish cantata composed by Michael Esposito of Dublin and produced at the *Feis Ceoil* in that city in 1897. All familiar with Irish literature know the ancient saga of "The Lamentable Fate of the Children of Usna," an heroic tale that has come down to us since the time of Our Saviour, when the tragedy it relates was enacted. At her birth it was foretold by the Druids that Deirdre would bring woe to Ulster. Left an orphan, under the protection of King Conor, she was

placed by him in the keeping of a nurse, far from the sight of man, in order to defeat the prophecy. She grew into womanhood and beauty, and then Naisi, hunting in the forest, found her and loved her, as did King Conor. She fled with the younger lover to Scotland, but Conor sent Fergus to assure the young people of forgiveness and friendship, if Naisi would protect the realm against the assaults of Maebh, Queen of Connacht, the Mab of Shakespeare and Shelley. Notwithstanding the premonitions of Deirdre, all returned to Emain Macha, but Conor proved treacherous, and, after a heroic defense, Naisi and his clan were slain before the hostel of the Red Branch. Deirdre, in order to escape King Conor Macnessa, fell upon the sword of her dead lover and slew herself. Joyce's epic, "Deirdre," had a phenomenal sale in this country twenty-five years ago and is not yet forgotten. The words in Esposito's cantata were written by T. W. Rolleston and, while they carry the tale fairly, are scarcely remarkable as poetry.

The vast auditorium of Orchestra Hall, the home of the great Theodore Thomas Orchestra, was packed with music lovers, anxious to hear the new Irish cantata, on the evening mentioned. For days the press of the city had been speaking of the event and much was expected. The Irish Choral Society, four hundred voices strong, opened with:

"A blind hand sowed the seed of Fate;
The black earth bred it,
The kind rains fed it,
And branch on branch, and leaf on leaf,
It flourished and waxed great—
Glory, the fruit it bore, and love and grief."

Joseph Sheehan, tenor, interpreted the part of Naisi; Mrs. Genevra Johnston Bishop, soprano, the part of Deirdre, and William Carey Lewis, baritone, the part of Fergus. The audience listened with rapt attention to the opening strains of the narrative. Like a golden blade of moonlight pushed through the boughs of some illimitable wood, it came freighted with tenderest emotions in the sweetest tone language. Wagner's "O Star of Eve" was not sweeter than the opening statement:

"Deep in the trackless forest,
With one gray nurse to guard her,
Conor the High-King fostered
Deirdre to be his bride."

All the hopes, dreams, vague longings and high desires of the Celtic soul seemed embodied in strange sweet music. The Dublin musician was being heard in the New World, in the greater Ireland across the sea. As the cantata progressed, there was no mistaking the meaning of the *Leit Motif* with which this tragedy of love and sorrow opens and closes. Its cry of pain, which was first heard in the weird minor opening, and only ceases with the last line, "To light the glory of the Gael," left many listeners, especially the exiles forced by fate and circumstances to wander afar, with moist eyes and a sob in their throats. They could feel intensely with Deirdre the sense of everlasting banishment and loss voiced in the words:

"O Naisi, to our island home,
So far away,
Doth yet thy restless spirit roam—
Thy mem'ry stray?"

And to them her last cry, as the tempest of desolation rushed upon her, "O sword of Naisi, ancient friend," appealed with dramatic intensity. The audience sat spelled into silence. The musician had interpreted the most secret feelings of their souls; he had called up the mighty past and made their dead ancestors speak again. So passed "Deirdre" into history, a financial as well as an artistic success.

On April 28 another Irish cantata, "King Conor," words by T. D. Sullivan,

music by Samuel Adams, will be presented, and President Stokes already has arranged to have the great Theodore Thomas Orchestra to accompany the chorus in its several numbers and in the cantata itself. The mere fact that the famous orchestra will take part on the occasion shows what status the Irish Choral Society of Chicago has attained. The leading music critics in the city unhesitatingly assert that it now ranks second to none. When we reflect that Chicago is the home of the famous Apollo Club, we can grasp what the admission means.

"The movement has done as much, if not more, to elevate and dignify our race here than anything yet undertaken," said Professor Drill recently. Backed by men of millions, it is the purpose of the Chicago promoters to spread the movement into all the large cities of the United States. They see that the Germans are regarded with respect because they have their *Liederkranz,* the Welsh because they have their *Eisteddfods,* the Poles and Bohemians and Italians because they have their great singing societies. The Scotch have their song feasts, and the French their grand opera, and the Irish are resolved that the music of Ireland shall be known and her people take their place as artificers in the art that lives forever.

The Irish Catholic Choral Club of Scranton (Penn.) is another organization that is now doing much for Irish music. Five years ago it began as the Catholic Choral Club, Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban, Bishop of Scranton, being the father of the movement. It was he who issued the first call for a meeting of the society and delivered the opening address. He is at present honorary president of the organization. As the Catholic Choral Club, the society accomplished splendid work. Composed at first of voices selected from the various choirs of the Irish Catholic churches, the organization began with a number of trained voices. Prof. John T. Watkins was the first musical director of the club, holding this position four years. Under his direction the organization gave two concerts annually, the proceeds going to some worthy charity. Under Prof. Watkins, the club presented several masterpieces and rose high in public favor. Some of these were Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Haydn's "Creation," "Mary Magdalene," Verdi's "Requiem," and briefer compositions of high merit. Last year the society gave a feast of Irish music on St. Patrick's night, and this called forth the warmest commendations the audience could bestow.

Professor Watkins resigned last October and was succeeded by Prof. Francis J. Daniel, who is musical director at present. Under Mr. Daniel the organization has become a veritable Irish Catholic Choral Club, heartily in sympathy with the Gaelic League Movement, to advance, popularize and revive Irish music. Professor Daniel is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London, Eng., a pupil of Dr. Clemmons. He has written a considerable quantity of church music and is author of many songs popular in this country and England.

On the evening of March 17 this year the organization presented a program that was certainly phenomenal. It boldly advertised the event as a *Feis Ceoil,* and such it was in reality. Many of the numbers were in Gaelic. A striking feature was the singing in Irish of "The Star Spangled Banner," by Miss Elizabeth Durkin and the Catholic Choral Club. Miss Durkin, who possesses a fine sympathetic voice, sang the solo parts with much power and tenderness. Other Gaelic numbers were "The Snowy-

breasted Pearl" (O'Carolan), sung by Mr. Johnson, who is acknowledged to be one of the greatest lyric tenors in America, and "The Last Rose of Summer," sung by Miss Durkin. Some of the music for this *Feis Ceoil* was written especially for the Irish Catholic Choral Club by an Irish composer in New York. That there were Anglo-Irish songs and a wealth of them need not be stated. The State Armory Auditorium was filled to overflowing, the Irish element being as distinctly dominant in Scranton as in Chicago, population considered. No expense was spared to make the occasion a remarkable one, and such it was considered by every music lover in attendance. Some of the soloists of the evening were musicians of national reputation. Edward O'Mahoney, the famous Irish basso, here won additional laurels, as did Edward Johnson of New York, believed to share with Joseph Sheehan the honor of being the greatest Irish tenor in the country, and Miss Gertrude Robinson, the distinguished harpist of New York. The instrumental music was furnished by Bauer's Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. J. Bauer, and was made up of twenty-one pieces. The beautiful melodies of Ireland were sung by a body of one hundred and fifty of the best trained voices in Wyoming Valley. It was not the first venture of the club into the field of Gaelic song, but it was its greatest. Because it was a phenomenal success, still more marked attention will be paid to Celtic song by the organization. It will be the Irish Choral Catholic Club in reality.

One visiting Scranton temporarily would not think such deep appreciation of Celtic music could exist among the rugged hills. It is a fact, nevertheless, that this very appreciation has put the Irish Catholic Choral Club in a flourishing condition. At present the society has a membership of one hundred and fifty of the best trained voices in Scranton, and its concerts have come to be regarded as the greatest musical events of the city. No other musical organization, moreover, can attract such large audiences. There are several reasons for this, but one of them is the fact that, during its existence, the club has been assisted by some of the greatest artists of the country. Signor Campinari, the famous baritone, Julian Walker, the great basso, and Signora Candida Savarese, the celebrated soprano, have sung for it.

It has also done a great deal to advance and develop local talent. Each concert finds one or two local soloists introduced to the public. Among those who have already come from the ranks of the Choral Club are Mrs. Joseph O'Brien, Mrs. Honor Fitzgibbons, Miss Kate Mangan, Miss Susan Burns, Miss Elizabeth Durkin, Mrs. E. F. Leonard, Misses Gertrude McGee and Sadie Tinkin. Young men who have been equally prominent are Messrs. William Bradbury, Edward Walsh, Francis Donnelly and Edward Connolly. Surely it is doing an excellent work to train and develop the best voices in a large city and make them known to their people.

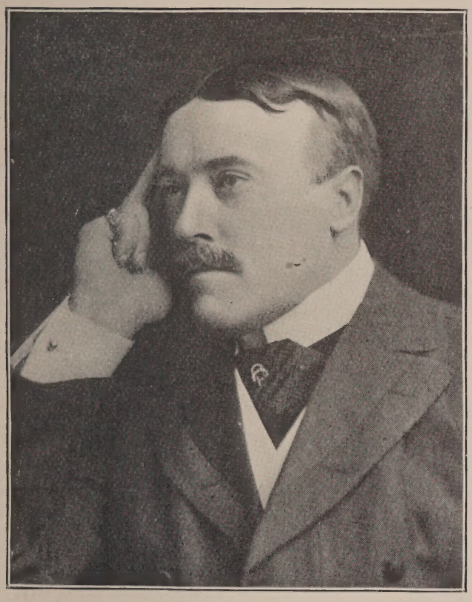
How is the Irish Catholic Choral Society of Scranton conducted? Strange to say, pretty much like the Irish Choral Society of Chicago. It has one hundred and fifty active members, or people who sing, and one hundred and fifty associate members, or people who back the organization financially and see that its concerts are a success. The officers of the associate members are Peter F. Howley, president; M. A. Rafter, vice-president; William A. Vanston, treasurer; Miss B. Judge, corresponding secretary; Miss Laura Rafter, financial secretary; John O'Hara, librarian. The

officers are among the most prominent citizens of Scranton. Mr. Howley is the head of one of the largest plumbing establishments in Scranton; M. A. Rafter is a prominent newspaper man; William J. Vanston, the treasurer, is a well-known business man. The officers of the active members are equally prominent. They are Messrs. Joseph O'Brien, president; Mrs. Edgar Connell, corresponding secretary; Miss Elizabeth Moyles, financial secretary; musical director, Prof. Francis J. Daniel. The moderator of the club is the Rev. P. J. Boland, one of the best known and beloved young priests of the Scranton diocese. He has been in charge during the last two years, is an enthusiast in all things Catholic and Irish, and his efforts to advance the Irish Catholic Choral Club are untiring. No small part of the society's success is due to his unselfish activity. The first moderator was the Rev. D. J. McGouldrick, the second the Rev. J. J. Griffin of Wilkes-Barre, the third Rev. D. Laughran of the Cathedral, who still takes great interest in the work of the society and is proud of its success. That this organization has a great future before it is conceded by all who have attended its concerts. Its musical director is capable and enthusiastic, as his work shows, and in every probability it will not be long before Scranton, like Chicago, will bow before the pathetic strains of "Deirdre" and "King Conor."

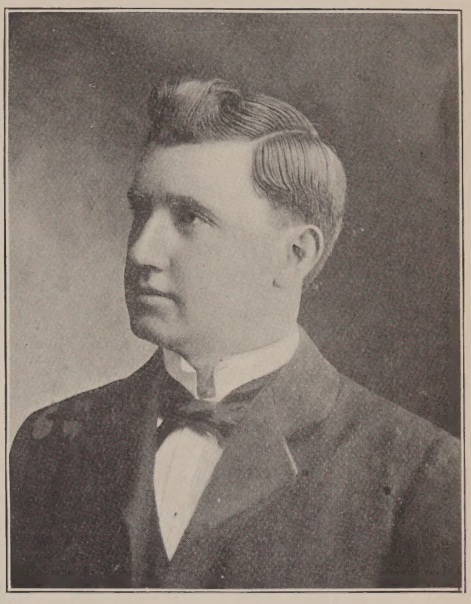
The fact that the Chicago society has to print American editions of these works, in order to supply its members, makes those Irish cantatas accessible the country over. In any event it is encouraging to witness the Celtic advance in Scranton. For years the Welsh, who are numerically strong in that vicinity, have been treating the public to Cambrian melodies. They have repeated on a large scale the picturesque *Eisteddfods* of Wales, and it is time that Catholic Ireland should lift her voice through the means of an Irish Catholic Society. That the bishop of the diocese and the clergy and prominent laymen and officers of the various Irish societies are deeply in favor of the movement, is a strong guarantee of its success.

The Irish Choral Society of Syracuse, N. Y., is along the line of the Irish Choral Society of Chicago. In February, 1906, the *Catholic Sun* of Syracuse, recognizing the fact that there were many Irish in that city, that many of these Irish had trained voices, that a number of these voices sang in the *Liederkranz* music festival chorus and similar organizations, began to agitate the formation of an Irish Singing Society. During the summer months the purpose of the Irish music revival was laid before the public. Division No. 3 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians took up the work of organization, through a committee, and in October there was a meeting of active members attended by about fifty young people who possessed good voices.

This was encouraging. The next week there was another meeting, and at this there was another choral society organized. Francis J. Saunders was elected president of the active members; Miss Margaret Heffernan, secretary; James S. Brennan, treasurer; Patrick M. Finn, financial secretary; Prof. John J. Raleigh, musical director. The name selected for the organization was the Irish Choral Society of Syracuse. It began with the approbation and blessing of the bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Patrick A. Ludden, and with the hearty good wishes of most of the clergy. The daily papers did not fail to chronicle the new movement, and, as a result, a healthy public interest was aroused. Irish music



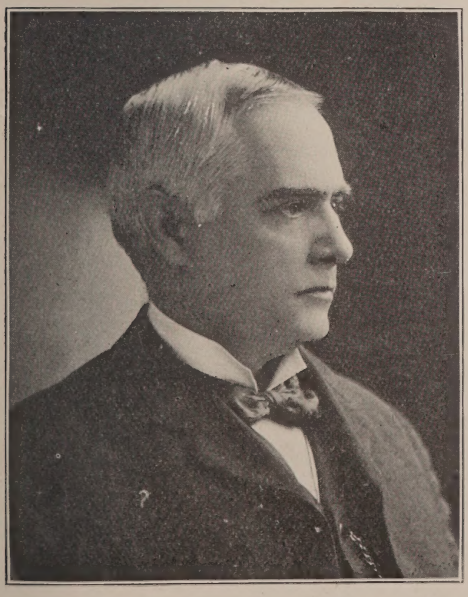
THOMAS TAYLOR DRILL.
Musical Director Irish Choral Society, Chicago.



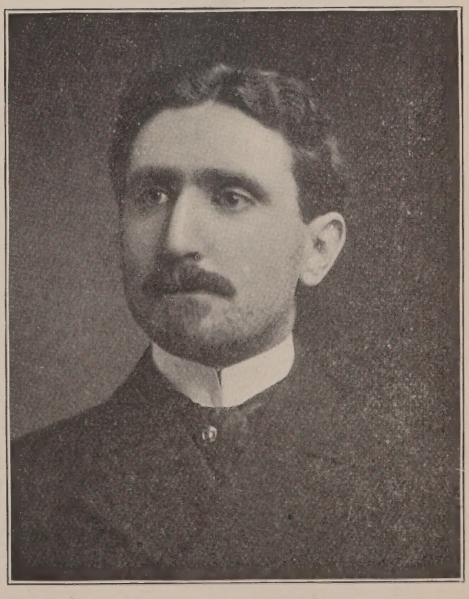
MAURICE J. LAWLOR.
President of Irish Choral Society, Chicago, 1903-04

was next procured, and, under the direction of Professor Raleigh, the work of training for the first concert began.

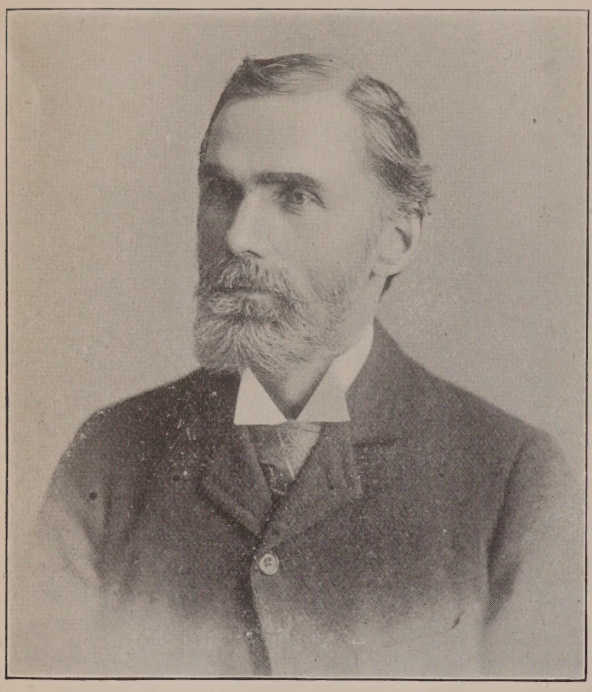
The Syracuse Irish Choral Society has seventy-five voices. A number of these have come from the choirs of the vari-



WILLIAM DILLON.
Treasurer Irish Choral Society, Chicago.



DR. RICHARD J. TIVNEN.
President Irish Choral Society, Chicago, 1905-06.



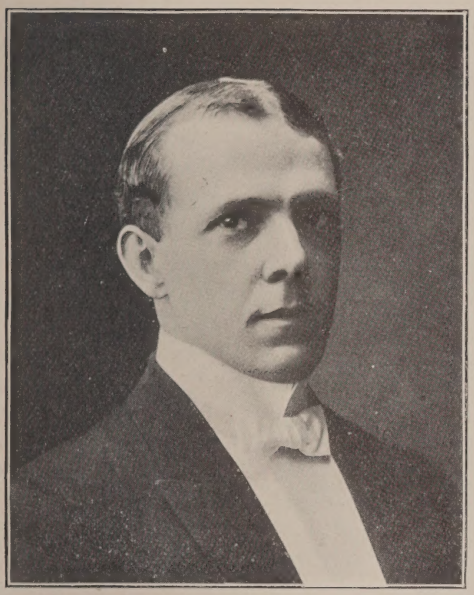
P. T. BARRY.
President Irish Choral Society, Chicago, 1904-05.

ous Catholic churches of the city; others have come from the Liederkranz Society and the Musical Festival Chorus. But a number, while possessing good voices, require patient work to develop their ability. The initial concert, to be given April 21 at the Wieting Opera House, will be witnessed with great interest by the Irish residents of the city. Under Director Raleigh, much enthusiasm is apparent at its rehearsals, and he is looking forward to a creditable production.

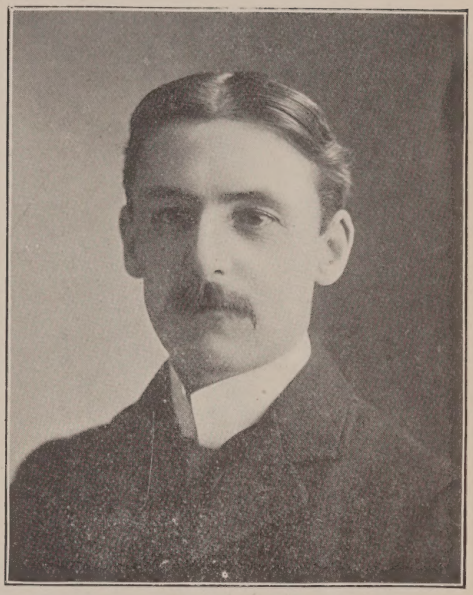
Mr. Raleigh is of Limerick parentage, but was born in New York City. He studied, under the best teachers of New York and Boston, vocal culture, piano, organ and harmony and is a frequent visitor at the Summer School of Music. For several years he was an organist at Utica, N. Y., but for the past sixteen years has been organist and choir director of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Syracuse, and is also supervisor of music in the public schools of that city. That he is greatly interested in the Irish Choral movement is proved by the fact that, although a busy man, he gives his time and talent gratis in the labor of developing the first Irish Choral Society the city has had.

Francis J. Saunders, president of the active members, is a young man gifted with an expressive baritone voice. He graduated in 1905 as civil engineer from the Pennsylvania State College. Mr. Saunders derived his love of music from his mother, who is a pianist of considerable ability. He has much local reputation as a soloist, became early identi-

MISS ANNA V. McDONALD.
Soloist Irish Choral Society, Chicago.



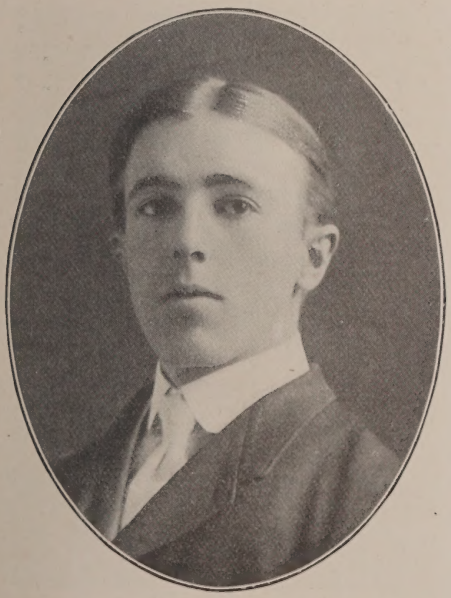
JAMES J. STOKES.
President Irish Choral Society, Chicago.



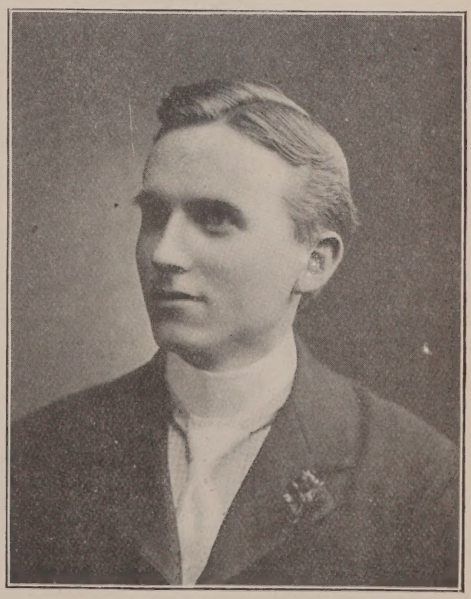
D. RYAN TWOMEY.
Vice-President Irish Choral Society, Chicago.

fied with the Choral Society, and has worked hard for its success.

After two months of rehearsals, the work of securing associate membership began. A meeting was held at the rooms of Syracuse Council, Knights of Colum-



CHARLES GODFREY O'MALLEY.
Librarian Irish Choral Society, Chicago.



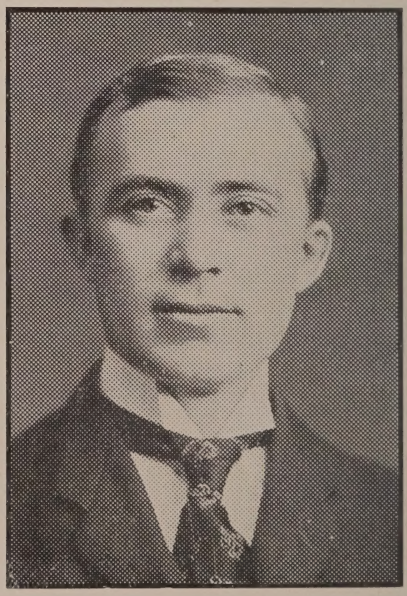
HOMER J. BUCKLEY.
Secretary, Irish Choral Society, Chicago.

JOSEPH SHEEHAN.
Soloist of Irish Choral Society, Chicago.

bus, Monday evening, March 4, and about sixty of the most prominent Irishmen of the city responded. The associate branch was formed that evening. Eugene J. Mack was elected president; Martin M. Heenan, treasurer; Matthew J. McCarthy, secretary. All are leading Irishmen of Syracuse. Mr. Mack is a member of the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Benevolent Association and other organizations, and, until recently, was local president of the Holy Name Society. Mr. Heenan is one of the most prominent merchants of the city, and Mr. McCarthy is a leading citizen.

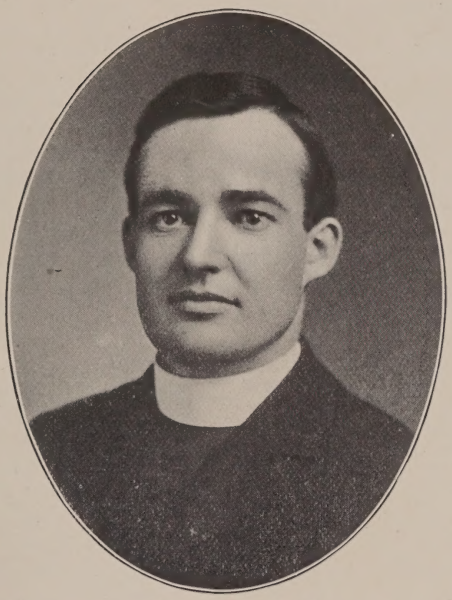
The Irish Choral movement is yet in its infancy in the United States, but it is certain to spread. In the state of New York, John W. Dorsey, state president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, is

P. F. HOWLEY.
President, Irish Catholic Choral Club, Scranton, Pa.



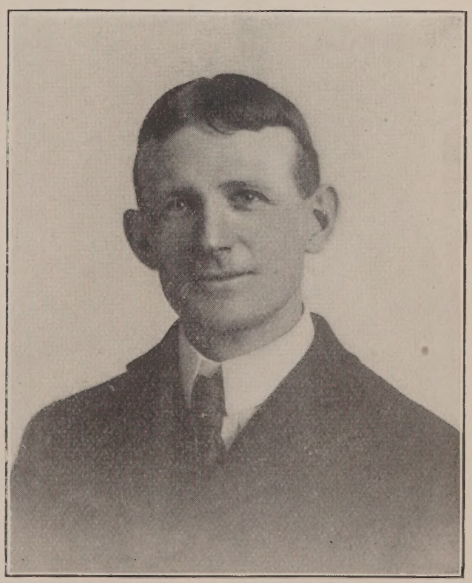
M. A. RAFTER.
Vice-President, Irish Catholic Choral Club, Scranton, Pa.

most enthusiastic in his advocacy of the movement; so is the state president of Illinois, and so are the presidents of other states of the Union. Throughout the country, people of Irish birth or descent are being attracted to the new development. In Brooklyn, N. Y., an Irish Choral Society is being organized; in Canton, Ohio, another is under consideration. St. Louis, Mo., has an Irish Singing Society that may organize as an Irish Choral Union in the near future. Next summer a number of gentlemen prominent in Irish affairs will attempt the formation of an Irish Choral Society in Indianapolis, Ind. Denver, Col., is discussing the organization of such a body, and so is Louisville, Ky. Even to London, Eng., the flame has spread. The secretary of the Gaelic League writes that next autumn will see organized, in the heart of England's metropolis, an Irish Choral Society several hundred voices strong. Very evidently a new Celtic epoch is dawning. The old songs and the new make for Nationalism, and

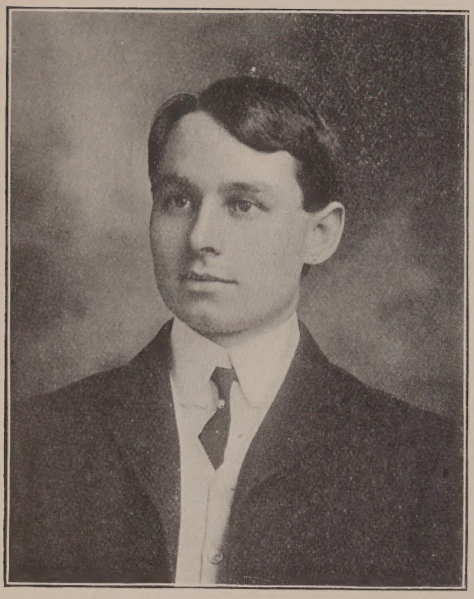


REV. C. J. BOLAND.
Moderator Irish Catholic Choral Club, Scranton, Pa.

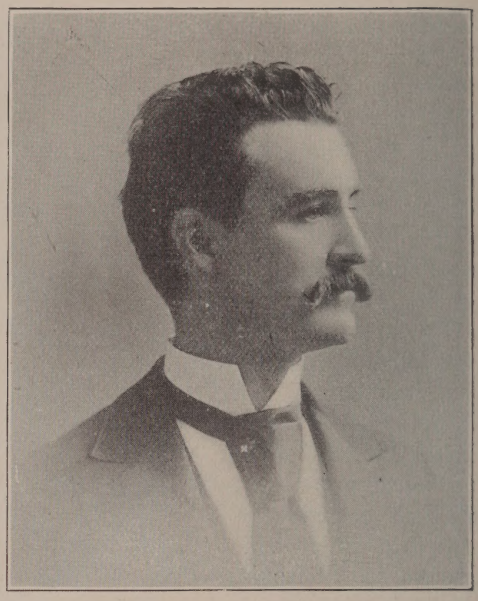
PROFESSOR FRANCIS J. DANIEL.
Musical Director, Irish Catholic Choral Club, Scranton, Pa.



W. J. VANSTON.
Treasurer Irish Catholic Choral Club, Scranton, Pa.

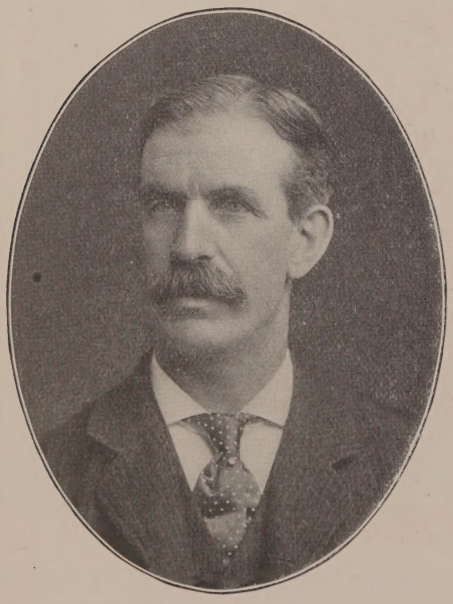


FRANCIS JOSEPH SAUNDERS.
President of Active Members, Irish Choral Society, Syracuse, N. Y.

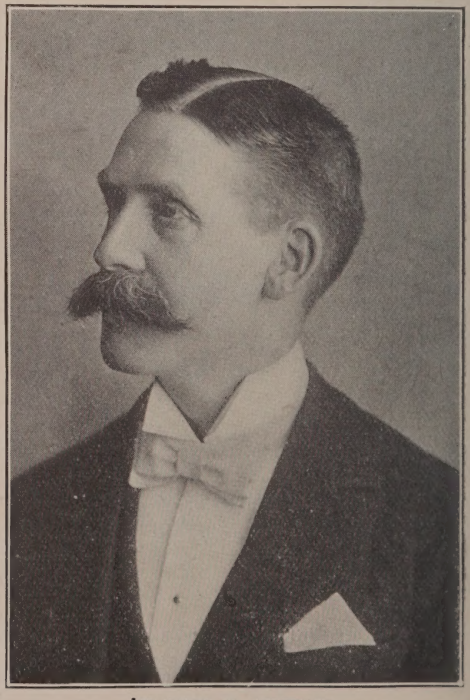


JOHN J. RALEIGH.
Musical Director, Irish Choral Society, Syracuse, N. Y.

they make for something far better. Irish genius at work in the field of music will do for Ireland what Polish genius has done for Poland. It is time for the race to advance to newer ideals, for thus Erin will come into a glorious day.



EUGENE J. MACK.
President Irish Choral Society, Syracuse.



MARTIN M. HEENAN.
Treasurer Irish Choral Society, Syracuse.

IRISH CHORAL SOCIETY OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Organized November, 1906. First concert April 21, 1907.

AT THE BACK O' GALTYMORE.

A Ballad of Tipperary.

BY THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (SLIEVE-NA-MON).

There's a peaceful little village at the back o' Galty Mountain
  Where in blithe an' merry springtime thrush an' linnet sing all day!
Where the wild primroses cluster, an' the blue-bells past all countin',
  An' the hawthorns veiled in blossom for the bridal o' the May!
From the fevered city flyin', from the strife of men together,
  Oft I seek this quiet village when my heart is sad an' sore,
An' the mountains' holy silence, an' the fragrance o' the heather,
  Are my healing balm o' Gilead at the back o' Galtymore!

Such a happy little village with its kindly folk an' witty,
  Tho' they never saw the city, nor the harbor, nor the sea!
An' when at them I do wonder, "Sure," they say, "'tis little pity;
  Isn't Ireland all around us an' God's mountains soarin' free?
We could never love the city where the very skies are darkened,
  Nor the cruel, wicked ocean bringin' trouble o'er an' o'er."
Such the foolish-seeming answer, yet I muttered as I hearkened,
  "They are wiser than their betters, at the back o' Galtymore."

For how oft in bitter failure dies the city's high endeavor,
  As the call of human anguish pierces upward to the skies,
From the crowded marts an' byways, where the grace o' God is never,
  An' the mists o' sin an' sorrow ever linger, never rise!
While the shrinking spirit shudders at the menace o' the ocean,
  With its *Ullagon* of exiles, risin', fallin' evermore,
Ah! how blessed is their portion, who can fly the world's commotion,
  In that cozy little village at the back o' Galtymore.

THE HERMITAGE, UGTHORPE.
The shed before which the figures stand is built on the site of Father Postgate's kitchen.

A MARTYR OF THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

BY DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

II.

The thatched cottage in which he lived was standing within living memory, but some forty years ago it was unhappily pulled down. Fortunately the site is preserved, and its memory still cherished. It stands near the high road that leads across the moor from Guisborough to Whitby. Its site is now occupied by a small farmhouse, hidden in a clump of trees, and known as the Hermitage or Postgate House. The old house was a very humble dwelling, a hermitage in fact as well as in name. It consisted of two rooms only, both on the ground floor, and paved with what are locally called "cobble-stones,"—undressed stones rounded unevenly by wear or by the action of water. (They are generally brought from the beach or from the beds of streams.) It was thatched, and there was no upper room nor any ceiling, the roof being open under the thatch. There was a small porch outside, from which one entered directly into the kitchen or living-room.

There was a little garden in front, and my informant, a good Catholic, seventy-six years of age, who was born at Ugthorpe, said that she had been told by her grandmother that Father Postgate was the first to bring the daffodil to that part of the country. From another

source I learned that for many generations the site of the martyr's garden was fragrant with white lilies, which grew there in profusion.

Of the little house, there is still one wall standing. This, which is now the outer wall of the farmhouse, on the right as you face the entrance, is plastered to a certain height, and this part was, in fact, the inside wall of the martyr's kitchen. The plaster still shows the height and width of the building, though the wall itself has been heightened. There is now an open shed for carts built up against it, and in the pavement of this shed are still remains of the old cobblestones which formed the kitchen floor. Catholics still live in the house and are proud to show what is left of the martyr's home.

When the old house was pulled down, part of the oak beam which went across Father Postgate's bed-place was taken to Egton, and crosses were made of it, which are still preserved by the pious Catholics of the district.

In the *Catholic Magazine* for 1838 there is an interesting paper on "Nicholas Postgate, the Old Catholic Priest," by a writer who signs himself "J. W." and dedicates his work, with great affection, to Father Nicholas Rigby. He, too, bears testimony to that priest's influence in breaking down prejudice against the faith. "I was born in the Church of England," he writes, "and bred in all its prejudices against the Church of Rome; but having lately read several sound expositions of Catholic doctrines, with the loan of which I was favored by you, I

BACK OF THE OLD MASS-HOUSE AT EGTON.

The window under the thatch is a modern one that now lights the loft-oratory.

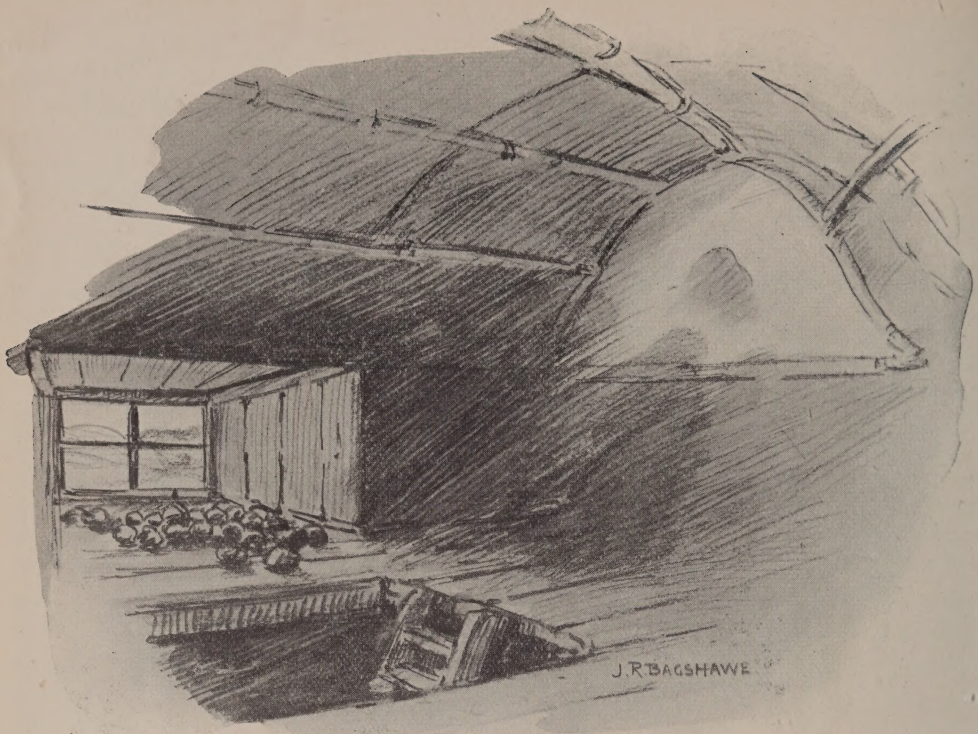
THE OLD MASS-HOUSE, EGTON.
(The front of the house.)

have conceived a respect for the priests of that persuasion, both as men and Christians, and am proportionately disgusted at the misrepresentations that have been imposed on me by Protestant preachers." His account of Father Postgate, he goes on to say, is designed to be an act of reparation for the wrong which he had unwittingly done to the Church by prejudices, "which, however, can only have injured myself."

The most valuable part of his paper is an account of the martyr's hermitage, as it then was. This I will quote at length:

"He lived in a little cell in the midst of a wide moor. I have visited that cell, for it still 'stands where it stood.' It is one of the poorest huts of the poor—a mere cattle-shed in appearance—its little chimney alone denoting it to be a human habitation. There are two or three old ashen trees that bend their blasted forms, and point, with their bare branches, like the witches on the heath, as if to indicate the spot to the bye way traveler. Looking towards the north, the west and the south, a black moor presents its desolate aspect; but on the east, a long tract of cultivated land stretches like a promontory before whose brow a small sea-bay is visible. Vessels, diminished in the distance to the size of birds, seem stationary, as they skim with white wings across. After the eye has wandered like a dove seeking in vain for a green oasis, it rests with pleasure on the fields, the woods, the park of Mulgrave, with its castle crowning the ridge that bounds the horizon. . . .

"I stooped to enter the lowly hut where pride must be put off with the hat. It consists of two small apartments, one emphatically styled 'the house,' in which the domestic duties are done; the other a place for rest—both are on the ground floor, which is paved with uneven stones. The thatched roof is just overhead; the latticed windows are very narrow, and deeply indented in the clumsy walls; there is a hearth for a peat fire. Yet piety dwelt peacefully in this humble abode, and the sunbeam that shed a ray of glory within was a heavenly halo round its head. I was shown the spot where 'once the garden smiled,' but no garden flowers remained; a few daffodils had long survived the rest, but the mistaken reverence of some visitors had led them to trans-



THE MARTYR'S CHAPEL IN THE OLD MASS-HOUSE AT EGTON.

It is only 12 ft. x 10. On the wall may be seen the marks of the tabernacle. The window is a modern insertion.

plant those perennial relics into their own gardens.

"No sounds, no sights, now denoted that a 'reverend hermit' had passed his patriarchal days in this lonely cell, and yet there was a time when he was seen and heard by many children who were blessed by him. Many pious persons, who clung closer to their religion because it was proscribed by the rulers of this world, oft came in secret pilgrimage to this cell, and revered the good Father more because he was content to render himself obnoxious to persecution for their sakes. . . . He had made a vow of poverty, and his path of life, though so lowly and lone, was a glorious path, for it led towards heaven. The alms which he received he gave to these poor penitents who confessed that poverty had led them into sin. He imposed a heavy penance upon the guilty, but made it light by paying the greater portion himself, and he was rewarded by witnessing the compunction of the sinner who felt remorse on seeing the innocent old man a voluntary sufferer for his sake. He encouraged the diffident by confessing to them his own sins. Those disagreeable duties which others shrank from doing he did for them, and sometimes seemed to go with the sinner, that he might insensibly lead him from the error of his ways. His crucifix was a better peacemaker than the constable's staff. The humanity of the man overcame the prejudices against the priest, and he first made strangers friends and then Christians. Bad men he treated as though they were good, and those who injured him as though they had benefited him. This was his method of reclaiming them and it generally succeeded. He regarded the persecutions against his Church as judgments sent for the amendment of her children, and he conducted himself with a more perfect resignation, because he was under the ban of the law. . . . Such was his benevolent zeal, that some say he made above a thousand converts. However that may be, the majority of the people in that district are Catholics to this day."

The Hermitage is about six miles from Whitby; and a beautiful drive of about three miles more, across the moor, brings us to Egton, which is also closely connected with the dear old martyr. It was at Kirkdale House in this parish that he was born. And at Egton stands still the

most interesting little Mass-house, where he used to offer the Holy Sacrifice in an humble loft.

Near this old house is a grass field which was pointed out to me as having an interesting history. It rises high above the road, and its green slopes are visible for many miles round. My guide told me that old men tell how, in the evil days, on Sunday mornings, sheets were laid out to dry, and the Catholics knew where Mass was to be said that day by the number of the sheets. My recollection is that the places named were Egton, Newbiggin in Eskdale side (once a home of the Salvins) and Sleights, all places within about six miles of Father Postgate's hermitage on the moor.

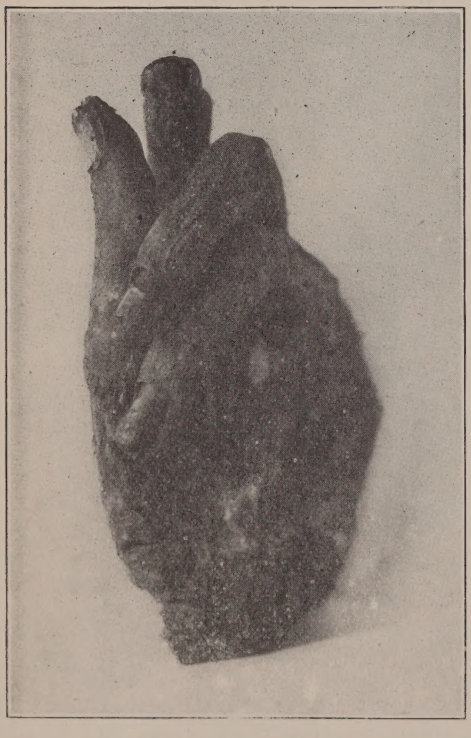
THE TABERNACLE DOOR.

From Father Postgate's Oratory in the old Mass-House at Egton.

Mr. Fallow, in his account of the Ugthorpe chalices, says: "Some linen sheets are preserved at Ugthorpe which used to be spread (as if to air) on the hedges as a signal that he was in a neighboring house and was about to say Mass."

Another interesting tradition was told me. We have seen that the martyr was taken at the house of Matthew Lyth at Redbarns, Ugglebarnby, whither he had gone to baptize a child. (There is still a Catholic Matthew Lyth living in the neighborhood.) With Lyth were imprisoned two other Catholic yeomen, named Redman and Roe.

They remained staunch for some months; but when harvest-time came round, and their presence was sorely needed at home to look after their crops, Roe and Redman yielded, at least externally, and were released. Lyth, however, remained firm. And the old people say that ever since that day, while a Redman or a Roe has occasionally been known to go astray from the faith, the Lyths have always remained faithful. I fear that in these days this is not absolutely true, but there are still many faithful Catholics of the name living in the neighborhood. As the present venerable bishop of the diocese testifies, "The Catholics of Egton really have the faith"; they are no degenerate descendants of the martyr's flock.



FATHER POSTGATE'S RIGHT HAND.
Preserved at St. Cuthbert's, Durham.

The principal interest at Egton centres round the old house, where Father Postgate had his little oratory, in which he seems at times to have reserved the Most Blessed Sacrament.

It is an old thatched cottage, which may date back to the sixteenth century, standing near the modern Anglican schools, on the summit of the hill. Through the kindness of a friend I am able to give an excellent photograph of this old Mass-house.

The house is very low, with small windows in the low stone-walls, and gabled roof of thatch. There is a lean-to porch in front which is comparatively modern. In the photograph the kitchen is on the left, with the mullioned window. The martyr's secret oratory is in the thatched roof to the right of the picture.

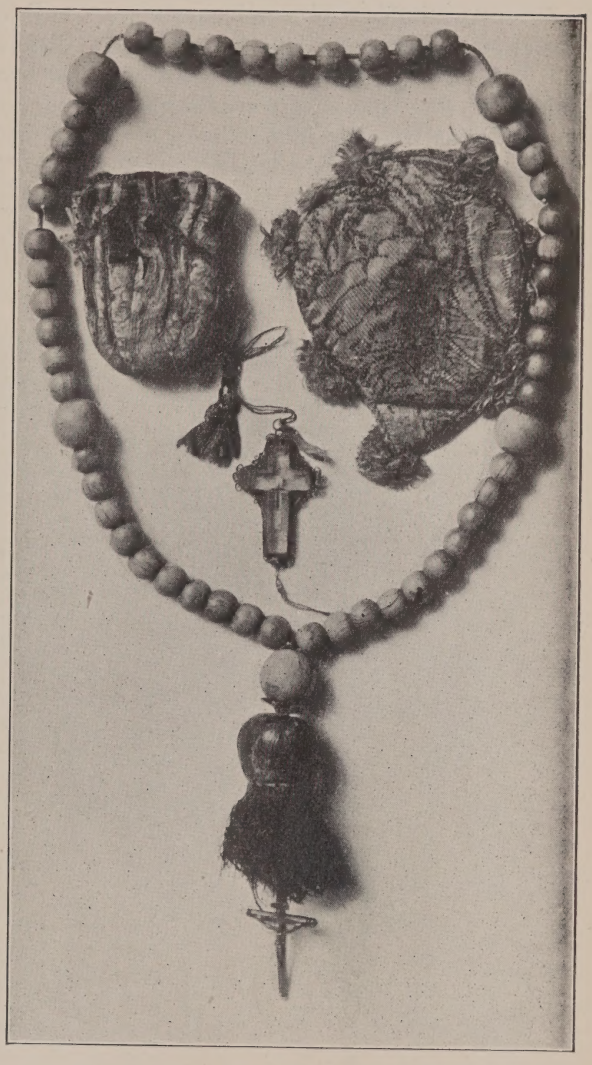
The pilgrim cannot but regard this humble oratory with deep veneration. Here a glorious martyr celebrated the Holy Mysteries year after year, at peril of his life. Here he retired to pray and to gain strength for his arduous labors from the presence of His Divine Master, Who condescended to dwell here in His Adorable Sacrament. From this loft the humble priest carried Him to His faithful persecuted children, to console them in sickness, and to be their Viaticum.

The place is so tiny that there is hardly room for any one but a server to assist at the Sacrifice. At most, four or five could have knelt behind.

Probably the worshipers were content to kneel in the kitchen below, from which they would hear the sound of the sacring-bell (if, indeed, the use of a bell were

compatible with safety) and the voice of the priest, though they would hardly be able to see him.

The loft is very dark. There is, however, one tiny window, at the end of a kind of tunnel through the thatch, on the level of the floor. It may, however, be of later date, and it is quite possible that nothing but the tapers of the altar ever cast a light there in the martyr's time. Thus in the hidden chapel erected by the Franciscan martyr, Father John Wall, about the same date, at Parshall Hall, Worcestershire, there is no sort of window. It was in sanctuaries such as these that the English Church kept vigil in the days of her sorrow. The darkness and stifling air of so confined a space must have recalled vividly to the martyr priests those sanctuaries of the Roman Catacombs in which the Christians of the first ages met to celebrate the same Divine Mysteries and to gain strength from them to endure a persecution not more cruel.

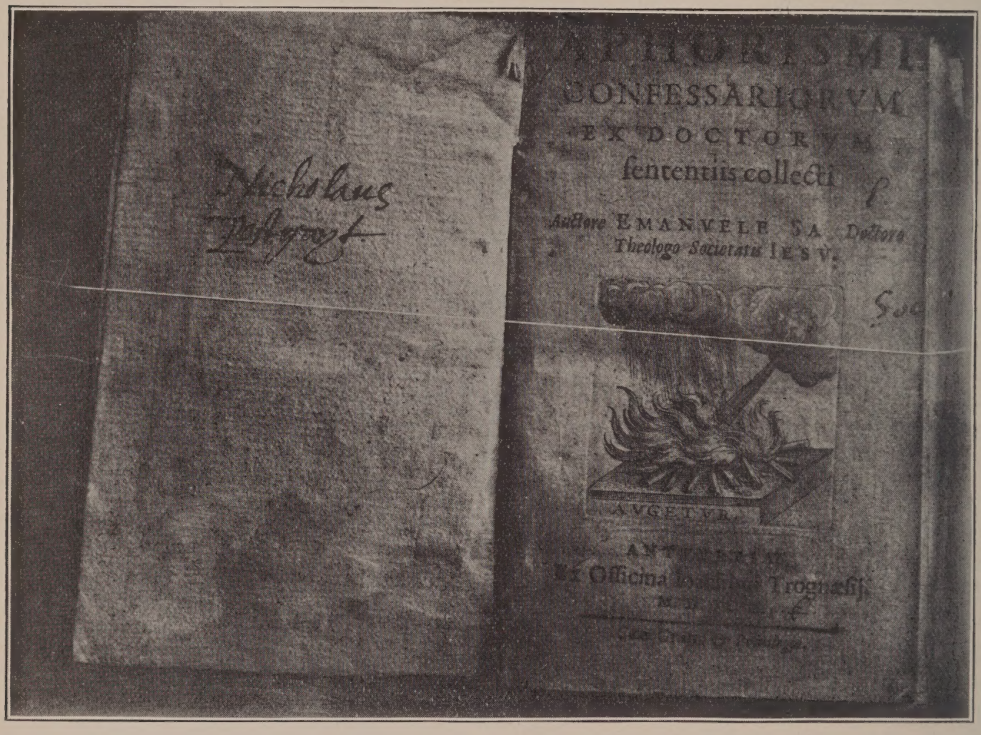


THE MARTYR'S RELICS.

His rosary (preserved at Whitby), his relic of the True Cross, and two pyx-bags (preserved at Egton Bridge).

The very existence of this oratory was long unknown. No doubt, at the time of the martyr's arrest, the entrance to it was carefully closed, and in the lapse of time it became forgotten. It was only discovered by accident in the early years of the nineteenth century, probably in the 30's. The story of the discovery, as related by a member of the family who lived in the house at the time, is a very interesting one. A girl, mounted on a ladder, was employed in cleaning the upper part of the kitchen wall, when she found the plaster give way under her hand, and she broke into the long-hidden doorway to the loft. To her amazement, she found herself looking into an oratory, with the altar prepared for Mass, with the vestments lying spread out upon it, with the missal, crucifix, candlesticks and all that was necessary for the Sacrifice. She hastened to apprise Mr. Harrison, the tenant of the house, who was himself

a devout Catholic. The welcome news was at once conveyed to the Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District, Bishop Penswick, who soon afterwards came to see for himself. He found that everything remained as it had been left by Father Postgate when he last said Mass there. The bishop left the altar-stone, tabernacle, two crucifixes (one with relics in it) and other treasures in the well-known Anglican clergyman, now deceased, who visited the house, garbed in cassock and cloak, as though a Catholic priest, and persuaded Mr. Harrison to let him take this relic away with him. The Catholics of Egton, whose good faith was thus deceived, have been hitherto unable to recover the lost treasure. The framework of the tabernacle, however, remained in place until the death



THE MARTYR'S BOOK AND SIGNATURE.

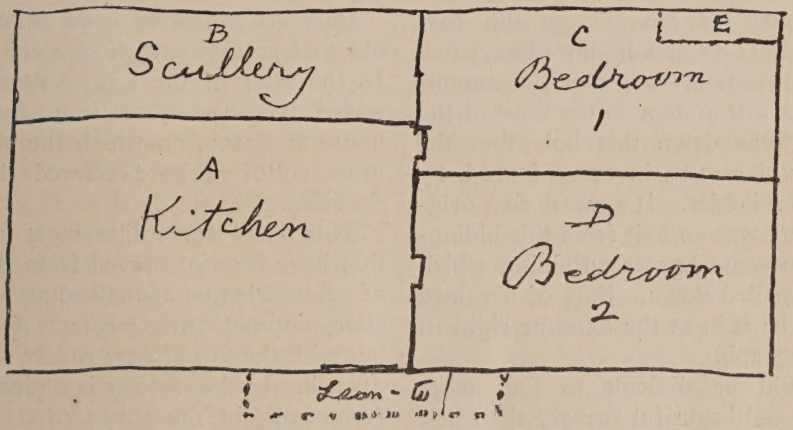
charge of the Harrison family, but other relics he took away with him.

The altar-stone and other furniture of the altar were finally removed to the chapel at Egton Bridge in 1850 by the Rev. Andrew Macartney, then priest-in-charge. The tabernacle framework and door still remained, however, in their original position, under the charge of old Mr. John Harrison. Shortly before his death, the door was carried off by a of Mr. Harrison, at the age of ninety-nine. It was then removed by Canon Callebert, the present Catholic rector of Egton Bridge.

The oak stepladder, which the martyr used to mount to his little oratory, has been removed and cut up for relics. Canon Callebert has a large piece of the wood, and at St. Mary's Convent, York, there are preserved several small crosses made out of it.

Before leaving the Mass-house, a few minutes may be spent profitably in studying the structure, with the aid of the crude plans here given.

The ground floor is something like this:

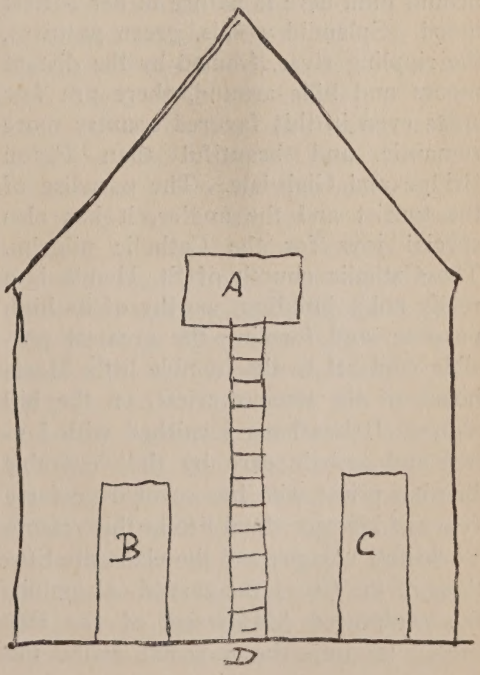


Above the bedrooms is the small, dark loft, in which our martyr celebrated the Divine Mysteries, and in which the Most Holy made His sacramental dwelling. Access to it was gained by a ladder, which was set up in the kitchen, and led direct to the loft through a low door. This will be better understood from a rough elevation of the party wall of the kitchen (inside); *i.e.*, of the wall which divides that room from the two bedrooms and the loft above.

a, ENTRANCE TO LOFT; *b*, DOOR TO BEDROOM 1; *c*, DOOR TO BEDROOM 2; *d*, LADDER TO LOFT.

The loft, it will be observed, does not extend over the kitchen, but only over the two bedrooms. However, since the present occupants took the house, they have, unfortunately, altered the entrance to the loft. They have boarded up the door (*a*) and have removed the ladder to bedroom No. 2, so that you now gain access to the loft through a trap door in the ceiling of this bedroom.

The loft is a very singular place in its way, and it has the most touching interest for the pilgrim. It is very small, only ten feet in length, and not more than five feet six inches in the middle, below what is called in Yorkshire the "rigging-tree," the main beam of the roof. At the end, in the wall opposite the old entrance, is a hole, now boarded up and papered



over, which served as a tabernacle. It had till comparatively lately a door, and over the door a sort of pent-house or ornamental finish in carved oak. The fate of these relics will be noted later.

There is yet another indispensable feature of this hidden sanctuary. In the ground plan of the cottage the part marked off (*e*) was a hiding-place (now thrown into the room), which communicated with a trap door in the floor of the loft. It was down this hole that the priest could escape, in case of need, by means of a ladder. It appears that originally there was an exit from this hiding-place into some houses adjoining which are now pulled down. Part of a ruined wall can be seen at the extreme right of the photograph.

It would be difficult to find more romantic and beautiful scenery than that which meets the pilgrim's eyes as he gazes from the top of Egton Hill down into the valley of the Esk at his feet. In complete contrast to the wild lingy moor behind him, here is nature in her softest mood. Splendid woods, green pastures, the rippling river, framed by the distant moors and hills around, there are few spots even in this favored country more romantic and beautiful than Egton Bridge and Glaisdale. The paradise of the tourist and the angler, it has also special joys for the Catholic pilgrim. The Catholic church of St. Hedda is a really noble building, worthy of its high purpose, and forming the greatest possible contrast to the humble little Mass-house of the martyr priest, on the hill above. It has been furnished with loving and artistic care by the venerable Belgian priest who has spent over forty years of his sacerdotal life in this remote Yorkshire village; and the elaborate Stations of the Cross, the carved-oak pulpit, the sculptured "Mysteries of the Rosary," let into the external walls, the Grotto of Lourdes and Stable of Bethlehem erected in the presbytery garden, speak to him of the art and devotion of his native land, while they teach to Yorkshire Catholics the truths of the one faith more vividly than was possible in the days of Father Postgate.

Here are preserved some relics of the old martyr that are of deepest interest. In the altar of the Lady Chapel is inserted the altar-stone from the Mass-house at Egton, on which the old priest must so often have offered the Holy Sacrifice.

This altar-stone, like most of those that have been preserved from the times of persecution, is a small square piece of slate, without any receptacle for relics, but with the five crosses rudely scratched upon it. In the sacristy is a piece of oak framework in the shape of a triangle, with some carving on the sides. This is the pent-house roof to the door of the tabernacle, which we have already seen in the loft of the Egton Mass-house. The tabernacle itself was a mere hole in the wall, and we have already learned the fate of the door.

In the presbytery Canon Callebert shows you still more relics. There are two pyx-bags which the martyr is said to have used in carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. One is heart-shaped, made of old blue and white brocade, with little flame-like tassels of yellow silk at intervals round the edges, which are bordered with yellow silk braid. This was till lately in the possession of Jane Harrison, a staunch Catholic, at Whitby, who was descended from the woman who "did for" Father Postgate, and was, no doubt, a relative of old Mr. Harrison, who inhabited the Egton Mass-house. She gave it to the present bishop of Middlesbrough, who gave it to the church at Egton Bridge.

The second bag is made of green silk,

lined with red; it is of the usual shape, and is much worn and frayed. It is fastened at the neck with cord and tassels of green silk. This was given to Canon Callebert by an old woman, named Ann Redman, who cherished it during her lifetime as a very great treasure. She belonged to a very old Catholic family, the Hodgsons of Bigginhouse, and lived at Egton Grains.

There is also a crystal cross of delicate workmanship, ornamented with silver filigree, containing a relic of the true Cross. This came from old Mr. Harrison's house at Egton, where the martyr used to say Mass. The crucifix which now hangs on Father Postgate's rosary, preserved at St. Hilda's, Whitby, also came from this house. It belonged to Bishop Briggs, who, on his death-bed, left it to Canon Callebert. He, knowing it to have belonged to the rosary, gave it to the priest at Whitby, who had possession of the beads.

These beads form a complete chaplet of five decades and are made apparently of bone, strung on a piece of cord. They are large beads, and at the end of the chaplet is a large boss or ball of what is apparently leather (unless, indeed, it be some Oriental bean), to which is attached a tassel of red silk. The metal crucifix already mentioned is attached to this tassel.

Another place connected by tradition with our martyr is the quaint old town of Pickering, which was his market-town. Here, it is said, he used to come, disguised as a gardener, to minister to the little flock which had remained faithful throughout the persecution. A garden, adjoining the present Catholic church, is shown in which it is said that he pruned a pear-tree.

While ministering to the Catholics in and around Pickering, Father Postgate is said by tradition to have inhabited a small thatched cottage, built on the site of the gardener's house in the quarry just outside the town, on the Whitby side. The site of this little sanctuary is very romantic and beautiful, though so near the town. It is in full view of the frowning old castle, whose ruined towers overshadow it. Here, then, the aged priest lived in the gardener's cottage, and here, too, his memory remains in benediction.

It is said that the mode of intimating to the people that the priest had arrived, and that Mass would be said in the cottage on the following morning, was just as at Egton,—by spreading sheets on the hedge adjoining the cottage. This practice was not, indeed, confined to Father Postgate; we have met with traces of it in other parts of the country.

The old man seems to have been fond of gardening; the flowers that blossomed round his hermitage give a proof of it, and, as we saw, tradition credits him with the introduction of the daffodil. And what character would be more suitable for the saintly laborer who, in the sweat of his brow, toiled in the vineyard of his Lord, from the earliest to the eleventh hour, bearing the burden and heat of the day? His task was to root up the weeds and briars that heresy had sown so thickly in the garden of the Lord and to cultivate the flowers and fruits of virtue. Thus he was made like to Him who was taken for the gardener as He stood by His empty grave, who Himself tells us with what care and love He digs round and manures the sterile tree, hoping against hope that it will at last bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

The pilgrim cannot refrain from adding that the spirit of the aged martyr priest is still alive at Pickering. The devoted priest, who, in spite of the most abject poverty, has labored there for the last five years, has still an uphill task

before him. When he was sent there, things were at their lowest ebb; there were but two Catholics left in the old town where the mural frescoes and the very stones of the grand old parish church still speak so eloquently of the faith of bygone days; but by dint of suffering and labor equal surely to that of any missionary in a heathen land, borne with silent heroism and offered up as a sacrifice for his people, Father Postgate's successor at Pickering is gradually breaking up the hard and frozen soil and causing it to flourish once more with the flowers of faith and devotion. His vineyard is still but a little one, yet there is promise in Pickering of the second spring, and hope that the wilderness will once more flourish and blossom as the garden of the Lord. He sadly needs help and encouragement in his difficult and laborious task, and may God grant that, for His martyr's sake, that help may be given to him generously.

Already Father Bryan has earned one rich reward. In answer to his prayers and entreaties, an altar-stone, which the dear old martyr used to carry about with him, has been given to his little sanctuary, and is now let into the altar of St. Joseph's Church, at Pickering.

This altar-stone, of the kind already described, has an interesting history. It was given by the martyr to Mrs. Fairfax, wife of Mr. Charles Fairfax of York, who, as Challoner tells us, was a great friend of Father Postgate's, and who visited him in prison. She gave it to her friend, the Rev. John Knaresborough, who is so well known as a chronicler of the lives of many of our martyrs. She also gave him "a piece of cloth dipped in Mr. Posket's blood by Thomas Garlick (present at the execution), a servant of Mr. Tunstall's of Wycliffe." Both Garlick and Tunstall, it may be noted, are martyr names. Mr. Knaresborough left the altar-stone to the Rev. Ambrose Witham of Cadeby, who left it, with the residue of his property, to the Rev. Thomas Daniel, who gave it to the priest of Dodding Green, where it remained till this very year, much venerated as a precious relic. But the incumbent of that mission, with the kind consent of his bishop, has now generously given it (under certain conditions) to Pickering.

We must not close this paper without giving a description of the other precious relics which still remain of the dear old Yorkshire martyr.

Alas! we have not succeeded in discovering where his sacred body lies. Challoner tells us that "his quartered body was given to his friends," and that "the following inscription was put upon a copper plate and thrown into his coffin."

Here lies that reverend and pious divine, Dr. Nicholas Postgate, who was educated in the English College at Douay. And after he had laboured fifty years, (to the admirable benefit and conversion of hundreds of souls), was at last advanced to a glorious crown of martyrdom at the city of York, on the 7th of August, 1679, having been priest 51 years, aged 82.

One of his hands, we are told, "is preserved in Douay College." This is, no doubt, the right hand, which is now preserved at St. Cuthbert's, Old Elvet, Durham. It is the small hand of an old man, the skin desiccated and brown. The little finger is missing. But it is said to be preserved in some other church, the name of which is not known to the present custodians of the hand. Portions of the skin have been pared off down to the bone for relics, especially between the thumb and forefinger. The nails are intact. The fingers are contracted towards the thumb. The hand has been severed from the arm at the wrist. Another touching relic preserved here consists of

two locks of silky white hair tied together crosswise with red silk. There is also the entire lower jawbone of the martyr. The teeth are all missing.

Yet another relic is a vertebra of the backbone. All these relics of Father Postgate were viséd and certified by Bishop Hogarth in 1853.

Our martyr's left hand is in possession of the Benedictines of St. Lawrence's Abbey, Ampleforth, near York. The thumb and forefinger of this hand are missing. The paper that contained it is inscribed in a contemporary hand. "This Paper contains ye Hand of ye Rev. Mr. Postgate Priest who dy'd for his Faith, in suffering Martyrdom at ye City of York Anno Domi 1680 togeather with a cloath that was diped in his Blood. As alsoe certain very valluable & well attested Reliques of Saints. Therefore whoere thou art be very careful of thy conduct herein." (Endorsed, "The Rev. Mr. Postgate's Hand wth several precious Reliques &c.")

It may be conjectured that this relic also came through the Fairfax family.

The present bishop of Middlesbrough cherishes a precious little book which belonged to Father Postgate, and still has his autograph inscribed on the fly leaf. It is a little book of moral theology for the use of priests, *Aphorismi Confessiorum,* by the famous Jesuit theologian, Father Emmanuel Sa. It is a product of an Antwerp press and is dated 1599. Opposite the title-page the name, *Nicholaus Postgayt,* is written in a bold firm hand. His Lordship very kindly lent me the book, so that I was able to photograph the signature.

At St. Mary's Convent, York, is preserved a piece of the rope with which he was hanged, while "the Blod of the Gloreses marter father Poscatt" may be venerated at Downside Abbey, St. Benedict's Priory, Colwich, Stonyhurst College, and elsewhere. At St. Mary's College, Oscott, is preserved a very interesting collection of the martyr's relics. One is a piece of linen stuff, lined with canvas, with a buttonhole in one corner; it is labeled *"Mr. Posket's cape he woore 30 years."* Besides this little cape there are a lock of hair, a piece of his "backbone when quartered," a piece of the rope and a cloth stained with his blood. These relics belonged to Mrs. Juliana Dorington, a pious Catholic lady, who lived at Old Oscott for many years, and died there in 1731.

She seems to have acted as housekeeper to the Rev. Andrew Bromwich, a venerable priest who was condemned to death for his faith, at Stafford, Aug. 13, 1679, during the same persecution which proved fatal to Father Postgate, but who escaped death, and may be considered the real founder of Oscott. No doubt he knew Father Postgate personally, and thus these touching relics have the best of pedigrees.

Finally, an altar crucifix and a candle, which come from the Egton Mass-house, are now in possession of a member of the Harrison family at Scarborough.

I have done my best to gather together notices of all these scattered treasures, and here to put them on record, lest through the lapse of time any be lost sight of or forgotten. It only remains to give the text of Father Postgate's hymn.

O gracious God, O Saviour sweet,
O Jesus think of me;
And suffer me to kiss Thy feet
Though late I come to Thee.

Behold, dear Lord, I come to Thee,
With sorrow and with shame,
For when Thy bitter Wounds I see,
I know I caused the same.

O sweetest Lord, lend me the wings
Of faith and perfect love,
That I may fly from earthly things
And mount to those above.

For there is joy both true and fast,
And no cause to lament,
But here is toil both first and last,
And cause oft to repent.

But now my soul doth hate the things
In which she took delight,
And unto Thee the King of Kings,
Would fly with all her might.

But oh, the weight of flesh and blood
Doth sore my soul detain,
Unless Thy grace doth work, O God!
I rise but fall again.

And thus, dear Lord, I fly about
In weak and weary case,
And like the dove that Noe sent out
I find no resting-place.

My wearied wings, sweet Jesus, mark,
And when Thou thinkest best,
Stretch forth Thy hand out of the ark
And take me to Thy rest!

DAFFODILS.

BY K. F. JACKSON.

It was an April day, a perfect April day, for there is more than one variety. This was of the kind that stirs a subtle joy in the heart of almost every human being, an upspringing, unthinking bliss, which we seem to share with bird and beast and flower, but which has a deeper root in man than mere physical delight.

Is it not a perpetual witness to immortality, a fresh seal yearly set upon the truth that death must end in life, sorrow in joy, that from the frozen stillness of our winter shall burst the bloom and music of eternal spring?

But under the spell of this ecstasy we do not stop to analyze it, and no feeling deeper than a sense of pleasure stirred in the soul of Francis Carter as he paused in front of an old woman and her stand of flowers in the busy street through which he daily passed.

A little voice was ringing in his ears, the last thing he had heard this morning as he turned to blow back a kiss to the tiny figure in white at the library window.

"Bring me daffodils, papa. Lots and lots of them—I never have enough. Buy them all, all, papa, that you meet to-day."

He smiled to himself at the remembrance, and, sweeping his hand over the heaped-up glories of the old woman's stand, he said:

"Put up all of these, Nancy—all your daffodils. How much are they?"

"But what did the gentleman say. How many?" murmured the old flower seller.

Many a day had she sold flowers to this same prosperous-looking gentleman; but all her stock at once! Never was such a thing heard of. For the stall had been replenished within an hour to supply the demands of home-goers that bright afternoon.

"All, all, I said, and quickly."

Muttering to herself, she put up the great bunch of glory as quickly as possible, greedily eyeing the money so carelessly cast down on the stand.

The flowers were hardly in Carter's hands when a shrill voice piped up almost from the ground at his feet.

"Please, Nancy, give me three daffies and some leaves, and here are three pennies, Nancy; and oh! pick them out big and golden, Nancy, please."

"And it's no daffies you'll be gettin' the day, Honor, for Nancy hasn't the stem of one left; and you'll have to wait till to-morrow, for the gentleman's got 'em all. But here's a lovely pink hya-

cinth; seein' it's late, ye can have it for your pennies, or some violets."

Francis Carter looked down into the face of a very little girl, dressed in poverty-stricken garments, in which the most searching eye could detect neither dirt nor untidiness. But the artist could not turn for many minutes from the face, a fountain of joyousness, rippling with smiles, and crowned with a mass of short yellow rings of hair, contrasting with the deep brown eyes.

"Hyacinths won't do, nor violets either, to-day, Nancy. So please, sir, will you give me three of your daffies, and you can have my three cents?"

"But I don't want your three cents, my little maiden, and you shall have six daffies—only tell me why nothing but daffies will do to-day."

"Because my papa wants to paint daffies to-day."

"Your papa—and who is he?"

"My papa is what they call an artist, because he paints pictures; but when people will not buy his pictures, he paints signs."

"Oh! Ah, I see. Yes, I am an artist, too, but—I have never painted a sign."

"Perhaps you do not know how," remarked Honor, calmly.

Here Nancy interrupted. "The child is right, sir; an artist her father is, worse luck to him, for they're a poor lot. But he is a good man and her only friend, and belike she'll not have him long."

"Is he ill then?"

"Aye, aye," in an undertone, "an' it's not better he'll be this side o' Paradise. An' poor; for how's a man to get money to pay for his bread when he spends all his time makin' picters that nobody's fool enough to buy."

With which vigorously expressed sentiment, Nancy turned to some fresh customers, to whom the pink hyacinths seemed more attractive than daffodils.

A sudden impulse seized Carter.

"Would your father like to see me, do you think?—being an artist, too."

"Oh, yes indeed, I am sure he would. He will be pleased. Will you come now?" Honor's hand sought his confidingly

As Carter pushed his way through the crowding people, he felt somewhat uncomfortable. He was unused to doing his charities himself, and though generous and open-handed, the prosperous favorite of fortune, admired and flattered, on the top of the ladder of success, he had little knowledge of the way in which hundreds of men, quite as deserving as himself, lived their lives. This poor wretch,—sign painter, house painter, artist, whatever he might be,—if he needed charity, should have it. Why? For the sake of the little maiden at his side, so unconsciously happy, so unprotected, or perhaps for the sake of that other little maiden he had left in the morning, so sheltered and secure. As we have said, Francis Carter was not in the habit of analyzing the springs of his life and conduct, and perhaps, therefore, he felt a secret sympathy with the child who was talking gaily to him as they walked through a narrow dull side street.

"I suppose you won't mind climbing," she said, doubtfully, as she paused before a high tenement house, not of the lowest, but poor enough.

"I've walked up a good many mountains," he said, smiling. "This is not quite as high. Is it?"

"I have never seen one," said Honor, gravely, "but my papa, for fear I should grow up an ignorant city child, has taught me about the country. So we play many things. We say that we live on the top of Bald Mountain, for he lived near it when he was a little boy. Now we have gone up three flights; we can stop and rest. So far. We play, the

apple trees grow each side here," waving her little hands through the dense air, redolent of "fry" from every supper preparing at that hour in this abode. "They are only in bud now, but oh! how beautiful they will be in two weeks more. Shall we go on? Are you rested? Yes? And above here grows laurel and pines and the little princes' feather and ground-pines in wreaths for the churches and houses at Christmas. When it is very cold, in winter, you know, we say it must be cold or the pines couldn't grow; and so we don't mind so much. But here we are! See what lots of sunshine come into our rooms."

Carter drew back as the child pushed open the door, but her sweet high voice announced him without ceremony.

"Papa, dear, here is a friend, an artist like you, come to see the lovely things you paint."

Carter saw a room full of light from the high windows, bare of all but the simplest necessaries, yet the walls gay with painted flowers; in every corner, wherever a space offered, flowers growing not in stiff branches, but as only their lovers know their tricks of upspringing. For the rest, a few landscapes and an artist's tools about an easel.

The single occupant of this room turned to meet the stranger. A tall thin man, very ill, but with that in his face which made Carter instinctively bow his head, for it told that the spiritual in this man was master of his life, that the limitations of his worldly surroundings could not silence the inspiration which was his birthright, nor mar the peace which he had made his own. With a winning smile he welcomed his guest and covered the momentary awkwardness by his quick remark.

"Mr. Carter, this is indeed a pleasure and an honor. My studio is not all that I can desire, but such as it is, I welcome you to it."

Then, as his new acquaintance looked surprised.

"You do not know me—Edward Martin—but every artist in town knows Mr. Carter, at least by sight."

The two men were soon in earnest conversation, while Honor, who had carefully put her daffodils in water, sat down on the floor with a rather dilapidated doll, which seemed, in spite of its shortcomings, entirely satisfactory to its mother. The talk was mostly about art, for, though Carter's interest and compassion were stirred as never before, he could not find a way to offer help, while quite sure it was needed. He closely examined the work before him, which, in his judgment, showed not only talent, but even a spark of genius, expressed, too, with an individuality and force which, it seemed to him, deserved recognition. Perhaps a man of more worldly wisdom than Martin would have found a way to gain appreciation, but evidently he lacked the quality which we call "push." His art to him was full satisfaction, and his sensitive nature recoiled from a struggle with the world.

So he had dreamed and painted in his garret—sent pictures to exhibitions and had them returned,—while far inferior ones were hung,—and eked out the tiny sum, that yearly came to him from a small investment, by selling studies of flowers cheap,—and painting signs—as Honor had said. His one anxiety in life was for his little girl, his only companion and friend; and for her he planned and plotted that her childhood, bare of outward pleasures, might know imaginary delights. So Honor lived in a perpetual romance, the awakening from which her father was beginning to fear, knowing that in the near future he must leave her.

Carter pondered many things on his way home, and he found himself often the next few days watching his little Margaret, and realizing, as never before, the contrasts of life. His warm heart, always won by the helplessness and attractiveness of little children, had been drawn, through Honor's gentle leading, into a new world, lying close beside that wherein he daily walked. It was to the credit of that same simple kindly heart that he was able to free himself from the prejudices of worldly surroundings, and see Martin as he really was. More and more, as his visits grew frequent and long, did he recognize that what is sometimes called failure is often the most perfect success; that the accidents of wealth and position neither make nor mar the man who is their master—that the soul, moulded and chastened by the discipline of earth, reigns triumphant whether in palace or in hovel only when superior to either.

Is this too romantic, too fanciful a creed for our everyday world, our commonplace existence? So it often seems —yet if we would of choice live more in the ideal, the tremendous realities of life and death would not so crush our puny natures when suddenly they burst upon us. Do we not virtually sell our birthright when we settle down into what we call the real—content that the ideal should be out of sight? This was not the teaching of Him Who said not only "Is not the life more than the meat?" but who opened up glorious possibilities for us when He said—"I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly."

So Carter came again and again to learn many things, as well as to give much in sympathy and companionship. He brought his wife also—a sweet sensible woman, who entirely shared his admiration for Martin, and gathered little Honor up into her warm motherly embrace, winning her confidence at once.

One warm afternoon as Carter climbed the many stairs to the attic studio he felt the closeness and oppression of the crowded quarter. The studio door was standing open that the air might circulate more freely; and Carter paused a moment outside as he heard Honor's high sweet voice saying:

"Is is so very warm, dear papa, and you are so very tired, perhaps a little wander with me will do you good."

"Yes, dear," came in Martin's voice, feebly from the far corner where he sometimes slung a hammock. "Go on."

Honor's voice assumed a sing-song tone as she proceeded.

"Then papa it is so warm that the white door stands wide open, both leaves you know—so I can see the knocker, but not the funny big latch. We will walk down the steps and see the blue sky above us with the little white clouds like those you paint, and to-day we will go down the long walk till we come to the old cedar tree. You are so tired, papa, that we will rest a moment on the seat under the tree, and then we will go on. Are you listening, dear?"

"Yes, Honor, but you did not look at the brook in the meadow below under the walnut trees. How blue it is to-day —and how the willows are yellowing on its banks."

"I forgot papa, and then I am in a hurry to find the flowers. We walk down the hill, and under the bushes, oh, papa, dear, see the golden daffies stand with their sharp green leaves about them."

"Take care, Honor; don't tear your frock on the raspberry and wild rose bushes."

"No, papa, dear—daffies and dear white snowflakes, with the green spots on their gowns. And don't you think the sun is so hot here on the bank where

the north wind cannot be felt—we might find a few violets?"

"I have often done so, Honor, and eye-brights, too."

"Are you more tireder, papa, or can you walk around the foot of the garden?"

"Yes, dear—by the apple trees and the lilac bushes. Oh, for a sight and smell of them once more!"

"It is too early, papa dear, for lilacs now."

"Yes, Honor, but there is no perfume sweeter than that of opening leaves on lilac bushes under a hot April sun, you know."

"Yes, papa, I had forgotten—and then we go on."

"Over the rough earth and springing grass."

"To the gate, papa. Oh! stop a moment, I want to hear the water falling."

"And then into the dell, dear,—not up to the house, by the wild cranberry bushes."

"I know, papa—for if we go through the white gate and creep around the top of the bank, and through the hole in the fence—what a scramble! I love it so! we will find such lots of fawn lilies, with their long, spotted leaves, and ferns; and up that steep bank, papa—" Honor paused.

"Remember the hepaticas at the top, dear."

"Yes, and then we are so hot and thirsty we must go to the spring and get a good long drink of that deliciousest water. Why is it the best, dear papa?"

"Oh! that one would give me water from the well of Bethlehem that is beside the gate," was the only answer.

Honor paused a moment to consider it, and finding it most unsatisfactorily, proceeded.

"You are tired now, dear father, so we will only go home."

"Through the gate under the horse chestnut tree, dear."

"Yes, father, for the little umbrella leaves are beginning to come out there, and now we will sit on the porch and rest."

"Always remember, daughter, that the best part of my old home is mine still, for what it gave me in youth, I keep, and I have made it a part of your inheritance, my child; never forget that every beautiful and fair and good thing may be your own possession forever, if you keep the springs of your heart and life pure and loving."

"I do not think I understand, father, exactly."

"No, dear—but remember—and you will understand some day."

Carter had stood as if spell-bound through this conversation, but now, gathering himself together, he knocked at the open door, and was made welcome. Martin looked much worse, and presently told Honor to take her book into her own room, as he wished to talk with his friend.

Seeing him apparently exhausted, Carter would not let him talk at first, and proceeded to unfold a plan which had come to him that day. He proposed a private exhibition of Martin's pictures, at his own studio, for a few artists and amateurs, thus bringing them into notice, and he felt sure that their own merits would carry them on after such an impulse. Martin eagerly and gratefully accepted, and then with much emotion opened up his heart as he had not yet done to this new friend.

In a few words he told the story of his life. He was born to position and riches, but all he had was swept away at his father's death, during a money crisis, and he and his young wife were

left to struggle unfriended with the world. She broke down under the strain and left him alone with the little girl. All his life since had been lived for her; he had shielded her as a mother might from contact with the misery and sin which surrounded them,—and had endeavored to bring into her childhood as much as possible of the beauty, poetry and romance which had been the atmosphere of his youth. Fortunately, the child's nature was one which responded in a remarkable degree to such training, making her the fresh, joyous, unspoiled creature who had won Carter's heart.

"Last summer," said Martin—"I took her into the country—to a farmhouse; and together we lived in the fields and woods. This I had planned to do again, but I have but one journey before me now, and all my thoughts, day and night, are for her. If, as you think, you can secure a little money on my pictures, put it by for her, my friend—that it may help to educate her in some way to support herself. I desire nothing better for her than that she shall be able honestly to earn her own bread. I have fancied that it might be in art, for I have already taught her something and she responds wonderfully. When I am a little stronger I will go to the Sisters near us—friends of Honor—and ask them to take her when I am gone, and make her a good woman. They will do it. Will you sometimes see her there? I ask this—short as our acquaintance has been,—because I have no near kin, and I trust you. I can trust the Sisters and you."

There was a moment's pause, and then Carter spoke.

"You needn't go to the Sisters, Martin—they have their hands full. My wife says I spoil our Margaret, and she would like to adopt another to take half the spoiling—and we said—why shouldn't it be Honor?—if that time should ever come of which you speak. We have enough for two—and as for kin—I have felt since I knew you,—that somehow you could have been more than a brother to me. Queer, isn't it?"

It was a long speech for Carter to make, and he was surprised at himself. There was silence in the room where the evening shadows were beginning to darken, and Honor stole softly in and stood beside her father. Then he spoke:

"God bless you, Carter. Now my heart will be at rest. I have often thought that kinship goes a long way back and we have more near relations than we reckon up. From the one Father come the springs of all good in our souls. In you and me He lit the same fire which has been joy and inspiration to us both all the days of our lives. Why not, then, brothers—now and always." And they clasped hands together over Honor's head.

Honor thought a long time about it afterwards—and this was the sum of her meditations:

"Brothers—always—but it *was* the daffies, which made us friends."

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

"Air yoh Mistah Kenny's darter?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Sarah, slowly, wondering what news he had to unfold, and rejoicing inwardly that at least she was in her father's neighborhood. "Where is he?"

"To hum," he answered, laconically.

"Isn't he coming for me?" she cried. "Is it far to his house? I cannot walk far in this heat."

"I reckon it's about five mile," he replied. "Yoh fothah was gittin' ready to come ovah to meet de train, but when Mis' Kenny seed me comin' up de road, she said it warn't no use foh him to lose dat much time when I could fotch yoh jus' as well. Course yoh'll have to ride on into town with me, but she didn't reckon yoh'd min' dat."

"Isn't my father coming for me?" asked Sarah, in dismay.

"I reckon not, seein' as I promised to fotch you."

"And must I ride to town with you, and back again?" cried the girl, watching him as he dismounted to lift herself and her little trunk into the wagon.

"Not 'nless yoh want to," he retorted. "I jes' showed my willingness to 'commodate a neighboh."

He looked down at her, with disapproving eyes, which took in the daintiness of her appearance and the fashionable make of her dress.

"But I don't want to," she cried, and then stopped short, amazed at her words. Verily, this burning western climate was having a strange effect on her. "I am so tired," she added. "I have had no breakfast, and the sun is so hot."

As she spoke the coldness left the brown face of the young man, and a wave of tenderness swept over it. What a frail, fair little creature she was, with those impelling violet eyes! Already she was beginning to droop in this desert. How then would she endure the life awaiting her in his neighbor's unhappy house?

"All right, yoh won't," he announced. "I'll take yoh home fus' and go to town arterward," and lifting the little trunk into the wagon he turned to Sarah.

The house stood about half a furlong from the road, in a level, treeless field, which had been planted in rye that spring, as the stubble showed. A wagon road ran through it to the dwelling, a bare, ugly house, painted a flaming red.

"Is that the place?" asked Sarah, faintly, as the young farmer turned in at the gate.

"Yes," he answered, becoming aware, for the first time, of its unprepossessing appearance.

"It must be very hot there," the child said slowly, speaking her first thought. "I wonder my father did not plant some trees. Oh, at home"—

She paused abruptly. Home! This was her home now.

"Folks don't have much time foh dem sort uv things hereabout," he said, by way of excuse. "It's a fight foh yoh craps all de way through, an' den some uv us don't have nothin'. You fothah's be'n havin' a pretty ha'd time, 'most evah since he cum hyah. His craps failed an' den his wife tuk sick, an' she ain't evah what yoh might call well since."

He stopped, looked down at the little girl at his side, and then shifted his

glance uneasily to the flaming house where dwelt the woman whose ill-temper was the common gossip of the countryside. He dimly felt the shadow of the misery in store for his companion, and he would have warned her of it and offered her his sympathy, but for all his youth he was prudent, and he felt he had no right to thrust himself into a family affair. As he remembered Sarah's assertiveness with him, he thought, for all her apparent quietness, she might be able to protect herself against her stepmother.

This she might have done if it had not been for her father. The first glimpse she caught of him as he staggered in from the field at dinner-time (his wife had not sent him word of Sarah's early arrival) seemed to strike self dead in her breast; and she, who was deemed feelingless by her relatives, flew to him and showered upon him the long pent-up emotion of her heart. Dulled by the merciless heat of the long hours in the field, he seemed neither to have seen nor heard her wild approach; but he knew the creature clinging to him was Sarah, his little girl, and he held her to him in an embrace that told the impressionable child all. She knew his regret, his great loneliness for her, and his heroic sacrifice of his love to save her from the sorrow into which she had that day passed; and, knowing this, she grew brave.

Mrs. Kenny had always been jealous of the unseen child of the first wife; but when her eyes fell on her, when she witnessed the meeting, hatred of Sarah possessed her. She tried to conquer the feeling, to suppress the passion ready to burst forth in words that would sear the heart of the girl, as they had seared the father's, but the effort was futile.

One of her children let fall a cup he was carrying to the table, and she struck him a cruel blow. His piercing cry roused Sarah, and she grew conscious presently of sympathy for the weeping child and resentment against the scolding, cruel mother. The moment was to decide her future. She chanced to turn her eyes to where her father sat, crushed, silent, looking at her with dumb pity in his sunken eyes. She longed to fling herself again on his breast, but instead she stooped to pick up the pieces of delft from the carpetless floor, and Mr. Kenny's head sank lower on his breast, knowing that Sarah would yield as he had done, and that the tyrant had been given another victim.

But this yielding on the girl's part Mrs. Kenny soon perceived formed another bond between her husband and his first-born, and in so far as her limited nature was capable, she inflicted new misery on Sarah. As she had not the strength to expend anger on both father and daughter, she gradually ceased her attacks on him and confined herself wholly to Sarah. Knowing by her strange intuition that she had brought him release, Sarah bore the dislike of her stepmother and the cruelty inflicted on her by the children in silence and outward calmness, but within her spirit rebelled.

"I shall die or go mad!" she would repeat to herself, as the long years wore away. Childhood had been left so far behind her that her sixteenth birthday found the marks of time on her beautiful face. Girlhood she had never known; the simple pleasures which the locality afforded were resolutely denied her, for, on joining her husband's church, Mrs. Kenny had become more rigid in her belief that, where young people met, the devil was busiest, and that a party was the gateway to hell.

In those first years Sarah tried to for-

get her misery in the novel which her uncle, wisely or unwisely, had bought for her. It is true not much time was allowed her for recreation, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that, had her stepmother known that the book gave the girl pleasure, it would have been destroyed. Sarah diverted suspicion by neglecting the book when the prying eyes of mother or children were near. It was Mrs. Kenny's custom to go over to her father's home every Sunday to spend the day, taking her children with her. Previous to Sarah's coming, her husband had rarely been asked to accompany her; but now he was forced to go, for Sarah, she said, could watch the house. In his mild way he resented leaving the girl alone, but when his wife coolly informed him that her people did not want to be bothered by a stranger, he said no more.

At first her loneliness oppressed Sarah, and to escape from it she turned to her novel. Many times she read it; but as she grew older and its meaning became plainer to her, the hunger of humanity began to gnaw at her heart.

That one book, beside leading her into an unreal world, was her one link with the love of knowledge which the gentle teacher had kindled in her young mind, and it sent her again to the text-books with which Alice had provided her. Alone and by stealth she mastered the higher mathematics and drove her way through the intricacies of grammar and rhetoric, falling asleep with the poetical quotations found in these volumes, on her lips. But soon every problem in the algebra was plain to her, the rules of language were familiar to her, and then came the craving for other books. And, singularly enough, this craving was gratified.

One Sunday as Sarah sat in the shadow of the red house reading her novel, a tall, slender woman approached. Her face, fair and refined, was framed by soft white hair. Her voice, when she made her inquiry for Mrs. Kenny, was low, with the unmistakable accent of the cultured South. Sarah knew it was Mrs. Tarleton, whose plantation adjoined her father's, although their acquaintance was only casual. Sarah told the caller that her stepmother was not at home and invited her to enter. Mrs. Tarleton accepted the invitation, and as she sat in the crudely furnished room her eyes studied Sarah, whose face and form told her that the stories of Mrs. Kenny's cruelty to the girl were evidently not without foundation. She noticed the book that she unconsciously held under her arm, and on hearing the title expressed such anxiety concerning it that Sarah generously offered to lend it to her. It was gladly accepted, and, after exacting a promise from Sarah to call in the morning to let her know if Mrs. Kenny could spare the eggs,—for which she had come,—Mrs. Tarleton departed, carrying off the well-read novel.

It was with trepidation that the girl approached the gray house where Mrs. Tarleton lived. In her hand she held a small basket containing the needed eggs, which made her welcome greater. That old house among the locust trees always appeared to Sarah the one cool place in this vast burning wilderness. Its wooden walls had never been painted, and, toned into a something gray by sun and wind, they seemed to gather about them all the shadows that might have been tempted to enter that desert land. The interior bore out the impression, and as Sarah stood in the wide, low-ceilinged hall, with its ample hearthstone and ancient furniture, she could have prayed never to leave its shelter. Then her eyes distinguished the tall

black bookcases lining the walls, filled with volumes that seemed a part of the shadows, and an exclamation of wonder rose to her lips. With all those books, why had Mrs. Tarleton been so glad to get her old novel.

After Mrs. Tarleton had expressed her gratitude for Mrs. Kenny's neighborly act, she spoke of the book. She was reading it with great interest. It was so rarely she got a new book since her son had married. Previous to that he sent her books and magazines regularly from New York, but she supposed his wife claimed all his attention now.

"But you have so many books, Mrs. Tarleton!" exclaimed Sarah, her hungry eyes sweeping the shelves.

"Oh, those belonged to Mr. Tarleton. He was a lawyer before he came to Arkansas, and our literary tastes did not agree. He liked poetry and philosophy and history, while I—well," and she laughed quietly, "I liked romances. Have you any more novels, Miss Sarah?"

"That is the only book I possess, except my old school books." Sarah explained how it happened that she owned even one, but the woman thought the laugh that went with the words sounded too bitter for one so young.

"Would you care to read Mr. Tarleton's books?" asked Mrs. Tarleton; and if it were a sacrifice to give the treasured old volumes into the hand of a stranger, she was richly rewarded by the light that broke through the gloom of Sarah's eyes.

"Oh, if I might!"

"Indeed you may!" said Mrs. Tarleton, with her soothing little laugh. "You can carry some home with you to-day. Now I will leave you to make your selection while I set the eggs."

After performing this task, Mrs. Tarleton went to the garden to gather some early tomatoes to send back to Mrs. Kenny. A garden, as every one knows, is a place to lure the mind into forgetfulness, and fully an hour elapsed before Mrs. Tarleton remembered her guest. Filled with regret, she caught up the basket and hurried to the house. Its familiar stillness convinced her that Sarah had gone home, but on entering the hall she was relieved to see her standing by one of the bookcases, a book in her hand, in whose contents she was so deeply absorbed that it was not until Mrs. Tarleton had repeated her regret for her delay that the blue eyes were withdrawn from its pages.

"I suppose I must be going," said Sarah, regretfully, her eyes traveling slowly around the room. "Mrs. Kenny will wonder what has become of me."

"Have you chosen your books?"

"Yes," Sarah answered, with the ghost of a smile, "but it was hard."

The two books lay on the chair. Mrs. Tarleton, looking at them, recognized her husband's well-worn Shakespeare and the equally familiar Gibbon's Rome. The latter she thought rather heavy reading for a young girl, but she made no comment; and with a happier heart than she had known since she had heard her summons to Arkansas, Sarah turned back to her father's house. The reading was done under difficulties greater than she and Nettie had encountered in earlier times, and, when finally discovered by Mrs. Kenny, a scene ensued. For once, however, Sarah did not yield, and, to insure herself from farther trouble on the subject, she appealed to her father. Crushed by the injustice he daily beheld meted out to the young girl, on whom now rested the heavy burden of the entire household, he joined her in her revolt, and told his wife that if she attempted to interfere again in Sarah's affairs, he would send her back to her

uncle, where she would be treated as befitted her mother's child. The worm had turned, and Mrs. Kenny had sense enough to perceive that she could go no further, for the letters that had been coming from Kentucky of late were filled with yearning for the return of Sarah. Alice's health was failing, they wrote, and she spoke so often of her little cousin. There was so much they could now do for Sarah if she were with them, for they had prospered in the years since she had left them. They spoke of the progress the town was making, of the fine school that had been built, the carriage and fine horses they had bought, the improvements they had made in the house, and the servants they were now able to hire. They loved Sarah as one of their own daughters and devoutly they wished she were now with them to enjoy these pleasures and comforts. While all these inducements could not tempt Sarah to abandon her father, Mrs. Kenny did not know this, and Sarah was too good a slave to lose; so she contented herself with telling the father that, if he were willing to let his daughter endanger her faith and lose her soul by reading that Protestant woman's books, she would concern herself no farther. She had done her duty. Sarah suddenly realized why Nettie should have loathed the world; she felt the same detestation of it in her own breast.

"That is Sarah's affair," said Mr. Kenny, shortly; but his mind was disturbed. The simple faith of the Irish flourished richly in his honest heart, a faith as far removed from the tyrannical belief of his wife as gold is from iron; and while he would never have thrust his religious opinions upon another, neither would he have beheld, without attempting to prevent it, the loss of those views to one holding them.

"I can trust you, Sarah?" he said, earnestly, when he had talked to her of his fear that harm might come from reading.

"Yes," she said, even more earnestly. "You may trust me."

He mused on the answer, his eyes on the burning land stretching off to the treeless horizon; and the truth was borne in on him that this was not the place for his daughter.

"Sarah," he asked, suddenly, "will you go back to your uncle?"

"No," she answered, instantly. "I shall never leave you again."

"But I must leave you, Sarah," he said; and his voice faltered over the words.

"Don't say that, father!" she cried. "It won't be soon, and not here, not here! We'll go back to Kentucky. In Kentucky it won't be so hard to let you go—for you to go!"

She had spoken her dearest hope, the hope that had sustained her under the burden of these years. Some day they would go back to Kentucky, to the shadowy blue grass country, to the land where, on the warmest day, the sun plays hide-and-seek among the fleecy clouds, where the careful streams gather pools of water in the dryest summer, and where the great arms of the paternal trees offer refreshing slumber. And the light that momentarily gleamed in his eyes told her that the hope was his own.

They had been led far from the subject of the books, and he never returned to it. And thus Sarah secured her intellectual liberty. The veriest slave that ever clanked a chain through the long hours when the household duties and those of the farm claimed her, she became free once she stepped across the boundary line of the world of books.

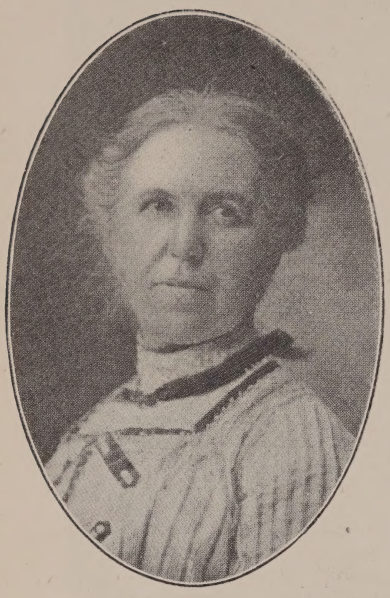
(To be continued.)

RT. REV. THOMAS MAGENNIS, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

In the second week of March, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Magennis, permanent Rector of St. Thomas Church, Jamaica Plain, celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday, and the fortieth anniversary of his ordination. The birthday, (March 7th), was marked by a testimonial in Curtis Hall. The program included the address by Mr. Patrick M. Keating; speeches by the reverend clergy and early members of the parish; and the presentation of a check. The Holy Father, through the Most Rev. William O'Connell, D.D., sent his blessing, and congratulations were received from His Grace, Archbishop Williams, Archbishop O'Connell, Rt. Rev. Wm. Byrne, D.D., and from the Governor and Mayor.

On the following morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Thomas Church; later in the day the parochial school chil-



MISS KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

dren entertained their beloved pastor, and in the evening the school alumni tendered him a reception in St. Thomas Hall.

At the Solemn High Mass on Sunday, which brought the celebration to a close, Dr. Shanahan was the preacher, and spoke eloquently of Mgr. Magennis' services in the cause of Christian education. He said in part:

"He saw that the regular channels for handing on the Christian standards and ideals were failing to do their work. The press, the novel, the school-book, were either setting them aside altogether, or indulging in flings at truths traditionally dear to Catholics. The state was neutral on the plea of minding its own business. The home and the family were, as a rule, no longer able to grapple with a problem which had grown too big for them to handle; and the moment all these agencies ceased to be vitally interested, the problem of meeting the popular need of Christian education was thrown back upon the Church.

"There was no way out of the difficulty but by the parish school. . . .

"This insight into the necessity of Christian education marked the beginning of a new era in the young priest's life; and if there is one thing more than another to which he can look back with pardonable pride, it is to the fact that he anticipated the councils of the Church and became a champion of Catholic education in days when the idea was not popular and the Church herself had not as yet thrown the weight of her judgment into the balance by official action at Baltimore.

"He thus helped to lead and shape public opinion in the parish school movement, appearing on one occasion in the halls of the State Legislature itself in defence of parental rights. He had the courage of his convictions and acted upon them, trusting to his people for the financial support needed to promote the spiritual welfare of their children. Nor was his confidence in his people misplaced."

"May the Lord bless the noble women of the Catholic Church," said His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, on a notable occasion, some months ago, "their constant work for good is evident at all times and in every place. . . . They are apostles in the broadest sense—through their prayers, good example, and sacrificing works. The work of the Church succeeds by being watered by their tears and fostered by their thought and prayer."

This tribute, from such high authority, comes to mind as one learns that Notre Dame has again conferred the Laetare Medal on a woman, Miss Katherine E. Conway, editor of *The Pilot*. And never was this honor more worthily bestowed. By deed and voice and pen, Miss Conway has assiduously furthered the interests of religion, education and citizenship.

Her books are among the household friends to whom one turns for advice, comfort or cheery companionship, as the need may be; and the announcement that another volume, "In the Footsteps of the Good Shepherd," will soon be added to the series, is noted with interest by this author's many readers.

In the city where she has achieved her most notable literary work, there is naturally deep gratification that Miss Conway's merit has been recognized by Notre Dame. But not in Boston alone is the selection made by the University warmly approved. "It is a question," states the University announcement, "whether the Laetare Medal was ever conferred on any one whose nomination was more universally acclaimed than Miss Conway's."

She is a loving student of sacred art, and early in her Boston life collaborated with Clara Erskine Clement in a popular art-book, "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints." Her books include two novels, "Lalor's Maples," and "The Way of the World and Other Ways"; five volumes of the Family Sitting Room Series, "A Lady and Her Letters," "Making Friends and Keeping Them," "Questions of Honor in the Christian Life," "Bettering Ourselves," and "The Christian Gentlewoman"; "New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways," a book of

foreign-travel sketches; "A Dream of Lilies," poems; "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly, with Literary Estimate," and "In the Footsteps of the Good Shepherd" (in press).

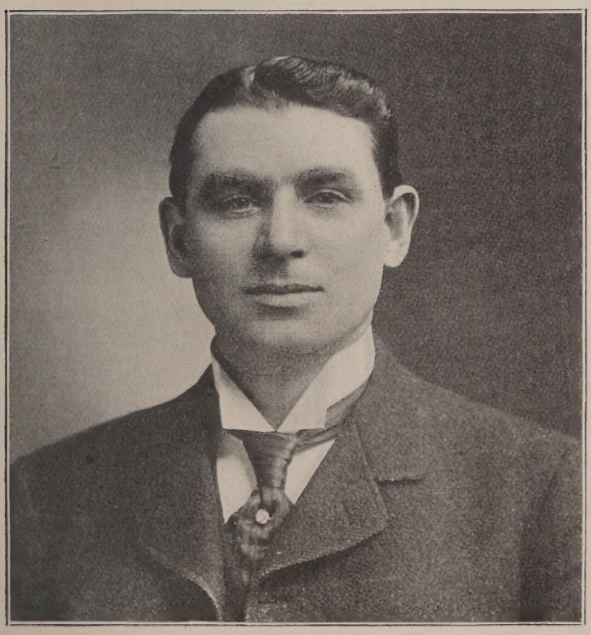
She has been president of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, one of the three great Reading Circles of the country, since its inception, is an honorary member of the Catholic Union of Boston, a member of the Boston Authors' Club, of the New England Women's Press Association, etc., and a vice-president of the Children of Mary of the Sacred Heart.

The latest addition to the list of Laetare medallists increases its lustre. The woman-editor on whom the honor has been conferred already possesses that greater guerdon—the love and respect and confidence of all who come within the reach of her beneficent influence.

HERMAN RIDDER.

The new president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, Herman Ridder, is one of the foremost figures in German-American journalism. The New York *Staats-Zeitung*, of which he has been treasurer and manager since 1890, wields a national influence, and is one of the most widely read of all the American newspapers published in the German language. Mr. Ridder is of German parentage, but is himself a native New Yorker. He began his business career as an errand boy at the age of eleven years, entered the employ of an insurance company in his thirteenth year, and at twenty became an insurance agent. He engaged in newspaper work seven years later, establishing the *Katholisches Volksblatt*, a German Catholic weekly, and in 1885 founded the *Catholic News*.

Much of Mr. Ridder's time is devoted to charitable work. His recent election places him at the head of the most powerful publishers' association in the world, and in a position to add greatly to his already extensive influence. He is the first New York City newspaper man who has ever been chosen to direct the affairs of the association.



THOMAS F. LITTLE.

Among the progressive young men who take an active part in the upbuilding of the civic interests of Chicago, Mr. Thomas F. Little has earned for himself an enviable position. He has been prominent in Democratic politics for many years, was elected alderman, and is now a candidate for the office of city clerk. Born in Chicago, he has lived in that city all his life—forty-two years—and is closely identified with the various movements and organizations that make for true advancement.

Mr. Little is a Knight of Columbus, Illinois Council; a member of the Royal League; has served as a leading officer in several industrial and mercantile institutions; and is the proprietor of a business established in 1886. He is married and is the father of four children.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

BY ELEANOR BYRNE.

Happy little children,
Cried with laugh and shout,
"Spring is coming, coming,
Pussy Willow's out."

Kate L. Brown.

Pussy Willow, in her demure garb of silver and brown, is an accepted sign of the "borning time" of the year, when timorous young things essay their first feeble excursions into the unknown territory of life.

"When song of linnet and thrush is heard
And love stirs in the heart of a bird."

Out in the country blade and leaf and bloom put forth; and the delicate scent of unfolding buds is wafted even to the streets of far-off cities, where it quickens memories of another and a purer environment.

Want to git out all alone an' set a dreamin' dreams,
Want to smell the pine trees an' to hear th' mountain streams;
Want to git on top th' range an' waller in th' snow,
Then look down an' see the world a mile er two below;
There is somethin' magic in a breath o' mountain air,
Makes a feller feel somehow that God Himself is there.
Long about this time o' year, w'y, don't you understand?
Want to go to Nature an' grab her by the hand.

Denver News.

The dusk is no longer gray, for in the west rose and amber, blending softly as the sun goes down, fade gently into night. And morning comes apace, exultant, glowing, dispelling fear, instilling hope, through many a medium joyously inculcating the lesson of the season:

The message Easter bells
Tell listening ears:
"Life cometh after death,
Forget your foolish fears!"

The note of the robin is heard again, and the poet interprets for us the

myriad messages of Mother Nature. No one has ever yet asked for a standing vote of thanks for the spring poet, though we owe him much, for who else could find music even in the call of the frog from the meadow? Such a call roused Charles G. D. Roberts to write these lines for the *Outlook:*

O good earth, warm with youth,
My childhood heart renew;
Make me elate, sincere,
Simple, and glad, as you!

O springtime things of green,
O winging things of bloom,
O winging things of air,
Your lordship now resume.

Maurice Francis Egan has a pretty

The smell of burning weeds
Upon the twilight air;
The poignant call of frogs
From meadows wet and bare.

. . . . . .

O waters, running free
With full, exultant song,
Give me, for outworn dream,
Life that is clean and strong.

conceit about "Lady April" being wooed by all the world:

Arbutus came out the moist earth peeping,
And then a violet and a Bethlehem star;
And when a daisy smiled which had been sleeping
Down in the pines, where sheltered corners are,
The fields were hidden in a soft green cover

And our whole world was Lady April's lover.

It is not every one who can give such harmonious form to his observations. Here, for instance, is an equally strong craving for the gladsome outdoor life,

but the language lacks the finish of the school:

WHICH ONE.

Maw's callin' from the milk-house,
Callin' stern:
"Jim, yer lazy good fer nothin',
Come an' churn."

Paw's callin' from the corn-patch,
Callin' loud,
"James, yer hulkin' stupid, loafer,
Time yer plowed."

Nature's callin' from the trout-brook,
Callin' whish:
"Son, yer poor, tired lazy feller,
Come an' fish."

Stranger, if we just swapped places,
Put it clear,
Which of all the three a-callin'
Would you hear?

N. Y. Sun.

CARIBOU SWIMMING ACROSS A LAKE.

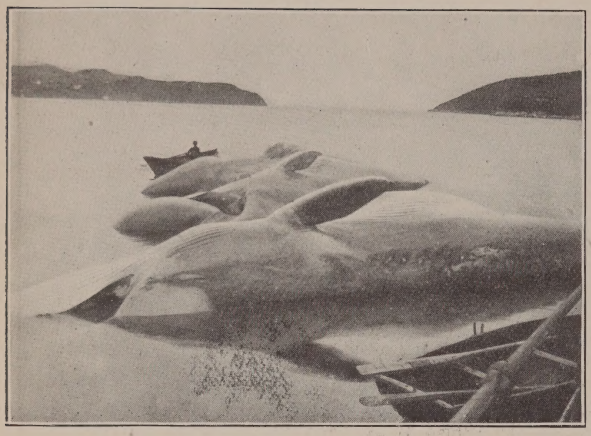
LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. EDWARD F. CURRAN.

II.

The population of Newfoundland is chiefly made up of the descendants of Irish and English settlers, the former being Catholics, the latter Protestants. Any customs or manners, then, that may exist in the country can be traced back to the forefathers of either race. But there is practically no difference of customs or mode of living with either section today; all have had to take necessity as master and observe a mode of life fitting the country. And as nearly all living outside St. John's are in one way or other connected with the fisheries, the same routine is followed year after year. In St. John's, with its population of about 30,000, life is like that of any city of similar size.

Towards the end of May in the Outports,—a name given to all places outside St. John's,—when the "praties are sot," you will be awakened some fine morning by a peculiar *tap, tap, tap,* coming from the seashore. This is the first sign of preparation for the fishery; the men are overhauling their boats and caulking up any joints that may have opened during the winter exposure on land. Then for days there is nothing but this tapping from scores of caulkers' hammers, and the air becomes redolent with the mingled fumes of tar and wood smoke from the fires lighting near each boat. Paint is scarcely ever put on boats here; nothing but a good, decent coating of tar, with perhaps a colored streak



WHALES CAUGHT OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.

around the side, of either yellow or red ochre, mixed in cod oil. The old salts "don't hold with paint"; it's not equal to the real stuff, tar. Should a boat require repairs, these are done near the shore, mostly by the owner, for every Newfoundlander is a past master with a hatchet, hammer, saw and plane. What carpenters would spend half a day over with chisel and mallet, our fishermen will do in ten minutes with a hatchet; and fairly well, too. Whether it be cutting an upright for a new dwelling or getting out a row-lock, the preliminary carpentering is done with an axe.

June opens up, and early in the month the fishing boats are launched and the moorings selected for the season. Should any one require to launch a new boat of any considerable size, there is no dearth of willing hands to do the work. Some particularly fine evening you will see numbers of strapping young fellows assembling around the new boat. Ropes and chains are attached, and a number of boys are given sticks (young trees with limbs lopped off); the sticks are placed at intervals along the road to the dock and serve as miniature rollers for the boat to glide over. When the boat passes over one, a youngster picks it up and rushes ahead to place it down again. In this way a small number of sticks do the work effectually. Out she goes into the water to await her fate! Perhaps by the end of the month she will be driven ashore in a storm, fit for nothing but firewood. Nearly every year during the month of June a storm comes along from the northeast, known as the "caplin skull (school) storm," and generally wreaks havoc along the eastern seaboard. Trawls and nets are destroyed, and numbers of boats dashed to pieces. Out of something like eighty boats moored in view of my house, and riding peacefully at anchorage on a splendid June evening, I have seen but three escape; the remainder being either totally destroyed or sunk by a storm that had sprung up suddenly.

The fishery begins about the 15th of June, but all depends on the coming of the caplin, a small bait fish about seven inches long. Caplin appears in countless numbers along the shore, and for weeks stays in near the land. This fish is much prized by both fishermen and farmers. The former use it for bait for codfish, the latter for making manure, and also spread it as it comes from the water over oats, potatoes and turnips; "green manure," this is called. As a slight digression, I may say that a Newfoundlander never dreams of saying either cod or codfish. The cod being the *only* fish in his eyes, he says *fish* simply in speaking of cod; all other kinds of fish are specified, such as salmon, herring, etc. It has been decided by law that *fish* in Newfoundland parlance means cod, and that alone. To catch it, caplin is very good bait, but has an additional value, inasmuch as it entices the fish near the shore, where it is caught quite easily by the

fishermen. To see the enormous amount of caplin thrown in on the land-wash by those who till ground, one would think that the ocean had been depleted. Carts pass along the roads day after day, from morning till night, for weeks, loaded full with caplin. At times the bottom of the harbors will be covered thick, to the depth of several feet, with this fish, which may be dipped up with any kind of net.

AN ICEBERG.

But the fishermen do not like too much caplin at the beginning of the fishery, or of the "voyage," as they say. For, they reason, if there be too much caplin with the fish chasing them, as is always the case, the fish become glutted and will not take the hook. When the caplin begin to leave the shores, squids come along, and they in turn serve as bait. Each evening after sundown the boats line up on the "collars," the place of mooring, and try to raise the squids. Sometimes a solitary boat's crew will be seen out on the water patiently trying to decoy them. Suddenly the men are seen pulling in their lines, and immediately along the shore there is a rush for the boats, as the cry, "They're rising the squid," passes around. Then one by one boats shoot out from the shore, all rowing as if for dear life. After each boat has secured a sufficiency for the next day's fishing, all return to the shore, and by half-past eight or nine o'clock the roads are deserted, lights are mostly out, and all abed. The fisherman has to follow what we used to be taught at our mother's knee, "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., for he is out each morning

on the grounds at break of day, from the moment the fishery begins till late in September.

Fishing is carried on by hand-lines, by traps and by bull-tows. By the latter is meant a system of lines with hundreds of baited hooks attached at intervals and moored out in the sea a good distance from land. The traps are huge masses of netting made in the shape of a box, with three sides and a bottom, with a long stretch of net, called the leader, running to land. When the fish strike this leader, they follow it and are led into the trap, which can hold, roughly speaking, about two hundred quintals. These traps and bull-tows are only used while the caplin are around the shores; after that, everybody takes to hand-line fishing. This is done generally about a mile or so from the shores, the boats going out at early morning and returning in the afternoon. One of the pleasantest sights during the season is the return of the boats, hurrying homewards when a dangerous breeze springs up, as is not infrequently the case. The boats seem to leap out of the ocean, so many white and brown sails appear at once in all directions.

When the fish are landed, after being split and cleaned by men, they are handed over to women to be cured. The necessary time of salting having passed, they are brought to the "flakes," open structures covered with boughs on top, so that the air may pass through freely, and there spread to dry in the sun. Each evening they are put in small heaps, and when a certain amount of cure is ac-

SPORTS AT CATHOLIC COLLEGE, ST. JOHN'S.

Buildings (from left to right): St. Bonaventure's College; Episcopal Library; The Palace; Towers of Cathedral.

ENGLISH BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES MARCHING THROUGH STREET IN ST. JOHN'S.

quired, large bundles are made of them, in order that they may press and "make." At the slightest sign of rain the women hurry to the flakes, and every available hand gathers up the fish with rapidity, lest it be spoiled by the moisture. This kind of life goes on, roughly speaking, till the end of September, when the fishery begins to slacken, and those who have done well give it up entirely. One by one the boats disappear from the moorings, until a day arrives when we hear the cry of the last boat's crew as they haul their mooring off bottom:

"O-ho-ye-ho,
Haul away, boys!
O-ho-ye-ho,
Up she goes it, me lads!
Hi-ho-ye-he,
Away with her again, boys!
Oh-ho-ye-he,
Here she comes it, me lads!
Hi-ho-ye-he,
One more pull and here she is!"

The moorings are taken aboard, the boat turns shorewards. The fishery is over.

This is the first sign that winter is nigh, and everybody now begins to make preparations for its arrival. Our storm sashes and doors are looked after; the catamaran and sleigh are overhauled, and every crevice or crack that the frost could penetrate is carefully secured. Daily the men may be seen going by at a swinging pace, with axe over shoulder and bag of lunch across the back,—off to the woods to cut down firing. Among Catholics the men are gathered in by the priest for a day or two, that some church work may be done, for nine-tenths of such work is done by free labor. The young man of the family, whose turn it is to be married next, spends all his spare time building his house. And signs of carpentering are apparent on all sides, since scarcely a year passes that there is not some improvement made in the family dwelling, as soon as the fishery is over. In the Outports each family owns its dwelling; we have no landlords

A FAVORITE GAME.

WINTER SCENE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S.
Trees bending down with "silver thaw."

or squireens, and hence no land troubles. It is difficult to point to any country where the poor are so independent as in Newfoundland.

There are certain customs that are rarely departed from. One is that the sons in a family marry in turn, beginning with the eldest. Each, to the day of his marriage,—generally between the twenty-eighth and thirtieth year,—gives every cent of his earnings to his parents, and lives in perfect filial subjection till the hour comes that he departs to his own home. The father builds the house and gives to each a piece of ground; the youngest falls in for the family dwelling and surrounding land. The girls, one and all, are cut off without a cent. This latter will at first sight appear to be a grave injustice; but as the girls are supposed to marry, and, with rare exceptions, do, the system works out correctly. One blessing it certainly brings with it is love and happiness between husband and wife. Unhappy marriages are almost an unheard-of thing in the Outports. The proverb that when hunger comes in through the door love flies out through the window has no meaning for Newfoundlanders. The greater the poverty, the greater the love and happiness.

One would travel the world over and not find a more law-abiding people. They are kind, charitable and hospitable to a degree that those who have not visited our shores can scarcely imagine. Kind towards each other; helping each other in distress; in sickness and death showing a great sympathy, that soothes those to whom trial and tribulation have come. As far as I can judge, this is among all the people; but, naturally, I know most about Catholics. These are full of faith; full of love for religion; practice and live up to every precept of the Church, and contribute to its support in a most unstinting way, according to their means. Of course some have failings. Who has not? But the Catholic in Newfoundland is a preëminently practical one, with that pure, ardent faith handed down to him by his Irish forefathers.

Winter is the holiday season, but there is also a very important work done,—obtaining sufficient fuel for the coming year. When the ponds and marshes become frozen over and the ground covered with snow, the fuel that has already been cut during the preceding months is drawn out, by horse and catamaran, from the woods. As wood is the only fuel used in the Outports, a large amount of it must be provided to keep the ravenous cooking-stove going for twelve months. Besides, His Reverence is to get a load or two from every householder; fencing and house material are also to be provided; so that, after everything is obtained, a large tract of woods is cut out annually. All woods within three miles of the seashore are public property; every person may cut what and as much as he wishes within this limit, and further inland if no grants have been given. When once the supply of wood is got, the people are not very busy. Some, perhaps, may pass a few hours daily knitting nets, or a few new boats may be put through hands; but, on the whole, as the folk say, "times is slack." Some little time, then, is given to amusements.

In the halls and school-rooms the various denominations give concerts, followed by a dance. The young folk do not attach great importance to the concert; it's the dance they go after, and as long as ever the fiddler can play they will dance. This kind of entertainment is generally given a couple of times a year. But when Christmas comes along, the lads and lasses are in their element. Household entertainments are an every-

day event. Any family in which there are grown-up young people feels bound to give what is called a "time,"—a tea party followed by a dance; or, to be more accurate, a dance with a tea wedged in, perhaps to throw His Reverence off the scent. Not that he minds much, since these entertainments are perfectly harmless. The Catholics seem to have inherited the love of the Irish for a good dance, as every possible occasion is seized to have at least a "set." In Ireland the great place is the cross-roads; in Newfoundland the beloved spot is the "big bridge." Every settlement of any size has generally half a dozen bridges, such as they are; but one always is called "the big bridge." On this, in the afternoons of Sundays and holidays, the young folk gather and step it to the music of a concertina or mouth organ, sometimes to "puss music." But in the eyes of the old folk the present generation knows nothing about dancing, since they have lost the art of the jig and reel. An old fiddler complained rather bitterly to me that he couldn't meet any one nowadays to play a "double" for.

There is another kind of family entertainment going by the dignified term of "ball," but what it is I cannot exactly determine. Whenever I make inquiries about it, *nobody knows*. We have no informers in this country. But I think I am not far astray in saying that it is a "time" with a grander name; possibly with considerably more dancing and an extra cup of tea. Another form of "time" is carried out by some astute widows while Christmas lasts. One of the difficulties of widowhood is to provide wood for burning, and where there are not grown-up children, such households sometimes have to suffer a little, not that the neighbors are unmindful or ungenerous, but wood is fuel that rapidly disappears. To help out the widow, then, the lads bring a "stick of wood"—a felled tree—if she will give the use of her kitchen for a few hours, that they may have a dance. The girls in this case bring the materials for the supper. These are occasions of great sport for boys from twelve to fifteen years, who are not allowed to go to "balls." They are in their element at the widow's, not dancing, but playing tricks and making faces at each other, and sometimes, I fear, at the widow when she is not looking. Often they go so far that all are ejected, dancers and youngsters; but the offending boy in such case gets a lecture read to him outside the door by the dancers, accompanied by very striking emphasis. These trifling breaches of the peace do not bring about a cessation of diplomatic relations between the widow and the youngsters, for perhaps the next night the same crowd is there again. For the boys it is an easy thing to get a stick of wood, but they always get the worth of their money, with considerable interest.

The Christmas festivities are sometimes stretched a few days by weddings, which are great sources of merriment in the Outports. The day of a wedding is easily known by the volleys of musketry that begin early in the morning, and by the display of bunting from the houses. In the afternoon the ceremony takes place, when the departure of the bride from her parents is marked by a volley of guns. Then the carriages appear, the horses generally galloping madly from the sound of the guns, and here and there along the road to the church the party is received with a salvo of muskets. While the ceremony is proceeding, all the gunners, after a headlong race, meet at the church door, and on the departure of the couple for their new home the hills again resound with gunshots. And as the guns used are long muzzle

loaders, and the gunners not overparticular regarding the amount of powder they pour in, being, moreover, sometimes slightly primed by a drop of the "cratur," the noise is more like that produced by small cannon than by muskets.

High festivities are held after the marriage party reach home, in which a large gathering of friends participate. For days before the marriage the bridegroom is going about giving verbal invitations, but sometimes a few, who should have been invited, are overlooked. If so, when the wedding party have reached the new home, the best man and one or two friends, each wearing a streamer, known as "the bride's favors," on his coat, are dispatched to call in the forgotten ones. Such an invitation was known among the old Irish here as "a piper's invitation," and was resented. Even now, by those who remember the old traditions and prejudices, this kind of invitation is not accepted. But whether they go or not does not effect the marriage feast. By nightfall a goodly number have gathered, and dancing is kept up for hours. For a young fisherman who has perhaps made a couple of good seasons at the fishery it is not uncommon for him to invite something like one hundred and twenty or thirty guests to his marriage.

It makes one almost long to be older to hear the folk speak of the glorious times they had forty years ago, when the fools and mummers ruled supreme during Christmas. To-day we have but a remnant of the mummers in some few places throughout the country. Grave abuses, it appears, arose in the past, and the custom had to be prohibited by law. Carried out as I have seen it, nothing could be more innocent. Young men and children, sometimes young women, dressed up fantastically and masked, chase crowds of boys with a "swab," a whip with a heavy rope tassel, instead of the usual lash, and belabor the youths pretty heartily. To the outsider the fun seems to be very slow indeed, but to the inhabitants of the Outports it affords considerable amusement.

In Newfoundland winter is, above all, the boys' paradise. A fall of good soft, clammy snow removes all thought of everything else from the average boy, except trying his skill at snowballing and coasting. And that the average Newfoundland boy is a master of both arts, not many will deny. If only ten minutes' recess be granted at school, the first thing the boys make for is the snow, and quickly they gather their pile of balls. Then the fun begins, each one his own friend and everybody else's enemy. And woe betide any passerby, particularly if he be a "character" in the place. His admonition, "Now, me lads, don't you peg snowballs while I's passing," is taken as an open and daring challenge, that makes even the girls take a hand in the fun.

After school the coasting begins, and it is wonderful the skill both boys and girls have in guiding a sled, going like an express mail, over a steep hill. And the very steepest is selected. In St. John's the policeman is the bogey of the coasting youngster. But the boys have a system, or had when I was at the business, of keeping watch for the sealskin cap of the guardian of peace; and at the cry, "Horny!" boys, girls and sleds disappear in a marvelously rapid manner, only to appear again as quickly when the policeman has passed on his beat. Then comes the cry, "The road!" that is quite as dangerous to a pedestrian as the gong of an electric car or the squeak of an automobile horn, as a whole series of sleds come flying over the hill. If the pedestrian be wise, he will promptly take heed of the youngsters' command and give "the road," otherwise he will find

himself, in an amazingly quick manner, measuring his length on the snow and "seeing stars" from the way his head came into contact with the surface. The coaster is absolutely heedless of rank, age or sex; he wants "the road," and he takes it. St. John's being built on the side of a steep incline, the coasting is splendid, and is much indulged in by children. A child and a sled or pair of skates are inseparable things during the winter season.

A METROPOLITAN EASTER.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"Good morning. It seems we are going the same way?"

The voice had a lilting cheeriness, and the young face turned toward mademoiselle was pretty and smiling, yet the little French teacher stared blankly, and her manner was chilling as the keen March wind when the girl fell into step beside her.

Rhoda knew at once that she had blundered, but now the best thing to do was to brave it out; so she chatted on about the weather, tramping sturdily through slush and snow, until the iron stairway of the Elevated railroad loomed up before her. Then an excuse for a graceful escape presented itself.

"I believe I'll go down town by the 'El.' It is nearer to the office, and I am late to-day," she said, and vanished up the stairs.

"Parbleu! The child is from the country and unused to the *convenances* of city life," sniffed mademoiselle as she picked her way, as daintily as might be, along another cross-town block to Upper Broadway and the station of the "Underground."

Notwithstanding her scorn of rural unsophistication and her frigid exterior, however, Mademoiselle des Ruisseaux was conscious of a thrill of excitement that both pleased and surprised her. Something unusual had happened.

"For six years I have lived in the St. Cloud, but, save the janitress, those who reside under its roof are strangers to me," she soliloquized; "yet now, without warning, I have *almost* made an acquaintance."

Mademoiselle knew her metropolis. In village communities and provincial cities people may be neighborly, but, as far as human companionship and interest or the expression of human sympathy are concerned, one might as well live in the Desert of Sahara as in a New York apartment hotel.

"The tenants never appear to see one another when they meet," the janitress said when mademoiselle took the little flat that constituted her *ménage,* and she had rigidly adhered to the custom. Perhaps the animals in Noah's ark were governed by the same rule, to insure their living in peace and quietness "while the tempest raged without," she sometimes reflected, grimly.

Since she had established herself here, brides had gone forth from the St. Cloud, and the newly married and the wedding guests, returning, had awakened the echoes of the halls with merriment and festivity; christening parties had rolled away in carriages to the church from the arched doorway of the hotel; the dead had been carried out through its narrow halls. But, to the majority

of the tenants, all these happenings had been as though they occurred in the world at large. The great joys and comedies and tragedies of life continued to be enacted beneath the roof under which they dwelt, but brought them no nearer together than if they had been the sky above them.

Mademoiselle lived alone, and on days when the sun shone, its golden rays found their way, during the afternoon, into every one of her four small rooms —thanks to the fact that they looked out upon a plot of ground as yet unbuilt upon. Her apartment was cosy, and at first she had prided herself that the tinkling music which she called forth each evening, from an old square piano, must announce to her immediate neighbors that she had seen better days and more imposing surroundings than suited her present circumstances.

For, though the St. Cloud bore the title of a royal palace, and its stately name had enticed mademoiselle, it housed a heterogeneous colony, and to the little French woman the conventional aloofness had become doubly welcome, because, as time went on, she felt more and more like an aristocrat amid a throng of *bourgeoisie.*

Yet, *miséricorde!* She had soon learned that no apartment in the house lacked a piano, and at all hours of the day there was music to spare. Across the corridor lived a widow and her daughter. One of the apartments on the floor below was occupied by three young men, who there kept "bachelor's hall"—"and heaven help the housekeeping," said the voluble "concièrge."

From the same source, indeed, mademoiselle might have learned much gossip about her neighbors, but she preferred to know nothing of them, and there were few persons in the house whom she would have recognized by sight had she met them half a block away.

The young girl who had so blithely accosted her on the March morning was now an exception, however. She could not be ignored without downright rudeness. Mademoiselle, on second thought, was annoyed. The girl was evidently the support and prop of her father's declining years. The old man was a paralytic and spent much time in aimlessly looking out of the window; they lived on the first floor. From him the daughter had inherited her fine dark eyes; but his expression was one of deep melancholy, a striking contrast to her resolute cheerfulness.

For several days mademoiselle avoided the young stranger. Then, one forenoon, they met face to face in the hallway.

The girl, with proud shyness, averted her eyes. She would not claim a recognition grudgingly bestowed.

But mademoiselle, to her own surprise, found herself saying, *"Bon jour.* Is it that we go out together to-day, Mees"—

"Staunton," answered Rhoda, filling the pause, with alacrity.

There was no retreat now. Mademoiselle had *made* an acquaintance.

"I so wanted to know you," began the girl, as they turned into the street. "We have no friends in New York. I am employed as a stenographer, and it is dreary for father, being alone so much."

"Your mother is not living?"

The question was put with deprecating politeness.

"Grief at her death and the dishonesty of a business partner, resulting in a commercial failure, prostrated my father and brought on the paralysis that has rendered him helpless," was the reply. "We came to the city in order that I might find work. In a great metropolis one can live quietly. Those who were one's

friends in prosperity need not know of one's altered circumstances. I have obtained a fairly good position. But you, mademoiselle, can understand how a lady feels when she has to knock around seeking employment."

Mademoiselle turned and looked sharply through her eye-glasses at her companion.

"Yes, the demoiselle has *le bel air,* she is charming," she said to herself.

From this day the prim little French woman no longer held aloof. She and Miss Staunton sometimes stopped to chat when they encountered each other, though they did not exchange visits.

The month rolled away and Lent passed with it. On the morning of Easter Eve Rhoda and Mademoiselle des Ruisseaux again walked together to the Subway.

"You are going to have some pleasure, some recreation, for Easter?" asked mademoiselle, with her head on one side, an alert birdlike air that still gave her something of the piquancy of youth. Rhoda Staunton laughed, but the laugh ended in a sigh.

"Oh, dear, no," she said. "Yet I do wish I could cheer father up a little. He says Easter is not for us, that we have no part in its joy. He seems to think the shadow of our crosses must rest on our lives forever. Of course, poor humanity deserves its trials, but I don't believe they are always sent in punishment, do you? Father is a good man, but he is ill, you know. He says it is because we are poor that we no longer have any friends; he seems to feel as if even God has deserted us. It is getting to be almost a mania with him. Sometimes I am afraid it will drive him mad."

The girl's voice broke.

Mademoiselle, chiding herself for having been guilty of the folly of inviting so intimate a confidence, stammered something sympathetic, and a few moments later parted from her young acquaintance.

When she returned from her round of lessons that afternoon, all save one of the front windows of the St. Cloud were as bright with Easter flowers as if the very stones had felt the thrill of life and had simultaneously blossomed into beauty.

In reality almost as great a miracle had been wrought. For the wealth of blooms, golden, roseate, purple and snow white, told not only that love and friendship had found expression in kind gifts and deeds, but that hearts hardened by self-interest and the struggle for gold had become suddenly softened, generous, eager to bestow happiness, that they might be happy themselves on Easter Day.

"Christ gave Himself for us, therefore our joy must be in giving," murmured mademoiselle, as she mounted to her apartment on the third story. Leaning against her door was a tall white package. With a smile, she raised it in her arms, carried it in, and tore off the wrappings.

"Vraiment, que c'est belle!" she exclaimed in delight, setting the beautiful plant on her parlor table.

It was an Easter lily with one, two, three lovely blooms!

Well she knew from whom the token of remembrance came. Yet, a glance at the visiting card, attached by a bit of ribbon to the green stem, made assurance doubly sure, and a faint blush stole over her withered cheek, as if she were a girl receiving her first bouquet.

For mademoiselle had her romance. The lily was the gift of Monsieur du Quindre, the Chevalier du Quindre, if you will, *professeur de la langue fran-*

çaise in more than one college and many schools.

Ten years ago the professor had asked her to marry him. At the time, *la bonne mère* needed her ministrations. Only recently had the passing of this dear mother, so loved and so mourned, left her free, but alone. Long ago she had bidden the chevalier not to wait for her, but he had never married. He did not come to see her; that would not be *comme il faut,* she said. But sometimes they met in the round of their teaching, and twice a year he sent her flowers,—roses at Christmas and lilies at Easter.

And twice a year she sent him a note of acknowledgment, elegantly penned, on the finest of stationery, and inclosed a religious picture or a scapular worked by the delicate hands he still thought fair.

Nevertheless, the Chevalier du Quindre had waited so long it had not yet occurred to him, apparently, that now he need wait no longer. Mademoiselle, on her part, was wont to declare that she valued nothing in life so much as her independence. Verily, coquetry and a spirit of contrariness are the last charms to desert a woman.

To-day, as the little French woman, with the pleasure of one who truly loves flowers, and a thrill of pride and satisfaction in the chevalier's unfailing souvenir, sat contemplating the plant that glorified her simple room, her thoughts flew back to the festivities of days faded in the past, to her own country and her youth. She recalled Palm Sunday in the time of the Second Empire, when every one carried branches or wore sprigs of the boxwood that served as *rameaux* or *buis bénit.* She remembered not only the splendid bouquets of Eastertide, but the Easter eggs, that had pleased her even more. Ah, now again she was looking into the shop windows of the Maison Boissier, on the Boulevard des Italien; the Maison Groux, on the Boulevard des Capucines; the Maison Siraud, in the Rue de la Paix; the great toy shop of Les Enfants Sages, in the Passage Jouffroy. Here were eggs that were but the caskets for jewels of fabulous worth, eggs in faience, in terra-cotta, artistic eggs modeled by no less a genius than Salviati of Venice, toy and downright comical eggs. How many well-known pictures, too, were prettily parodied. Mignon regrets the land of the citron no more; she holds a basket of eggs and is as happy as the birds in May. Greuze's disconsolate damsel has thrown away her broken pitcher and, drying her eyes, dimples into smiles over a large egg. Gretchen sings the spinning song or pulls her flower to pieces snugly ensconced in the centre of an egg. And then there were the Easter fishes, the *poisson d'Avril,* in chocolate, in lace, in porcelain, in brooches and gewgaws. Ah, those were days when Easter was not only happy, but merry. But now? The dreamer came to herself with a start. What folly to waste time in idle reminiscence! Was she not thoroughly contented with her little *ménage,* her tranquil life?

Once more she reverted to her homecoming this afternoon. She saw the flower-decked windows of the St. Cloud and the one small plant of hyacinths on the sill of the Staunton's apartment.

"The child bought it to cheer her father, but it looks veritably forlorn in contrast with all those flaunting blooms," soliloquized mademoiselle. "And he, poor man, what is that he says? Easter is not for him; he has no part in its joy; *le bon Dieu* has forgotten him! Truly, I fear, *ce monsieur là* has forgotten *le bon Dieu.*"

Mademoiselle was wise. Not even to the gallant old chevalier would she ven-

ture to recall, save by the little message of the lace-bordered picture, the obligations of the Paschal time. But might there not be some other way to reach the heart of the invalid, to quicken the faith, the hope of a spirit plunged in the death of the melancholia that is so closely akin to despair?

As she reflected, her eyes rested upon the lily, fair and tall, her precious Easter gift, the one beautiful object that linked her humdrum present life with the happiness, the poetry, the dreams of the past.

"Not this, not this," she exclaimed. "I will go out and buy a larger plant, one that shall be even handsomer, if such can be found.

"Christ gave Himself for us; therefore our joy must be in giving."

She felt as if some one had spoken the words aloud. How could anything that would cost only money carry so uplifting a message as the lily, whose golden heart would hide a sweet renunciation? A trifling sacrifice, one might say; but it was not trifling to mademoiselle.

Resolutely she detached from the green stalk the card of congratulation and put it carefully away in her writing-desk. Then, without trusting herself to loiter, she took up the plant in its jardinière of white crêpe paper and started down the stairs.

Mademoiselle was not destined, however, to quietly accomplish her kind little plan.

On the landing she encountered her neighbors, the widow and daughter. They were strangers to the reserved French woman, but now the beauty of the flowers evoked from the younger lady an expression of admiration.

"How lovely! Oh, mademoiselle, what are you going to do with them?"

The unexpected salutation found her without an evasive answer, and with simplicity she told her errand.

The girl's rather discontented face brightened with sympathetic understanding, and she looked lingeringly after the lily borne on its triumphal way.

A knock at the Staunton flat, a querulous "Come," called from within, and mademoiselle entered the small parlor.

The invalid, turning from the window, regarded his visitor with astonishment as she stood in the middle of the room holding her fragrant burden and, though now somewhat confused and embarrassed, looking as she was, the picture of an old-time gentlewoman.

With native courtesy he quickly concealed his surprise.

"Ah, it is the lady of whom my daughter has spoken," he said. "Pardon me for not rising to greet you. I am a prisoner of this rolling chair. Be seated, mademoiselle; Rhoda will be home directly."

"I came down for a moment," stammered mademoiselle, slightly short of breath, "just to offer you this little Easter plant. I know you are ill. And since you cannot go to hear the Alleluias sung and assist at the Church's great celebration of Christ's Resurrection, why, Easter must come to you. Is it not so. *Et, alors monsieur,* I hope you will like the lily. I must run away now; but please present my good wishes to Mees Rhoda."

His hard features softened and lit up with a rare smile, and his voice was not quite steady, as he essayed a few words of thanks.

Mademoiselle, without waiting for them, however, retreated precipitately, half amazed at her own temerity in defying *les convenances* by her informal visit.

On the way back to her own apart-

ment she again encountered her young neighbor.

"Oh, mademoiselle," cried the girl, "mother and I have been out of humor and disappointed all day because the weather is so threatening, and if it rains to-morrow, we can't wear our new spring finery. But, after you told us what you were going to do with your lily, we felt that, until then, we had indeed missed the spirit of Easter. And we would like to send one of our azaleas to the sick old gentleman down stairs, just as a reminder that spring has come and perhaps he will soon get out again, you know, and that all nature rejoices with us because Christ is risen."

"Yes, *chèrie,* send the azalea, by all means," answered mademoiselle, marveling at the widening influence of the mission that the lily, like a living messenger, had apparently taken to itself.

As she reached her own door, looking back, she saw a mass of superb, roseate blossoms being carried down to the invalid.

That evening Rhoda ran in to thank her.

"Father is really happy to-night," she said. "The beautiful flowers and the little ovation you brought about have deeply touched him."

But mademoiselle's small *coup-de bonheur* was not fated to end here. The next morning the metropolis awoke to find the skies a Lenten gray and the rain falling in a steady down-pour. Alas for frivolous femininity and dreams of gay attire!

Yet, whether in festive or sombre garb, thousands of people made their way to the churches. For, though the sun was still shrouded in a winding sheet of mist, it was Easter Day, and the bells in the church-towers rang valiantly:

"Christ is risen! What matter if all else is dark? The gloom shall pass. He will make all things glad. Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!"

As Mademoiselle des Ruisseaux prepared to go out at an early hour, she heard mischievous Michael, the son of a retired sea captain, who lived somewhere upstairs, singing through the halls, as he ran down.

Michael was a choir boy of the cathedral, and his clear soprano, beautiful as an archangel's, the listener told herself, floated to her now, bearing on its wings of song the story of the Resurrection.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!—
Oh, sons and daughters let us sing,
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
To-day is risen triumphing. Alleluia!

The voice ceased, and mademoiselle was just in time to catch Michael in the act of tying a great bunch of myrtle to the knob of the Stauntons' door.

"I heard tell how you sent the old gentleman a lily, mam'selle," he said, half abashed. "So I begged this of the choir master last night. Miss Rhoda's father and I have got to nodding to each other as I pass to and fro. He can't go out, so I thought p'haps to look at the green spring vine may make him feel as if he were at the grand Mass, listening to the antiphons and to Gounod's great 'Sanctus.' Say, that's like all the choirs of heaven singing together, isn't it, mam'selle?"

At this evidence of his love of music, mademoiselle forgave *"ce gamin Michael"* various pranks that sometimes lay in wait for her on the stairs.

"Ah, the boy has a good heart," she declared.

The last and greatest surprise of the day came to her, however, some hours later. In the afternoon there was a light tap at her door.

She threw it open, and there in the hall stood a broad-shouldered young man who smiled at her ingenuously. He was

one of the young fellows who had erected their Lares and Penates on the floor below.

"Mademoiselle," he began, doffing his hat and recklessly crushing the edges of a package so lightly wrapped that it could contain nothing less ethereal than flowers, "I have a favor to ask of you. Oh, don't say you don't know anything about me. I have brought my credentials, but I'm just asking you to be a sort of fairy godmother and assure Miss Staunton and her father I'm all right. The janitress told us about your giving the lily to the old gentleman to cheer him up. So our fellows made bold to send him a bottle of cordial, just as a token of friendliness at Easter time, and I got these violets for Miss Rhoda. Only, not having been duly presented, I was afraid to offer them. Won't you give them to her for me, mademoiselle, and say they are meant to wish her a happy Easter?"

The gentle but rigid stickler for etiquette and *les convenances* recoiled, aghast.

"Mais, nevair did I hear of such audacity," she protested.

"Oh, but, no doubt, I have spoken clumsily. Of course I have brought an introduction to *you,* mademoiselle," he apologized; and therewith put a note into her hand.

Visibly agitated, she took the little sheet of paper from the envelope. It was addressed in the same neat chirography that added value to the present she had herself received.

The gallant old Chevalier du Quindre vouched for the excellent character of the young man, whom he had taught at Columbia.

"And why do you wish to meet Mees Rhoda, Monsieur Jack Mason?" demanded the suddenly adopted fairy godmother, studying him through her pince-nez.

"Because she is the sweetest, the only, girl in the world for me," he answered, with frank ardor.

"Chut! Quelle bétise!" cried mademoiselle. "But, *eh bien, monsieur,* I will give her your violets."

As the little French woman went that evening to make her second call on the Stauntons, she was conscious of a change in her point of view. Among other things, she had discovered that, various as were the social strata of the St. Cloud, refinement and good breeding were to be found elsewhere under its roof-besides in her own little corner.

Rhoda received her with a beaming face.

"Why, the apparently colorless life of a metropolitan apartment hotel is not so different from life in a small town, after all," she said. "I have learned to-day that when the people here come out of their chrysalis they can be just as kind and friendly as our old neighbors at home."

"C'est ça," replied mademoiselle, with grim humor.

Thereupon, after an elaborate explanation, she presented the violets.

"La chère Rhoda," blushed with surprise, and was not ill pleased.

"Ce Monsieur Staunton," read the chevalier's note, with a whimsical interest, as if the incident did not closely concern him.

He was plainly in the best of spirits.

"Mademoiselle, you were right," he admitted. "Easter must come home to every one. Not always in flowers truly, as you brought its message to me, but we must make the glory of the Resurrection ours by arising anew to faith and courage and the remembrance of how much cause we have to rejoice."

Mademoiselle nodded, and her eyes glistened with kindly emotion. Now she felt sure that not in vain had she sacrificed her lily.

Tactfully she chatted on of other topics, but after a time there came a pause in the pleasant converse, while, with her new friends, she paused to listen to the clear voice of *"ce gamin Michael,"* as, returning from the Vesper service at the cathedral, he tramped up the long stairs of the St. Cloud, triumphantly singing:

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!—
Oh, sons and daughters let us sing,
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
To-day is risen triumphing. Alleluia!

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

She was such a beautiful lady and wore such beautiful clothes that little Essie Martin declared she must be a queen. Now Essie's knowledge of royal personages was not very extensive; in fact, it was limited to the merest acquaintanceship through the medium of picture-books. She had never been introduced even to one in the flesh, nor been so fortunate as to have any of those wonderful things happen to her that made the lives of story-book children so enviable. There were, however, in Essie's opinion, two facts fundamental in regard to queens: wondrous beauty and wondrous clothes; and these qualifications the new lady next door had in abundance. So if she were not a queen, she must be something better,—say even a fairy godmother with numberless empires at her disposal to reward good little girls.

From the moment Essie set eyes on Mrs. Foster, there was a tumult working in her little heart. To the child of eight years, the lady was a mysterious being, and not even Essie's mother, who managed to eke out answers of some kind to all of her questions, could give any certain reply as to who the new neighbor was, and where did she come from, and where did she get all the beautiful clothes, if she wasn't a really, truly queen?

Essie's mother laughed at the queen idea; but mere ridicule was not enough to shatter the child's ideal, and so, though she refrained from any further confession of faith in that belief, she still clung to her first solution of the difficulty, in lieu of a more satisfying one.

And a true lady-in-waiting at the court of her sovereign was Mistress Esther Martin. She expected to be summoned over to the next house any minute, in order to be created a princess with a long satin dress, though she would prefer velvet; and her heart began to sink at the end of the first week, when there was no manifestation of any royal favors for her. But if a cat can look at a king, dear me, a little girl can look at a queen; and so Essie looked and looked, and still looked, curled up in one of the large rockers on the front veranda, rocking idly to and fro, scarcely mindful of the favorite doll so dangerously near to rejection because of its plebeian appearance.

And still the queen never noticed her little lady-in-waiting. She entered her carriage and left it, entirely oblivious of the pair of eager blue eyes so deeply interested in all her movements.

Maybe it was all right for queens to

act so, thought Essie, but really it wasn't a bit like the conduct of the queens that she had heard about. It may have been because she was not poor. Essie remembered that all the little girls in books who had queens do something for them were poor, dreadfully poor, and raggedy children. She half wanted to be a destitute orphan instead of the dearly treasured child of the wealthy Dr. Martin; but somehow or other, her aspirations were not unselfish enough to include a submission to raggedy clothes, especially now, when half of her life was centred in the pretty pink dress that was being made for her.

There was no use at all, decided Essie, in waiting for the queen to notice her. She must go to the queen. She had heard her mother say something about calling on Mrs. Foster, and she had been anxious to repeat all her former questions; to learn if their solution had been reached. But there was an old adage about the advisability of little girls being seen and not heard, and by force of this adage Essie restrained her curiosity.

Thus it came to pass that one fine afternoon in the second week of the reign of the new queen, little Mistress Martin made her obeisance to the court. She was persuaded to this sudden movement by the fact that her majesty had come out of her palace and was sitting on the veranda, embroidering such lovely big roses that Essie could see them readily from her own point of view. The queen rested from her sewing as she saw the little maid coming up the walk. Essie might have crossed the lawn; but then, that was rather too familiar a mode of communication upon such slight acquaintance.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Foster."

Essie hesitated. Should she have said "your Majesty"?

"Good afternoon, little girl; and what is your name?"

"Esther Marguerite Martin; but you may call me Essie,—everybody does."

"Essie. Such a lovely name. You are the little girl next door?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I came over to make a call on you."

"Well, now, that's real nice of you; and I'm very happy to have you call. Sit in this big rocker right beside me."

Essie needed no farther persuasion. She was beside herself with joy. She was in the palace of the queen; and if the queen, instead of asking her to take a chair, had commanded her to turn a somersault, the child would have obeyed immediately, often as she had been warned that such proceedings were not approved of in polite society. Nevertheless, Essie's heart almost turned a somersault for very gladness, though it did not affect the placid look of contentment on her face, which Mrs. Foster noted and smiled at as she resumed her embroidering.

"What lovely roses you do make!" ventured Essie, feeling that she was obliged to proffer some compliment to pay for her kind reception.

Mrs. Foster laughed outright at the serious air of the child.

"I'm glad you like them, Essie. I suppose you can sew, too?"

"Oh, just doll clothes; all plain sewing, you know. I never could embroider —and such roses! My, they're just like the flowers on the priest's vestments in our church. I saw them last Sunday. We're Catholics, you know. There's only a few of us on this street. Are you a Catholic?"

Mrs. Foster had felt the question coming as soon as Essie had launched out upon topics ecclesiastical; and yet, prepared though she was for it, she blushed unconsciously when it was propounded.

But the blush did not escape the searching glance of the little inquisitor.

Before Mrs. Foster had time to reply, Essie realized that she had made a mistake.

"I didn't mean that, please, Mrs. Foster," she entreated. "Mamma told me never to ask people about their religion or what they had for dinner."

"Why, yes, Essie," replied Mrs. Foster, laughing again, "I am a Catholic."

"Oh, I am so glad; because I didn't see you at our church. But then, of course, there's lots of churches in this city. But ours is the nicest. It's all stone, and lots of marble altars, just too sweet for anything, and we've got a pew all to ourselves. I'm sure you're welcome to come with us any Sunday."

"Thank you, Essie, you're real good."

"Good? I ain't good, either. That is, I ain't good all the time. Sometimes I'm just as good as I can be, and other times mamma says I'm the worst girl in the whole city."

"I'm sure you can't be very bad, Essie."

"Well, not now. Because, you see, it's just like this"—Essie stopped rocking her chair and became very confidential—"I'm preparing for my First Communion, and our priest says that if a boy or girl, and especially boys, isn't just as good as they can be,"—grammar did not trouble Essie when she wrestled with a thought,—"well, something might happen, and God wouldn't come into their souls. Do you believe .that, Mrs. Foster?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so, Essie," answered Mrs. Foster slowly.

"Well, I thought you ought to know," continued Essie. "You made your First Communion, didn't you?"

"Yes, long ago, when I was a little girl like you."

"Well, how does it feel, really?" asked the child eagerly. "I just think that if God came down from heaven into my soul, I couldn't think of being bad again. I couldn't even steal a cooky, even if I was starving, because, you see, God might take it into His head to go away and never come back again."

Mrs. Foster stopped rocking, and the needle fell from her fingers; but she recovered herself immediately and laughed as she worked again at the glowing roses.

"My, my, Essie, but we are getting serious."

"Yes, indeed," assented Essie, "and on my first call, too. But I must be going. Mamma doesn't know I called," she continued, as she scrambled from the deep chair. "May I come again?"

"Why, certainly, Essie. I'll be glad to have you come often. I like little girls."

Essie took a step or two, but she had one more question to ask before leaving, and she asked it with no further preamble: "Are you a queen, Mrs. Foster?"

Mrs. Foster laughed again.

"A queen!" she exclaimed. "Why, Essie, what put that into your head?"

"I don't know," answered Essie. "Mamma laughed, too, when I asked her. But I kind of thought you were something like that; you are so beautiful, and you have such lovely clothes. But I like you just the same, if you ain't. Good-by."

"Good-by, Essie," said the dethroned sovereign; and there was a mist before her eyes as they followed the loyal little subject.

Mrs. Foster embroidered no more roses that afternoon. Something in the child's words had set her hand trembling. More than that, her heart was trembling, too. She was disturbed for the first time in the married life that she had tried to convince herself was so happy.

Two years before, she had been mar-

ried to the wealthy Herbert Foster,—she, a bookkeeper, who had worked, slaved, in fact, for dependent brothers and sisters, and who had looked forward to nothing else in life till her employer had offered her a release by asking her to be his wife. She was the envy of all her girl friends. It was like a fairy story, and the newspapers rehearsed it for weeks, until even she became annoyed at the amount of curiosity she excited.

It was true there was a certain barrier to complete happiness, due to the fact that Mr. Foster had been divorced by his first wife, who had gone the way of most divorcees and married again. To him, of course, these incidents had been simply some of the fortunes of war, and he could not comprehend the scruples of the Catholic girl in hesitating about a splendid marriage simply on account of priestly prohibition, as he sneeringly phrased it. The world had been emancipated from all such tyranny, he argued, and no one had the right to stand in the way of true love. And so, after an ineffectual protest, she had closed her ears to the warning of the Church, had stifled her conscience and consented to a ceremony before the civil authorities.

Since then she did not let her conscience reproach her. There was little time for it, for the world called her incessantly, giving her all the luxury which in past years she had hardly dared to dream of. But now, strange to say, the chatterings of a little girl were troubling her. Church and First Communion and the sense of right, which were so vital to the child, she had cast to the winds seemingly centuries ago. It was not a pleasant feeling, this sense of self-reproach, and she tried to throw it off; tried to convince herself that she was not so guilty, after all, advancing the old argument that others did the same,—yes, even worse. But all effort to regain peace of mind was fruitless. She was deeply troubled, and her husband, on returning home, noticed her unusual mood.

"Oh, it is nothing," she said, in answer to his inquiries, "only I had a visitor to-day."

"A visitor?"

"Yes, the little girl next door,—the one you thought so beautiful."

"Indeed? And it was she who worried you?"

"She amused me—until—well, to be candid, she made my conscience reproach me. In fact, she preached to me."

"Indeed," said the man, angrily. "Strange that parents do not teach their children how becoming it is to keep quiet."

"She is an innocent child, Herbert. It was the simple, pure little heart that spoke. She was right. If one is not good, God goes away; and if God abandons one, what is wealth or society or position?"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense!" he exclaimed. "We have threshed that matter out dozens of times. Pity that forward children are allowed to live! Come now, don't get moody. The show to-night is extra good, and we must not miss even the first act."

The woman was tempted to plead for a quiet evening at home, but refrained from making the request. To-night she would be happy in her old way, she decided, and to-morrow she would consider earnestly the thoughts suggested by the innocent words of a little child.

But the morrow found the good resolutions gone, and the embroidering of the roses was resumed with a steady hand.

Essie did not repeat her call for some time. It wasn't good form to be too familiar, even though it was such great fun to talk with a beautiful grown-up lady who sympathized with your views. That first meeting had furnished to the

little girl daily food for reflection, and again and again she repeated to herself all that she had said to the lady and all that the lady had said to her.

She was somewhat disappointed that Mrs. Foster had not taken advantage of her kind offer to accept a seat in her father's pew at the High Mass; still, there were really so many churches in town, it was not strange if she did not go to their church.

But even the lady next door ceased to have a monopoly in the reflections of Miss Esther. There was now something more important than social events to which she must give all her attention. She was to receive her First Communion soon, and so she studied earnestly and was as good as any child could be, yearning with all her heart for that wonderful experience of the soul's life. Not that Essie took no interest in worldly affairs! That new white dress and veil haunted her; but then one cannot expect so remarkable a renunciation in a little girl as to be indifferent to such attractions, even on spiritual occasions. She longed to keep her friend informed as to the progress of the wonderful creation, and several times she resolved to renew her visit; but social calls take up so much time, and one had so much catechism to get by heart, it was quite out of the question. She would wait until the great day and then submit the dress to the inspection of the beautiful lady. Somehow or other she took it for granted that one who had such beautiful clothes herself must be a good judge as to whether her white dress was the glory she considered it.

And so, when the great morning had come and Essie had returned from church,—her heart swelling with that indescribable gladness which the Lord pours into the hearts of His little ones,—her first thought was for Mrs. Foster, and, without waiting even for breakfast, she made her second visit to the beautiful lady.

"Will you please tell Mrs. Foster," she said to the maid, "that Miss Martin—Essie—would like to see her."

Essie did not have as much time as she wished to examine all the beautiful things that surrounded her before Mrs. Foster came down the stairs.

"Why, Essie," she exclaimed, "how lovely you do look!"

"Do you think so?" said Essie, the delighted. "I knew you would know, so I came to ask how you like my dress."

"It is beautiful, beautiful. So this is your First Communion day."

"Yes'm. And isn't it lovely to receive Communion? Mamma and papa cried when they kissed me afterwards, but I didn't cry. I just felt so happy I could fly away. Perhaps they cried because I used to be bad. But I won't be, any more. I couldn't! Why, Mrs. Foster, how could any one be bad after receiving our Lord? But there, mamma is keeping breakfast for me. Oh, I forgot, Mrs. Foster. I prayed for you this morning, because—well, because I like you."

"Thank you, Essie." And Mrs. Foster stooped to kiss the pure little face.

When the door closed upon the vision in white, the beautiful lady went to her room and shut herself in. The kiss she had given the child was burning her lips, and the words of wisdom from the mouth of a babe kept resounding in her ears. What was her life by that of Essie? And she, too, had once received the Lord!

Where were her prayers, her communions? Where, in fine, her peace of soul? Gone, all gone, sacrificed, thrown away for a few baubles of earth. There was one thing necessary for life,—that which made the little girl's face shine like an angel's; one thing which wealth and earthly love could never bring to

the beautiful woman,—the favor of the Lord.

"How could one ever be bad who had received the Lord?" Oh, for the day when she had received Him as this little one, with a heart pure, untarnished by the world! And yet, it could come again; it *would* come again. She had defied the Church of her childhood, scorned the God of her First Communion; but now, when grace was waiting at her door, would she not open her soul to the saving waters?

During the succeeding days Essie wondered where the beautiful lady had gone. She heard her father and mother speak in subdued voices about Mrs. Foster, but they immediately changed the topic when she proceeded to question them about her. Mrs. Foster had gone; no one could tell her where. Soon Mr. Foster went, too.

The shutters of the great house were closed for the summer and were not opened again till the fall. But, alas! for the hopes of Essie, people came to live there whom she knew not.

The beautiful lady had indeed gone forever. It was all so strange, so like a real fairy story, that Essie began to wonder if the beautiful lady were not, after all, a queen.

QUESTION BOX.

Was the well-known hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," composed by St. Bernard?

The hymn referred to is a portion of a lengthy poem, "De Contemptu Mundi," in about three thousand lines. It was *not* composed by St. Bernard, who belonged to the Abbey of Clairvaux, but by a monk, also named Bernard, who was a member of the Abbey of Cluny. Clairvaux is in the department of Aube, thirty-three miles S. E. of Troyes, and the abbey was founded here by St. Bernard in 1114, whereas, Cluny is in the department of Sâone-et-Loire, eleven miles N. W. of Mâcon, and the abbey was founded in 916. In the twelfth century, the Abbey of Cluny, under the celebrated abbot, Peter the Venerable, who ruled the monastery from 1122 to 1156, was at the height of its fame. Its splendid church, the most magnificent in France, the completeness and richness of its ceremonies, the large number of the monks, and their exact religious observance, raised the abbey to a position of extraordinary fame. At that time, there was in the monastic ranks a devout Religious, Bernard by name, born at Morlaix in Brittany, but of English parents. He devoted a portion of his time to the composition of a poem on the corruptions of the age and on the contempt which sinners brought upon themselves. By way of contrast to the miseries of this world, Bernard gives us a charming description of the peace and glory of heaven in terms so attractive that the poem has been since that time a special favorite with devout Christians.

In form, the poem is written in dactylic hexameters, divided into three parts, between which a cæsure is inadmissible. The hexameter has what is known as a tailed rhyme, with feminine conine rhymes between the two first clauses, thus:

"Tunc nova glo*ria* || pectora sob*ria* || clarificabit:
Solvit enigm*ata* || veraque sabb*ata* || continuabit."

The whole poem was reprinted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as more recently. The author's own account of the plan of the piece is as follows:—"The *subject* of the author is the Advent of Christ to Judgment: the joys of the saints, the pains of the reprobate. His *intention*, to persuade to the contempt of the world. The *use*, to despise the things of the world; to seek the things which be God's. He fortifies his exordium with the authority of the Apostle John, saying, 'Little children, it is the last time;' where he endeavors to secure beforehand the favor of his readers, by setting the words of the Apostle before his own. At the commencement, he treats of the Advent of the Judge to render them in earnest, and by the description of celestial joy he makes them docile."

The poem, as a whole, is open to the objection that throughout so many verses it still circles about the same subject without any marked progress of thought. But the description of heaven is placed beyond the region of criticism by the dying commendation of those who have found in it the adequate expression of what Trench has happily called their "heavenly home-sickness." Dr. Mason Neale, whose opinion is second to none, says: "I have no hesitation in saying that I look on these verses of Bernard as the most lovely, in the same way that the 'Dies Irae' is the most sublime, and the 'Stabat Mater' the most pathetic, of mediæval poems."

"GATHER YE ROSEBUDS."

"Ruth gathered up the ripened grain
The gleaners dropped upon the plain."

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RUTH.

BY HENRY COYLE.

Noemi mourned her son, her pride.
"Whither thou shalt go, I will go;
Thy God shall be my God; thy woe
Is mine!" said Ruth, the widowed bride.

The two went forth to Bethlehem,
For there Noemi's kindred dwelt;
If Boaz might see Ruth's face, she felt
That he would surely succor them.

Model of filial piety,
Ruth gathered up the ripened grain
The gleaners dropped upon the plain
And bore her burden patiently.

And when Boaz saw her in the fields,
Her beauty touched his tender heart.
"From this place, child, do not depart,"
He said; "and if my kinsman yields

"His right to thee, and thou art free,
I will, as God lives, thy hand claim,
And take thee, giving thee my name,
For none more virtuous can be!"

Ruth waited God's appointed time,
And did the duty near at hand.
And though she could not understand
His purpose, with strong faith sublime

She faltered not, but gave her best.
And from her blood sprang David's line,
And holy Joseph, saint benign,
The spouse of Virgin Mary blest.

THE OLD GARRET.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE "OLD HOME" MOVEMENT.

BY W. L. BENTON.

Those critics who have scored the American people as a mercantile nation, chiefly intent on making money, and devoid of sentiment, would do well to study the motives that bring men and women from all parts of the world back to the town or village, to the old home which sheltered their youth. The movement is spreading all over the United States, and the growing enthusiasm of those who take part is the strongest proof that America has its share of sentiment, a very large share indeed, despite the assertions of the pessimists that the Americans no longer feel the strong, yet tender, claim that home makes on the affections, and that the hotel is superseding the family hearth.

American sentiment is not always displayed on the surface; neither is it of the effervescent quality. It lies deep, yet wells up into action when the occasion arises—such an occasion as "Old Home" celebration, when fealty and love find practical expression in the packing of trunks, purchasing of presents, and migration to early haunts.

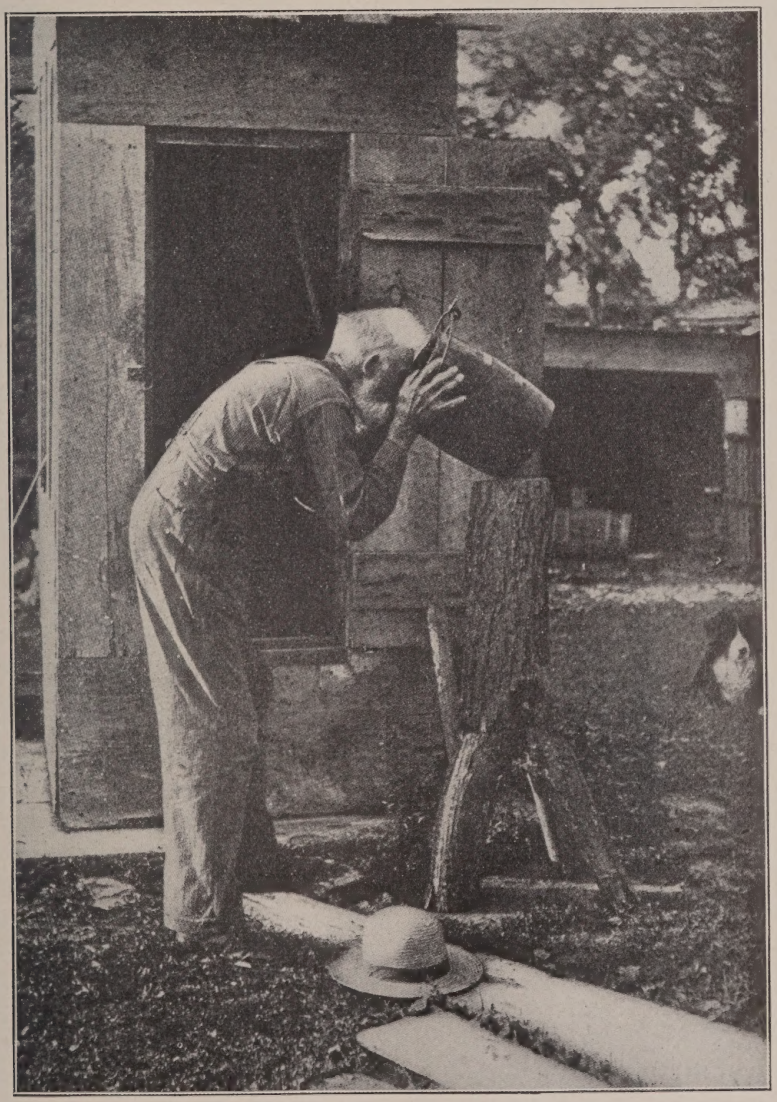
At this time, with Boston's "Old Home" celebration in prospect, it is interesting to trace the growth of the movement, back to the time when the following paragraph appeared in the Portsmouth *Chronicle,* early in the summer of 1853.

"The boys are coming down in great force. So, girls, dust out the front room and the spare chamber; put some pine boughs and sparrowgrass in the fireplace; bake us a heap of doughnuts, pies and cakes. And so, good citizens, one and all, prepare for the day."

There is a ring of good cheer, a promise of good things to come, in this

announcement of the first "Old Home" celebration in New England.

This reunion was the outcome of a movement on the part of some of the "Sons" of Portsmouth residing in Boston to visit their old home on the 4th of July. A large number agreed to join in the demonstration, and early in June a meeting was held in Cochituate Hall. Many natives and former residents of Portsmouth attended. The meeting was called to order by Isaac W. Frye; Francis E. Parker was elected president; a committee on arrangements was appointed, and the following resolutions were drafted:



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE.

Resolved, That the Committee of Arrangements, chosen by the meeting to carry into effect the business matters of that day, be instructed to convey, by advertising or otherwise, to all natives and former residents of Portsmouth, wherever they may now be living, an invitation to unite with us of Boston in our anticipated gathering among the haunts of our early days.

Resolved, That we who are here assembled to-night will take an active part in aiding our committee in their endeavors to make the coming anniversary of the Declaration of Independence a day of unalloyed happiness to all who have left, but have not forgotten the good old town of Portsmouth.

Spirited speeches were made, and they proved so effective in arousing enthusiasm, that the daily paper shortly announced: "The work has commenced under fairest auspices, and the old folks at home must expect a large delegation of their sons and brothers, with not a small accompaniment of sisters and daughters."

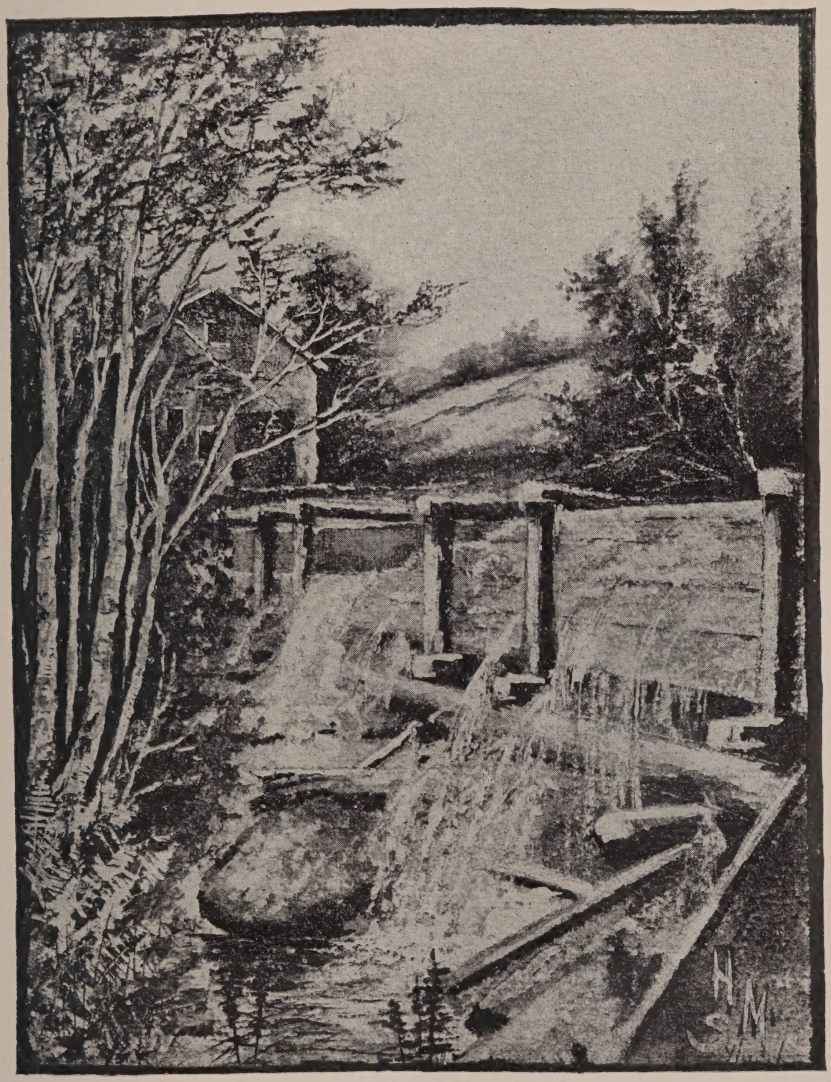
The preparatory work went bravely on, and the interest spread beyond Boston. In Lowell the "Sons" of Portsmouth held a meeting, to join with Boston in the celebration, and in New York, at the Irving House, seventy or eighty declared their intention of being present. Philadelphia was asked to unite in the movement, and a steamer was chartered to bring the delegations from these cities direct to Portsmouth.

The celebration proved to be a brilliant success. The peculiar circumstances made the occasion one long to be remembered, and it was predicted that the "Sons" of other places would be led to make a similar demonstration. The features were so numerous and varied that the rather limited newspaper space of the day was not able to give a full description. The program included a reception, decorations and patriotic speeches, and deep feeling was engendered in the hearts of all who took part. The Saturday trains brought thousands of visitors, who were met by two military companies and escorted through streets of beautifully decorated houses. Arches spanned the thoroughfare at intervals, and at one point a series of twenty-eight arches were united.

Five hundred delegates from Boston represented the "Sons" who had found a home in that city. Two thousand people sat down to the banquet, at which wit sparkled, and sentiments of love of

home were expressed in prose and poetry. The mayor gave formal welcome to the returned children of the town, and Francis E. Parker of Boston replied "in a speech of rare beauty and taste and closed with a poetical address," we are told.

A telegraphic message from Mayor Seaver was sent from Faneuil Hall, with the toast, "Boston and Portsmouth



THE MILL.

appropriateness." James T. Fields spoke for the Portsmouth "boys," and that he spoke to their liking was evinced by the nine cheers that punctuated his speech. "His remarks were in exceedingly good —the electric chain of communication, which now unites them, is but a type of the living sympathy which bound them together in the days that tried men's souls." The message was re-

ceived with unbounded enthusiasm, and the mayor of Portsmouth, in his reply, asserted with pardonable partiality, "We are proud of that part of Boston which belongs to Portsmouth."

The "Sons" paid a pretty compliment to Boston in their acknowledgment of his song, "A Tribute to Lang Syne," was sung by the assembly.

A promenade concert, dancing under canvas, and a great display of fireworks, completed the celebration.

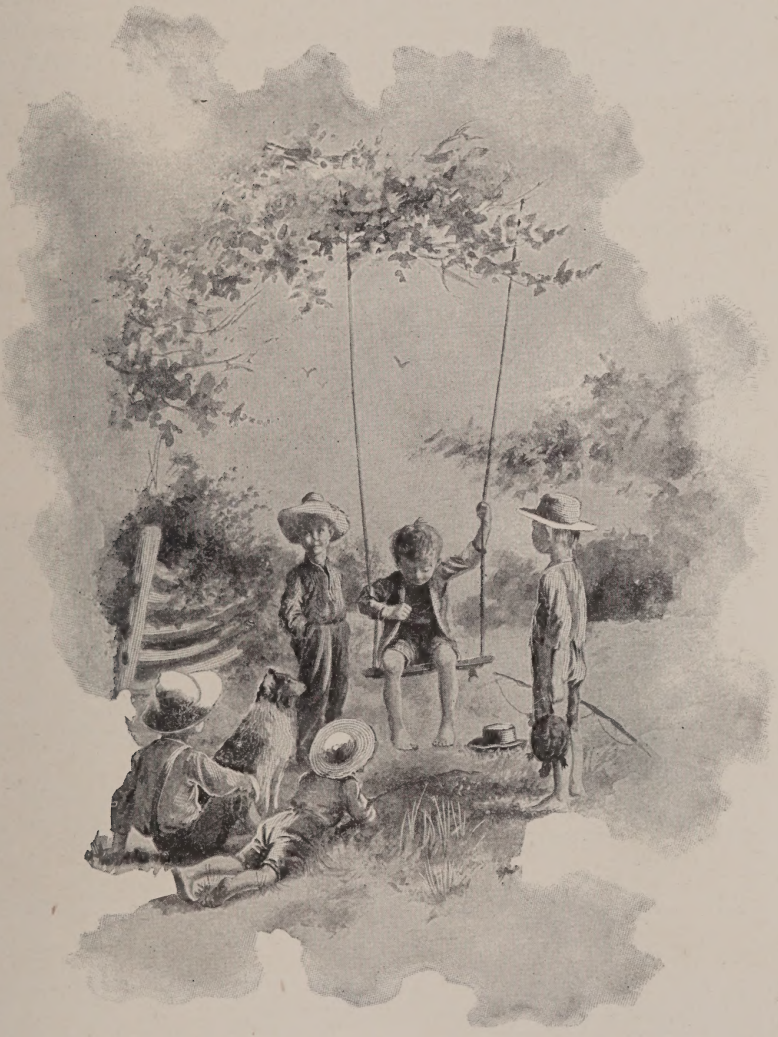
The gentlemen who had been so active in arranging the first "Old Home" celebration must have felt rewarded for their efforts. The heart of the public responded to their call and proved that such occasions form a strong link between the present and the past, as well as that they mark the changes which time has wrought.

CLIMBING THE GREASED POLE.

the mayor's courtesy. As a toast they gave, "The city of Boston—the nurse of freedom—when we forget her, may our right hands forget their cunning." Benjamin P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) read a poem full of local hits, humorous allusions and flashes of merriment, and

The "Sons" had responded handsomely to the invitation, issued by a poet of the early fifties, in these words:

"Come home! we'll ring each tuneful bell,
And hang our banners out,
"Come, rally, boys! awake, awake!
Hear old affection on you calling,
Your childhood's home appeal doth make,
On willing ears may it be falling.
It calls you from your busy care
To meet her in her pleasant places,



"WAITIN' FER THE CAT TO DIE."

And honest hearts with joy shall swell
To give their welcome shout."
Her old regard again to share
'Mid smiles from old familiar faces."

To this poetic welcome one of the transplanted "boys," possibly Mr. Shillaber, made this metrical reply:

Shillaber's poetic call to the "Sons" of New Hampshire, written in 1852, breathes the sentiment of "Old Home."

He declares the summons to her children was never given in vain by the state in time of war and trouble, and that in peace they will respond still more willingly:

Like music notes that call to peace
It bids us to her courts repair,
For one brief hour to find release
From worldly strife and turmoil there,

To joy in memory of the past,
To brush away the dust of years,
To bring back scenes too fair to last,
Oft wakened with regretful tears;

And times when deeds of after date
Were shadowed in each boyish plan,
Revealing in the child's estate
The mighty promise of the man.

Mother! we hear thy kindly voice,—
We fling discordant feelings by;
Brother with brother shall rejoice,
And at thy summons gladly fly.

We pledge thee, fondly, and the toast
Each breast with warm emotion fills:—
"The good old State we love the most,
Enthroned upon her thousand hills!"

The love of home and kindred is as keen to-day as in 1853, and yearly "Old Home Week" demonstrates the sway which sentiment exercises in bringing men and women from all parts back to the home of their childhood. It is one of the finest institutions New England has given to the world, and New Englanders owe a debt of gratitude to the originators of the idea, and to the Hon. Frank W. Rollins, who revived the "Old Home" movement, and has given it an enduring lease of life.

For many years Mr. Rollins had traveled extensively over New England, and through New Hampshire in particular. "The loss and decay in some of the agricultural sections was brought closely home to me," he says, "and it was while studying on this problem and its remedy that the idea of 'Old Home Week'

A COUNTRY ROAD.

AN ABANDONED HOMESTEAD.

A HAY-RICK RIDE.

occurred to me as a possible help in restoring lost people and conditions.

"I prepared my plan in all its details and called a convention at Concord of all interested. It was largely attended, and the board or state association was formed then."

This was in the spring of 1899. Efforts were made to interest every town, and some fifty local bands were organized. A canvass was made in each town to get up lists of former inhabitants or their descendants, and invitations were issued to them to come home for the month of August.

All sorts of devices were adopted to bring the festival to public notice,—souvenir stationery, badges, buttons,

WHEN "OLD HOME WEEK" IS OVER.

"Old Home" stamps, and the press of the country was enlisted in making the movement known. In this way, Mr. Rollins says, "New Hampshire got advertising that $200,000 could not buy."

A notable difference between those who responded to the call in 1853, and those who took part in the revived "Old Home" in 1899, is indicated in the following statements, made by Mr. Rollins in the *Independent,* January, 1891. He says:

"In President Tucker's town of Hanover, out of six hundred voters only one hundred and thirty are natives of the town, and Hanover is not an exceptional town. The natives you will see are in the minority.

"This new stock coming in is making itself felt. It is elbowing and pushing its way to the front. It is crowding the native born. But it is good stock, it has caught the right spirit. It has, perhaps, more of the spirit of our forefathers than the natives. I am sorry to say it, but I fear it is so. They are willing to make more sacrifices, work longer hours, live less expensively, and have more ambition, and they will succeed.

"The native has not yet awakened to the fact, and I fear that when he does the shock will be somewhat severe. But the new life coming in will rebuild and revivify the old blood, the old stock somewhat—perhaps. The new stock understands the principles of the fathers—the principle of sacrifice."

It may be taken for granted that Mr. Rollins' early home was of the kind to furnish happy memories and to lure back to it the children who had been nurtured under its hospitable roof. In the biography of Edward H. Rollins, the father of Governor Rollins, by James O. Lyford, a chapter is devoted to his family life and personal traits. His children were encouraged to bring their friends home: "Have all the company you want," the father would say. "Invite your friends to the house at any time. I would rather that your friends visited you than that you visited them." The result of this permission was that the Rollins home at Concord, and also at Rollinsworth, frequently resembled "a school at recess, with its babble of voices and romping plays." The turmoil never disturbed the head of the family, who continued his reading or writing, calmly. His son relates a characteristic incident:

"I remember one day when the house was full of my boy and girl friends. Father was reading in the living-room. We were playing very noisy games, dashing in and out of the room he was occupying. All of a sudden we took up some new game which kept us absolutely quiet. In a few minutes father laid down his paper, looked around in a surprised way, and said, 'What's the matter?' The absence of commotion and noise was the only thing which arrested his attention."

But all the time was not spent in playing. Habits of industry and independence were acquired, and the sons of the family understood that on the day their school career ended they must take up the responsibility of providing for themselves. An enduring tribute to the influence of such a home as that in which the future governor of New Hampshire grew to manhood is the establishment, on a firm foundation, of the "Old Home" institution. He has given practical form to the aspirations and longings of other home-lovers. He has blazed the way for their return to the scenes that will not be forgotten,—scenes such as Madison Cawein depicts in "The Old Home."

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree,
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes
Through tear mists behold them beneath the old-time skies,
'Mid bee-boom and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them, and heartsick with longing is my soul
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bowl;
Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long-ago;
To whisper the wood wind of things we used to know
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its heart of gold;
To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees and to each listening leaf
The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,
The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them and still they call to me.

The witchery of old associations weaving their spell across the years is the theme of a poem, "Homesick," that appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* some years ago. The poet, Julia C. R. Dorr, recalls the familiar scenes in words as moving as the theme of her song:

HOMESICK.

O my garden! lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the leagues of distance flies my heart to-night to you,
And I see your stately lilies in the tender radiance gleam,
With a dim, mysterious splendor, like the angels of a dream!

I can see the stealthy shadows creep along the ivied wall,
And the bosky depths of verdure where the drooping vine-leaves fall,
And the tall trees standing darkly with their crowns against the sky,
While overhead the harvest moon goes slowly sailing by.

I can see the trellised arbor, and the roses' crimson glow,
And the lances of the larkspurs all glittering, row on row,
And the wilderness of hollyhocks, where brown bees seek their spoil,
And butterflies dance all day long, in glad and gay turmoil.

O, the broad paths running straightly, north and south and east and west!
O, the wild grape climbing sturdily to reach the oriole's nest!
O, the bank where wild flowers blossom, ferns nod, and mosses creep
In a tangled maze of beauty over all the wooded steep!

Just beyond the moonlit garden I can see the orchard trees,
With their dark boughs overladen, stirring softly in the breeze,
And the shadows on the greensward, and within the pasture bars
The white sheep huddling quietly beneath the pallid stars.

O my garden! lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the restless ocean flies my yearning heart to you,
And I turn from storied castle, hoary fane, and ruined shrine,
To the dear, familiar pleasaunce where my own white lilies shine—

With a vague, half-startled wonder if some night in paradise,
From the battlements of heaven I shall turn my longing eyes
All the dim, resplendent spaces and the mazy star-drifts through,
To my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew!

More commonplace, but equally reminiscent of early times, is Frank L. Stanton's "Dear Old Days."

Gimme back the dear old days—all the boys in line—
"Boy stood on the burnin' deck," an' "Bingen on the Rhine!"
"'Twas midnight; in his guarded tent"—we spoke it high and low,
While Mary trotted out that lamb "whose fleece was white as snow!"

Gimme back the dear old days that Mem'ry loves to keep,
With "Pilot, 'tis a fearful night—there's danger on the deep!"
The old-time, awkward gestures—the jerk, meant fer a bow;—
We said that "Curfew should not ring," but Lord! it's ringin' now!

Gimme back the dear old days—the pathway through the dells
To the school-house in the blossoms; the sound of far-off bells
Tinklin' 'crost the meadows; the song of the bird an' brook;
The old-time dictionary, an' the blue-back spellin'-book!

Gone, like a dream, forever! A city's hid the place
Where stood the old log school-house; an' no familiar face
Is smilin' there in welcome beneath a mornin' sky;—
There's a bridge acrost the river; an' we've crossed, an' said "Good-by!"

James Whitcomb Riley is perhaps the banner poet of old home memories. He delights in revisiting boyhood haunts:

Ho! I'm going back to where
We were youngsters. Meet me there,
Dear old barefoot chum, and we
Will be as we used to be—
Lawless rangers up and down
The old creek beyond the town—
Little sunburnt gods at play,
Just as in that far-away.
Water-nymphs, all unafraid,
Shall smile at us from the brink
Of the old millrace and wade
Tow'rd us as we kneeling drink
At the spring our boyhood knew,
Pure and clear as morning-dew;
And, as we are rising there,
Doubly dow'rd to hear and see,
We shall thus be made aware
Of an eerie piping, heard
High above the happy bird
In the hazel. And then we,
Just across the creek, shall see
(Hah! the goaty rascal!) Pan
Hoof it o'er the sloping green,
Mad with his own melody,
Aye, and (bless the beasty man!)
Stamping from the grassy soil
Bruised scents of fleur-de-lis,
Boneset, mint and pennyroyal.

This poem describes the haunts and occupations of the country boy, but in "The Old Band" Mr. Riley dwells upon the associations of manhood in the old home, and shows their power over the emotions of the wanderer.

It's mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,
Considerin' I've be'n away twenty year' and more.
Since I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a change
A-comin' back and notice things that's new to me and strange:
Especially at evening when yer new band fellers meet,
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out in the street;
What's come of old Bill Lindsay and the saxhorn fellers,—say,
I want to hear the old band play.

What's come of Eastman and Nat Snow? And where's War Barnett at?
And Nate and Bony Meek, Bill Hart, Tom Richal's son, and that
Air brother of him played the drum as twict as big as Jim:
And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter,—say, what's become o' him?
I make no doubt your new band's now a compententer band
And played their music more by note than what they played by hand,
And stylisher and grander tunes, but somehow—anyway
I want to hear the old band play,

Sich tunes as "John Brown's Body" and "Sweet Alice," don't you know;
And "The Camels is a-Comin'" and "John Anderson, My Jo."
And a dozen others of 'em, Number Nine and Number 'Leven
Was favor-ites that fairly made a feller dream of heaven;
And when the boys 'ud saranade I've laid so still in bed
I've even heard the locus' blossoms droppin' on the shed,
When "Lily Dale" and "Hazel Dell" had sobbed and died away,
I want to hear the old band play.

Yer new band ma'by beats it, but the old band's what I said—
It allus' pear'd to kind o' chord with somepin in my head;
And whiles I'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes is jes'
Nigh drownded out and mem'ry squares her jaws and sort o' says
She wan't and never will fergit, I want to jes' turn in
And take the light right out o' here and get back West ag'in,
And stay there when I get there, where I never have to say
I want to hear the old band play.

The roar of the city has no attraction for the poet, and judging from the tendency of poets to turn to the country for inspiration, it would seem that their muse must have been nurtured in rural

scenes. Eugene Field, who shares with Riley the affections of the children, grows eloquent, in "When I Go Home," over the charms of the old homestead:

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago;
Always with throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces old and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That may never die away
And it seems the band of angels,
On a mystic harp to play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart working—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn's shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing the night winds murmur
To the plash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

James T. Fields also gives expression to his longing to retrace his steps, and hear once again the voices that were dear to him:

Oh, to be home again, home again, home again,
Under the apple boughs down by the mill;
Mother is calling me, father is calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

Oh, how I long to be wandering, wandering
Through the green meadows, and over the hill;
Sisters are calling me, brothers are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

Oh, once more to be home again, home again.
Dark grows my sight, and the evening is chill—
Do you not hear how the voices are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still?

And here is a bit of vagrant verse that some editorial highway man robbed of its author's name, and sent adrift. It deserves more kindly treatment, for the homely praise of old friends, as seen in the after-glow:

BACK TO 'LINDY'S.

I want to go back to 'Lindy's—back to the old farm place,
Where the friends I knew were true as blue and poverty no disgrace;
I want to forget the sighing, the rush and the rattlety-bang,
The whistle toot, the rumbling cart and the car bell's noisy clang.
I'd like to go back a-roving in the drowsy afternoons,
And drown the sounds of the grimy town in an ocean of clover blooms.

I want to go back to 'Lindy's—back to the "Stub-toe Land,"
Where it didn't take much of learning to make folks understand;
Where the grasp of a hand was rugged, but the clasp was firm and true,
And the eyes of the man behind them looked honest and frank at you.
I want to steal off at twilight as I did when the sun sank low,
And dream the dreams that were mine to dream in the hazy afterglow.

I want to go back to 'Lindy's—back thro' the stretch of years,
I want to go back to the boyhood track beyond the doubts and fears;
It seems but a step back yonder to the fields and the rose leaf rain—
A step in miles, but ah! the years—they're linked in an endless chain!
What little of spoil I've garnered, what little the world has doled,
I would barter it all, thrice over, to live in its sweet enfold.

I want to go back to 'Lindy's, where the white road winds away
O'er valley and hill and dale and rill to the rim of distant gray;
I want to get out in the open, where a fellow has elbow room—
Where he's never afraid to cross the street for fear he will meet his doom,
Back to the fragrant orchard and the cool of the grateful sod—
For that was as near, I reckon, as ever I've been to God.

But a still more forceful appeal to the heart is made in the poem by Nannie Byrd Turner, based on an incident in the centre of the city's tumult:

The city's tumult surges high
Here in this noisy struggling street;
With fretful voice and hurried feet
The restless morning march goes by.
A thousand sounds are born and die,
But one, that will not faint nor fail,
Keeps up its slow monotony—
An old street organ's plaintive wail.

A beggar, tremulous and blind,
Is playing the dreary airs that must
Earn from the world a daily crust,
As long as the weary hands can grind;
But scant the wages that they find,
For nowhere in the jostling throng
Are lives with leisure left to heed
The crude petition of a song.

Clatter and rush and dust and grime
And the hot, tired morning done,
But not a listener had they won—
The faulty tune, the halting time;
When with a sudden noonday chime
From out the jingling medley come,
Like words of comfort healing pain,
The tender notes of "Home, Sweet Home."

"There is no place like home," he says,
The old, forsaken, homeless man,
With soul too worn and warped to span
The pathos of the thing he plays—
And somewhere in the crowded ways
Men hear old, silent, voices sing,
And, spite the current's onward sweep,
Falter a while, remembering.

"No place, no place like home"—the word
Grows faint and fainter down the street,
And somewhere slower pass the feet,
And somewhere sudden tears are stirred,
And dim, far whisperings are heard
In hearts that deemed them surely dead;
And one petitioner has gained
The penny for his daily bread.

A treasury of songs of home by American poets gives expression to the love, deep, true and enduring, that has place in the hearts of the people for the scenes that memory holds unchanged, despite the passage of time and the changed conditions of living. It must not be forgotten that an American wrote "Home, Sweet Home." The greatest eulogy of home ever penned by mortal man was written by John Howard Payne, in 1822, while he was in London. He died in Tunis, Africa, in 1852, the year before the first "Old Home" celebration was inaugurated in Portsmouth.

This song has been sung by millions, and may be called the song of all nations. Other countries have their national anthems, but America has "Home, Sweet Home." The country that has become the asylum of the world gave to it the words that move men's hearts beyond the power of expression.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.*

BY RT. REV. JOHN S. VAUGHAN, D.D.

The prisoner chafes in his
  Dungeon drear,
And sighs through the live-long day
  For the hills and vales
  Of his own bright home
In a country far away.

In vain he presses his
  Iron bars
And drags at his massive chain;
  They hold him fast
  In their iron grasp,
Though thews and muscles strain.

To the eagles that shriek,
  On the rocks above,
In his wild despair he calls;
  But the eagles' strength
  Cannot break the locks
Nor shatter his prison walls.

He hears the tread of
  Some passer-by,
He implores him to break his chains;
  But the strongest arm
  Cannot force the door
Nor bring ease to his racking pains.

*This poem appeared in the November DONAHOE'S and is now reprinted with the following Germa translation, offered by Mr. Schültz.

At last, there whispers a
  Soft, low voice—
Far sweeter than all the rest—
  And it cries:—"Be patient,
  Brave, and wait;
And I will your pains arrest.

"I'll force your chains and
  Your cruel bars,
And set you free indeed.
  No king, however
  Mighty he,
Can enslave whom I have freed.

"I'll rescue you from a
  Thousand foes,
Fling wide the stubbornest door;
  For none can hold
  Whom I will free,
So be downcast and sad no more."

"Your name? Your name?" the
  Prisoner cried,
"Oh! pray, what may it be?"
  "My name is *DEATH,*"
  Said the silvery voice.
Death set the prisoner free.

UEBERSETZUNG.

Des Gefangenen Freund.

Der Gefangene stöhnt in des
  Kerkers Gruft
Durchseufzt den endlosen Tag,
Nach den Tälern und Höhn
  In dem fernen Land,
Nach der Heimat lichtem-Hag.

Vergebens zerret und
  Rüttelt er
An Kett und Gitter der Zelle,
Mit eisernem Griff
  Widerstehn sie ihm,
Ob Sehn und Muskel auch schwelle.

Und verzweifelt empor
  Dringt sein wilder Schrei
Zu den Adlern am Felsenrand.
Doch die Fesseln bricht
  Keines Adlers Kraft,
Noch sprengt sie des Kerkers Wand.

Von ferne erschallet
  Des Wanderers Tritt,
Er fleht ihn eilend zu retten,
Doch die Riegel zwingt
  Keines Armes Macht,
Noch löst sie grausame Ketten.

Horch! Endlich tönt's leise
  Im Flüsterhauch,
So lieblich, süss und rein.
Und es ruft:—"Geduld,
  Mutig harr aus,
Und enden will ich Deine Pein.

"Ich sprenge Ketten und
  Festen Stab,
Ich mache Dich wahrhaft frei,
Kein Fürst kann knechten
  Wen ich befreit,
Wie mächtig er auch sei.

"Vor tausend Feinden
  Rett ich Dich,
Tu auf die festeste Tür;
Befreit von mir
  Niemand Dich hält,
Drum sei nicht verzagt hinfür."

"Dein Name? Geschwind!"
  Der Gefangene ruft,
"O nenn ihn, hab Erbarmen!"—
"Ich bin der *Tod,*"
  Haucht es milde zurück:
Der Tod hat befreit den Armen.

JOHN O'LEARY: SOME MEMORIES.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

In the person of John O'Leary, who died on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, Ireland has lost her veteran among Nationalists. A picturesque and impressive figure will be missed in the Irish capital, for in Dublin he spent his declining years. His life, as far as it concerns the recent history of Ireland, was linked in honor with the Young Ireland and succeeding Fenian movements. In a remarkably interesting and characteristic book, he preserved his "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism." I treasure amongst my personal possessions the copy he gave me, with its shaky inscription and the splendid poet's cut that adorns the first page.

All the Irish newspapers have been recalling the historic incidents of his life, and it is possible that there are far more people in America acquainted with the history of Fenianism than we can count in Ireland, so for readers of an American-Irish magazine I will not go over the old story. It will be more acceptable if I record some personal memories and impressions, beginning with the very first.

I go back to the autumn of 1893. I was at that time living in a country house on the slopes of the Cavehill, Belfast. My people had spent the whole summer at a seaside residence and I was in solitude by choice, for I was reading busily in the old chronicles of Irish history, and writing my first poems. It is strange to remember that within the boundaries of the big city I was not acquainted with a single Catholic at the beginning of that year. In May I had joined an Irish class, which was taught by a now celebrated Gael, P. J. O'Shea, but I had not yet met nor spoken to my teacher out of class, nor to any of my Catholic fellow-pupils. In Derry City, where I was at school some years before, I had known two or three Catholic girls, and had chanced to meet a Catholic priest,—an ardent Gael and Nationalist, —in the person of Monsignor MacFadden of the town of Donegal. It was an event in my life but not, as far as I could see, likely to be repeated. In Belfast, walls of hostility and division rose all around me, and those of the separated creeds never met nor mingled. I was as strong and ardent a Nationalist as I am to-day, but quite solitary, with no comradeship to look forward to, and very little hope that I would ever be on social and intimate terms with the real native population of Ireland. I look back to that time as my period of exile, so to speak.

At the bend of the road, not five minutes' walk from where I lived, in a house circled by beautiful trees, lived a lady, of whom I had heard indirectly, and who wrote for the same papers that I did. As I took my solitary walks to watch the sunset shine over Belfast Lough, and the stars come out over the Cavehill, I used to see the lamp kindled in the neighbor house. If I had only plucked up courage, gone up the avenue, and knocked at the door, Ethna Carbery herself would have welcomed me in, stranger and all that I was, and our friendship would have lasted from an earlier date.

Walking past this house of the beech trees (there were both golden and copper beeches around it), I once on a time met a tall, handsome old man with white, streaming hair and beard—and strangely-flashing eyes. He was attired in a picturesque fashion, and wore a wide-brimmed hat. I knew at a glance that

he was somebody of importance, and guessed aright. It was John O'Leary, who was then visiting at the home of Ethna Carbery's father, an old and valued friend.

Before that winter had passed, all the barriers which shut me up in solitary exile had fallen away, or rather, good fortune had brought me for a couple of weeks to Dublin where the barriers did not exist. I was not a day in that city till, on the strength of having written a few National ballads, I was hospitably welcomed into the inmost circle of Irish Nationalism. In a few days' time I was standing on John O'Leary's threshold, in a house out beyond historic Clontarf, secure of an influential and flattering introduction—but alas! only to be disappointed. John O'Leary was not at home, was not in Dublin, was not expected home that day, though he was down for a lecture at the rooms of the National Literary Society the same night. Indeed I made one of an audience which, hoping against hope, sat and waited for him till a late hour. I recollect, amongst others, Mr. W. B. Yeats, who wiled away the time drawing chalk sketches of imaginary fairy creatures, on the blackboard. There was a blazing fire, and we were happy enough, but there was no John O'Leary that night.

It was in March, '94,—I was back in the same room, and actually reading a lecture on ancient Gaelic literature myself,—when the door opened on a late-comer, and there strode in the picturesque, white-headed, eagle-eyed old man whom I had seen and noticed in Belfast on the road that winds around the foot of Cavehill. This time he wore a wide-brimmed white hat and was even more of a picture. Mr. J. B. Yeats (father of our poet) fortunately painted an admirable portrait of him just about this time, and moreover the fine photograph by Hollyer, which is published in his Fenian reminiscences, was probably taken very little later.

I recollect that after my lecture he was one of those who joined in the discussion, though Gaelic literature was by no means his specialty, and to the last day of his life he was ready to argue hotly as to whether Gaelicism was an essential part of Nationalism. Thomas Davis was, of course, pro-Gaelic, he allowed, but then Wolfe Tone took no count of such matters; and, in his own experience, there was the famous John O'Donovan, greatest of Gaels, not caring a hair about National politics, and his sons, good Fenians all, not bothering their heads about Gaelicism. But he watched this intellectual movement with keen interest, and came always to the Gaelic social gatherings, which are held annually in Oireachteas week at the Mansion House. He always wanted to see and to know the men who were working for Ireland, in any sphere of labor, and he would look in their faces and speak a few words. He was always on the look-out for a man or a boy, or perhaps even a woman, who would be worth something to Ireland, and when he had found such a one he looked him or her in the face with those keen, searching eyes of his, before passing judgment of some sort. He was above all a critic, sometimes a perverse critic. His book of reminiscences is full of judgments and opinions about all sorts of obscure and apparently unimportant persons. They were important in his eyes if they were recruits, however humble, to the army of Ireland.

To go on from the day of the lecture. He seems to have come to some rapid conclusion as to my proper sphere in life, on that very evening. He saw me first lecturing on ancient Gaelic literature, thought I did it fairly well, and never ceased through succeeding years to argue that I ought to have stuck to

that line of work and developed it, and that in the world of more active politics I was out of place.

Perhaps it was that my personality was contradicting one of his pet theories that strong Gaels were not hot Nationalists, but, if so, I was only one of the forerunners of a type that is now common over all Ireland, where of necessity it is now held all hot Nationalists must be good Gaels. Even in his own movement there were names one could have quoted to confound him, but then one felt somewhat afraid to argue.

I don't know what he made of Dr. Sigerson, for example, at whose own table he would sit week after week and propound his pet theory. Dr. Sigerson, famed as a translator of Gaelic lyrics, is yet by John O'Leary's own allowing a good Nationalist, though not an absolute extremist. So we may suppose that he considered it was the Doctor's Gaelic scholarship which acted as a balance in restraining him from absolute Fenianism.

It was in Dr. Sigerson's house that I first met him, to talk to and argue with face to face. I suppose that for the first few meetings we did not argue much, but being full of reverence and admiration and conscious of my own ignorance I never contradicted. But later on, and to the last, our conversation was largely made up of disagreements, for I found that, within limits, he liked a certain amount of contradiction. It roused him, made his eyes flash and his voice grow shrill, and without losing his temper he gave forth scathingly his opinions of men and things.

The worst he had ever to say of me was the old complaint that I was out of my sphere in meddling with up-to-date politics and should be engaged in lecturing on ancient Gaelic literature.

I saw much of him at the period of the '98 centenary preparations. He inevitably took the chair at all the meetings which were held in the City Hall. He looked splendid in the mayoral chair, and his eyes flashed more than ordinarily, for he was surrounded not infrequently by discordant elements. He was no sort of a chairman at all, and did not seem to bother his head about preserving the order of a meeting. The meetings were protracted to interminable hours, there was sometimes little or no business done, and yet things happened—characters of various sorts revealed themselves, and John O'Leary's keen eyes looked interested.

Though he appeared stern, fierce, and dignified all the time, he had a sense of humor, and was tickled at some of the happenings. I could write a score of anecdotes about this period of public work, but it is more pleasant to recall him in the intimacy of private life. Besides meeting him at Dr. Sigerson's, and in his own rooms in Temple Street, Dublin, I saw something of him in Belfast, for he came there again on a visit to the house of Ethna Carbery's parents, and he was even on another occasion a guest in my home. That was when he came to preside in Belfast, over an Ulster Centenary Convention gathering, and my father, though nothing of a Nationalist, was very much taken by Mr. O'Leary's personality, and felt honored to receive him. They had, moreover, book-collecting tastes in common, and got on famously together.

It was on the occasion of this visit, that he met in our house the late Rev. R. R. Kane, the Orange leader, and, I think, the meeting was not without result. Dr. Kane, though an ardent Protestant and Unionist politician, was a genuine Irishman of old Gaelic descent. He loved his country, and I believe that it was only ignorance and misrepresentation which led him into the National camp. To meet a Nationalist like O'Leary, who was a man of unflinching

honor and remarkable personal gifts, was an illumination to Dr. Kane. They talked and agreed about many things. In that last year of his life the Orange leader more or less startled English political parties and their camp followers in Ulster by the independence of his views. I myself heard him at a financial relations' meeting declare boldly that he had upheld the Union because he believed it was for the good of Ireland. Show him that Ireland's prosperity was a thing apart from that of Empire and he would stand for Ireland only.

Dr. Kane unfortunately died, just a year later, and the Orange democratic party has survived in Belfast, and shows symptoms of being no longer Orange, but United Irish, in its tendencies. John O'Leary compelled respect in every one who met him, and won respect and allegiance for the cause that he loved.

In the spring of 1900 he came on a visit to the house of Mr. R. Johnston, Ethna Carbery's father. It was not the same house at the gate of which I had seen him in 1893, but one nearer to the city, and on this occasion my people, who frequently move, were living in a villa within two minutes' walk. We had long talks at this time, on all sorts of subjects. Sometimes I was at Lisnaveane with Ethna Carbery, and at other times she brought Mr. O'Leary up to our house, "The Drift." As Ethna Carbery was then very busily engaged with literary work and I was less occupied, it fell to my lot to accompany him on his walks. I did not argue so much, but just listened, as he rambled on with delightful reminiscences of his old friends and the old times.

But in the evenings, as he sat at ease in his armchair in the firelight, I loved to start him on argumentative subjects on which we sufficiently differed. Ethna Carbery would gently remonstrate if she thought I was going too far, for her heart ever glowed with veneration for him, and I had much ado to convince her that he really enjoyed and relished a little contradiction.

When he came to our house, my father insisted on walking back with him to Lisnaveane, though he objected to being looked upon as old enough to require such attention, and from this time on, when I met him on Sunday nights at Dr. Sigerson's, he had his revenge by insisting on seeing me home.

Now, I had become, in the course of a somewhat wandering life, quite Americanly independent and accustomed to look after myself, but in this matter I did not contradict him.

We came by tramcar to the corner of Rutland Square, and reached the corner of his street. Mine lay further, at the other side of quiet secluded Mountjoy Square. "At this hour of the night," Mr. O'Leary always said, "it isn't at all nice for you to cross the square alone." And I meekly assumed the attitude of a somewhat timid and unprotected young person, and thanked him ardently for his companionship.

The very last time I saw him was on a Sunday night, when I had brought Nora Hopper, the celebrated poet, to see Dr. Sigerson. The Doctor was unfortunately away from home, but John O'Leary sat in his accustomed seat by the hearth, and Nora Hopper was delighted to meet him. He and I departed together as usual, but when we came to the north side, he had not to make the usual journey across the square with me—I had changed my lodging and lived on this side. Besides, I told him the square had lost something of its awe-inspiring character, as Mr. Tim Healy had moved away from the corner house which he used to inhabit.

It was a remarkable fact, which we used to notice at the time, when Irish

political parties were much divided into sections and sub-sections, all the leading spirits lived within a stone's throw of each other, in streets off or near Mountjoy Square. I passed, in my walk home, from a play, say at the Rotunda, in a walk of five minutes, the houses of Mr. T. Harrington, Dr. Kenny, Mr. John Dillon, Tim Healy, and T. D. Sullivan; and John O'Leary, in Temple Street, was conveniently near them all.

The rooms which he inhabited on the third story of a high, old-fashioned house were absolutely full of books. He always presented me with a few, or, in fact, told me to take my choice out of a pile where he had gathered together his duplicates, and I inevitably picked up a tattered copy of John Mitchel's "Last Conquest" or "Jail Journal." No matter that I had taken it before, I explained, it was the best book I knew to give away to some one else, with a view to turning him or her into a red hot Nationalist. Going down stairs, on departure, was something of an ordeal to me, for I am very nervous about lamps and lamp explosions, and Mr. O'Leary invariably snatched up his reading lamp, and coming to the landing held it out over my head as I swiftly descended the stairs, all the time hoping that it would not come crashing down in smoke and flame on top of me.

He had moved away from Temple Street some time before he died, but I did not see him quite lately, as I was engaged in lecturing on Gaelic history and literature in remote parts of Ireland. I was rarely in Dublin, except on a flying visit, but I recollect that when told of my appointment he quite approved, and thought that I had found a suitable sphere of work. It was not so much the Gaelic language that he thought of importance, as the history which I could teach. He was convinced that a knowledge of Irish history would form a strong basis of National faith, and he understood how National education in Ireland had been maimed purposely, that the people might be ignorant of history, and so their national faith would be undermined.

Before very long I hope that some one will give us a little volume of his correspondence and sayings. His public speeches were extraordinarily unattractive to listen to, as his vocal powers had been impaired and he could not make himself heard by a large audience. But he was a marked contrast to some splendid orators who can talk much about nothing. In a caustic, contradictory way, qualifying his own assertions and meditating, even hesitating to decide as he proceeded, he spoke briefly in a voice now low and grumbling, now forced into shrillness, spoke briefly and sat down abruptly. The audience, not having heard, turned to the newspaper report next day and found that John O'Leary in his own peculiar way had said something that it was necessary and right to say with regard to the undying cause of Irish Nationality as unaffected by opportunism or English diplomacy.

This was his mission in his last years. Reappearing in Ireland at a critical period of her history, he stood like a firm pillar stone for the army of Young Ireland to rally around. He stood for principle against compromise, and let it never be forgotten that he unceasingly denounced the methods of Continental anarchy, which in a few instances were introduced into the Irish struggle. He was not very sanguine of immediate success, had seen enough of failure to daunt the bravest heart; but he taught us that in spite of failure we should not surrender.

AUNT MARY.

BY HELEN HUGHES.

The days of childhood run like sand through the fingers, but it is like the sand that hides costly gems and pearls deep in its moving mass. And happy is the one whose memory preserves, for the delight of manhood or womanhood, precious jewels from the shifting sands of early life.

Dear Aunt Mary! Her memory comes back to me as a "fountain and a shrine" in the desert of life. She had the strangest household in the world, looking back at it from this distance. But to young, unquestioning eyes what is so is so, and the only way that could be possible.

There were ten children of her own, and then there was old Mr. Devereaux. What right he had there it never came into our minds to question, and as we grew older we were given to understand that there was something very sacred about him. His father had cursed him, it was said, and he had wandered out on the rocks and barren places, and his hair turned gray in a single night, and he lost the sight of his eyes, and he sat by the fire in Aunt Mary's and justified himself for his temper and even grosser faults from the lives of the saints, some of whom were not examples of piety in the beginning of their careers. He insisted on the children reading for him the current speeches of the day; and as it was the custom at that time to report signs of appreciation by the words "laughter" and "applause," in brackets, Devereaux never failed to perform that part, recognizing himself as the "audience." It was no wonder that the boys often threw in more animation than was recorded, for the fun of hearing his cackling old voice rising for the laughter and applause. This trick was considered quite a crime, and the younger children looked forward with guilty pleasure to the day when they could commit it. It might be a small thing to do on an ordinary man; but when the victim of your joke had the mysterious dignity of being cursed by his own father, it was quite a different thing. My private and grown-up opinion of Mr. Devereaux is that he was a hardened old vagabond whom Aunt Mary reclaimed, giving him a place by her fireside, just to prove God's goodness to him.

Then there was Kitty, who was called "Aunt Kitty," the aunt being merely a title of courtesy. In earlier years she had helped with the children, and now, old and feeble, she remained with them, as she had no home. In the language of Cæsar it might be said of these two that they contended daily, the bone of contention usually being their relative piety. These were steadies in the family. Then there were the transients, and not a winter passed but an old soldier, or an old sailor, or some old, destitute person, wandered along about the fall of the leaf and remained until spring called again to the vagrant spirit. Nor can it be said that these old people were nothing but a burden. In the kindly light of Aunt Mary's big kitchen some latent seed of genius blossomed out. With one it was song, even songs of his own making; with another it was story. I remember one old man, as straight as a rule, with a long, beautiful white beard, and bright wicked eyes, and a fine County Clare "brogue." He had been a soldier in India and could tell wonderful tales of camp life, military balls, etc.; but Aunt Mary thought he

threw too much color into his descriptions, so he had to confine himself to the purely imaginary, and one of his best stories was "The Black Man of the Forest." Many a night, when we were all gathered around the table,—our numbers increased usually by a few of the neighbors, who had dropped in,—the old soldier would raise his head and throw back his shoulders and give us "The Black Man of the Forest." The recitation occupied an hour and a half. I was visiting at Aunt Mary's that winter, and I remember that, if I could get his tone to begin with, I could repeat the whole thing, which gave me a kind of wicked eminence among the rest of the children. It was not considered right to make fun of the old man, who was very poor and had no home.

But of all the frequenters of this hospitable house, none could compare, in point of interest, with Burke the piper. His visits were semi-annual, regular and lasted from ten days to two weeks. He was the grimmest, severest, harshest looking old man I ever saw, tall and thin and a grizzly gray, and under his arm he carried that rare instrument, the Irish bagpipes. From this raggedy-looking bundle he could draw the wildest, weirdest music,—sometimes heart-breaking, sometimes soul-thrilling, and very often of a nature that you could not keep your feet still, but must stand up, of sheer necessity, and beat out the time on the clean-swept wooden floor. There was even in these days a species of wireless telegraphy in vogue, for Burke had no sooner struck the settlement, than his arrival was known to the remotest extremity. And the young people rustled with their chores, that they might assemble early in Aunt Mary's, where many a light foot beat time to reel or jig up to the heart of the night, when they joyfully dispersed, after inviting the piper, in the most respectful terms, if you please, to play for them at some other neighbors, accompanying their request by a small sum of money.

Woe to the boy or girl who ever showed him disrespect, such as reproducing his motions or screwing up the face in a weakly imitation of his facial efforts as he played, for his tongue was sharper than the proverbial serpent's tooth. When he went to Mass on Sundays he left his pipes at home, and we children, who were left with one of the older sisters, learned, to our grief, that we could not reproduce the knot which he put on his bagpipes, at least not beyond the point of condemnatory evidence.

Burke was always dressed in the shabby genteel style of the vagrant who falls heir to the priest's old coats and modest black hats. Once when Aunt Mary felt that his clothes were rather light for the season, he assured her that he had a good overcoat in Arichat, and a better pair of shoes than he was wearing in Ontario. The scattered condition of his wardrobe occasioned no surprise, for a week or ten days might find him in either place.

Aunt Mary's house itself was unique in its way. It was a long, rambling cottage; along the south side were dining-room, sitting-room, best room, etc., while the north side was cut up into little bedrooms, two generally opening into one of the larger rooms. Upstairs was a long hall, with little bedrooms on both sides. The capacity for storing away people was enormous. And over all Aunt Mary presided kindly, but in any matter touching faith or morals firmly. The dishes might go unwashed of an evening if the sound of the bagpipes called the neighbors in earlier than usual, or if a story was particularly interesting; but the rosary was never omitted, not even if each member had to be rescued separately and individu-

ally from the influence of Morpheus as his turn came to say his "Hail Marys." The beds might be left unmade, but the family had to go on the way to Mass at a proper time on Sunday. Nor did it afflict her gentle heart if chaos reigned at home while she ministered to the wants of a sick neighbor. Order did not rule in her big house always, but the "sheets were ready" at any time. To the uninitiated "the sheets" might have no meaning; but in this locality it had reference to the particular sheets used in covering the bed upon which the dead lay, sometimes even forming a canopy over them. Such was the custom of the place; it was their tribute to King Death. Everything unsightly was covered up, and it was wonderful what an appearance could be furnished to the poorest room by the skillful draping of these sheets and the addition of flowers and candles, while the body lay in the majesty of death, clothed — man and woman alike — in the brown habit of Mt. Carmel.

But when the solemn rites were done and the natural elasticity of the people threw them into a pitch of exaltation in direct ratio to their late depression, there were often "words" about these sheets, and other matters, also, of course; but "the sheets" afforded a constant irritation. And before the community had settled down to plain living again, several parties had "faced each other." This "facing" business always had a salutary effect; not that they ever reached any amicable understanding, but it gave the parties concerned a chance of telling what they thought of each other, and raking up old scores, and, in a word, exhausting themselves, after which they were ready to fulfill all neighborly offices again. "Facing each other" simply rose from a necessity for action in their uneventful lives. Thus, when the valiant Cuchulain killed his own and only son unwittingly, his comrade pressed a sword into his hands and hurried him to the beach, where for three days and three nights he fought the waves until he fell down at last exhausted.

Now Aunt Mary, not being a philosopher, did not realize the necessity of a little excitement to the people about her —did not realize that "bread and circus" meant as much to the present generation as to the old Romans. So she provided "the sheets," and made it a religious duty to always have them on hand when wanted, hoping in this way to prevent at least some of the trouble.

I don't think her efforts were effectual to any extent, and I believe the time-honored custom of "facing each other" is still carried on in that locality, though wakes and funerals are conducted in a different way. The annual revolution in the school, together with the occasional wedding or christening, afford sufficient of the "circus"-producing element to satisfy their wants.

With so many references to Aunt Mary, it must not be supposed she was a widow. There was Uncle Francis, white-haired, ruddy-faced and genial. He had a little lisp in his speech, which prevented him from giving the proper turn to such difficult aspirates as "th." In a less observing community this defect would not have been noticed, but they had few things to amuse themselves with. Now Uncle Francis had a habit of calling any one that displeased him a thief; not, of course, in the ordinary etymological sense of the word, but as a mild form of reprobation, sometimes preceding the term by a profane qualifying phrase. So he got the nickname of "Fief"; and many a time the word "Fief" was the rallying cry of the opposite factions when the children, let loose from school, tried to make up for the hours lost in dull and distasteful discipline. But the "Fief" had five strong

boys and five strong girls, and so was always pretty well represented in the school, and the enemy was generally repulsed with great slaughter, figuratively speaking.

It was no wonder that we children loved to visit at Aunt Mary's, for there was always something a-doing.

The years stole swiftly away, and before the halo of being cursed by his own father faded away in the light of the broader vision of the growing children, poor old Devereaux found that peace in the grave that he would never willingly accord to any one living. And Aunt Kitty found a home with a sister of Aunt Mary's, who never had had any children of her own, and who amused herself and kept Kitty comfortably excited by making matches for her with any elderly unmarried man in the vicinity, the principal entertainment being in the way Kitty repulsed them, and the various reasons she gave for so doing. The children were all grown up, and the old house was more full of mirth than ever.

And now came a day which was at once the whitest and the blackest in Aunt Mary's life. Her second eldest son, Peter, who had been attending college, with a remote view of becoming a priest, was selected by the bishop as one of the two boys he had the right to send to Rome for their education.

Poor Aunt Mary! She had never been completely separated from any of her children before; and that it should be Peter, the one that deep down in her heart she loved the dearest! But she had all the pride of the mother of the Gracchi, and the resignation of the mother of the Macabees, the combined natural and supernatural virtues. Nor did a tear stain her brave, good face when he said good-by and started down the lane in the buggy with his father, to begin his seven years' exile.

I was helping her to wash the dishes that day after they all left, and if I had been older I might have mistaken her calm for indifference; but children are not often mistaken in these things, and because I loved Peter dearly I knew his mother's heart was very sore. She washed and dried his plate and cup and saucer carefully, and put them away in a drawer in her own room. "I had ten children to care for," she said, sadly, "and now the first leaf has fallen from my chaplet." Thinking back on her words, I wonder at their poetic beauty; but Aunt Mary's was a beautiful soul, not at all above her position in the world, but filling it and making her position far above her surroundings. After a little while she said, with a great effort, "I used to say a prayer for each one as I washed their dishes"; and for the first time her courage broke down, and the face she had turned to Peter, so brave and smiling a little while ago, was drenched in a rain of tears. "But," said I, planning as a child will plan, and trying to comfort her, "you can say a prayer in the space between Robert's and Frank's dishes. Peter will need your prayers more than ever, especially when he is on the sea." She seemed pleased with saying a prayer in the space, and that afternoon, as she sat mending the stockings, she talked a great deal with me,—more than she ever did before,—and it was mostly about people who loved each other very dearly and were separated. And she crooned in her wonderfully sweet voice a little song about a crusader who was taken in battle by the Turks and cast into prison without any hope of release. His only solace was a carrier pigeon that he had brought from his home; but even this he gave up, sending it with a message to his lady love.

I have read many books since I sat, that quiet lonely afternoon, at Aunt

Mary's feet, but I never have seen that poem in print, though I can remember it to this day, with the exception of the changes in words liable to occur when a poem is handed down without the aid of writing, for Aunt Mary herself had heard it from her mother. It runs as follows:

"Fly away to my native land, sweet dove,
Fly away to my native land.
And bear these lines to my lady-love,
I have traced with a feeble hand.

"Fly away to her bower, and tell her the chain
Of the tyrant is round me now
That I never may mount my steed again
With helmet upon my brow.

"I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth,
I can fall by the conqueror's sword,
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth
So fly to her bower, sweet bird.

"I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove,
I shall miss thy visit at eve,
But bear these lines to my lady-love
And then I shall cease to grieve."

God was good to Aunt Mary, for she lived to see not only Peter return to her a worthy priest, but her youngest son also serving before the altar.

And when she passed away, full of years and honor, many a heartfelt prayer followed her beyond the grave, and many an aching heart is cheered and supported by the example she left behind her; for her memory lives with wonderful greenness in her old neighborhood, even to this day.

THE BEST.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

If the toiler with a mallet,
With an axe, or with a pen,
With a chisel, brush and palette,
With a spade in wood or glen,
Or a ploughshare keen pursuing,
In his work would have success,
Must, for certain, aim at doing
Just his best, and nothing less.

He who labors in the meadows
Where the golden sunbeams lie,
Or in dim or dusky shadows
Of the forests close and high,
He who toils within some city,
North or south, or east or west,
Failure finds, alack, the pity!
If he doesn't do his best.

He who fairly toils will never
Fail a due reward to meet,
He who does his best will ever
Find his daily labor sweet.
Success smiles on his employment,
Peace reigns calmly in his breast,
Work for him is but enjoyment
Who's prepared to do his best.

POPE PIUS X. WITH ESCORT IN VATICAN GARDENS.

THE TENTH PIUS: A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY THE REV. J. P. CONRY.

"Who is this mighty triple-crowned monarch who rules the earth, who confers titles and honors on kings and princes, and yet may accept none in return?" asked a writer recently, at the conclusion of a history of Roman patricians and nobles. And the author answers his own question. He is a man sprung from the people, who has been familiar with poverty from his childhood, who was steeped in poverty as curate, parish priest, bishop and cardinal, until his seventy-first year, when the Sacred College bade him mount the Throne of Peter, in the name of God. He is a man strong in the extreme, and yet most childlike; mild and gentle, and yet relentless in point of principle; jovial almost to boyishness in one hour, and the next almost bowed to the earth by reason of his trials and awful responsibilities. Such is the White Father of Christendom, whose lamp, if you are passing late at night through the Square of St. Peter's, you may see burning, and who, you may safely conjecture, is at that moment engaged in praying, working or thinking in the interests of the Church.

At the present hour the man most in the world's thought is undoubtedly the tenth Pius. We shall, therefore, study the character and doings of the Pope from several standpoints, in order to gain a really intimate knowledge of the man and the pontiff as a public personage and a private individual.

The Father of a People.

To dwell upon the virtues adorning the priestly career of Joseph Melchior Sarto would be a work superfluous in the extreme. Bright and manly was the little "Beppo," who tripped barefooted to school; devout and hard-working was young Father Sarto. And when those that had distinguished the subject of our sketch during early years found a wider field. Love of the poor and a peculiar power of organizing the people became now the dominant characteristics of Cardinal Sarto. Whether laboring in the little flowery hamlet of Nazareth, or treading Jerusalem's tortuous streets, the

POPE PIUS X.

two merged into the *parroco* and bishop, who could never be induced to keep the price of a railway ticket in his house if a poor person could be found to take it away, and whose ring might be found as often in pledge for somebody's relief as on his Lordship's finger, it was easy to foretell what should be the life of the Patriarch of Venice. Here the two traits former had distinguished the Master; whether enduring stripes or suffering shipwreck, the latter marked out Paul. And in the footprints of both the Cardinal was to walk,—now meek and gentle, like the Saviour; now stern and exacting, as the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Of the Cardinal's love of the poor, we need not speak; it has become a fireside

THE POPE'S GUARD.

theme through the world. We shall dwell, therefore, on his power of organization, for a consideration of it will give an insight into his policy as Pope.

Almost from the week of Cardinal Sarto's arrival in Venice, the determination to have a strongly organized Catholic party in the city took possession of his soul. But what an undertaking! Quick of intellect, of ready tongue, versatile in temperament, changeable in their mood as their skies on a showery day, Italians of to-day are cursed with the spirit of indifferentism and human respect. Good resolutions are multiplied and promptly forgotten, and the poetic soft nature, peculiar to the sunny south, is always ready to expel any strength of character which training or circumstances may have imparted to it.

This was the class of people Cardinal Sarto had to mould in Venice. The material, Catholic material, was there; but it was inert and spiritless and was being gradually dominated by men who love this world much better than the next. To weld this mass together, to infuse the strong, manly spirit that lived in his own breast into their souls, became the Patriarch's sole object; and as a means to this end, he resolved upon the establishment of a Catholic press.

In former days battles were lost and won in the open air; to-day they take place in editors' offices. Some time after his coronation, Pius X said: "Our predecessors blessed the swords of kings and knights; we, instead, bless the pen." It was only repeating a lesson long since learned in the City of the Lagoons. Long and heroically he worked at his self-imposed task. Aided by Padre Zocchi, the great Jesuit literateur, the Patriarch fought the anti-clerical hate of the Freemason, the blind, irrational bigotry of the European Socialist, by the aid of the press. He taught the people in this way, both by word and example, the power and influence of the journal and periodical; late and early, in public and

private, he spoke and wrote to his people to support their Catholic literature, to cherish sound productions in the bosom of their families, to leave no means untried to make a place, deep and lasting, in the public mind, for the Catholic journal.

Surely such efforts could not fail! Soon Venice wore a different appearance. Men went fearlessly to the polls, according to the terms of the *"Non Expedit"*; the press, with support, was reëstablished on a firm basis; Socialism

PIUS X. AS CARDINAL PATRIARCH OF VENICE.

Taken a few weeks before his elevation to the papacy, just exactly as the Cardinal appeared.

and its unlovely offspring were relegated to their proper place; Masonic machinations were rendered powerless by the bold stand of the Christian Democrats.

POPE PIUS X.
From a late photograph.

In short, the Patriarch of Venice had organized his people so skillfully as to stagger the enemies who had so long trifled with them.

THE TENTH PIUS AS DIPLOMATIST.

"He who is most candid and most honest in diplomacy eventually secures the greatest success," once remarked a great diplomatist. Never has this opinion been more clearly verified than during the present struggle between the

Head of the Catholic Church and the atheistical government of France.

On one side stood honesty and justice; on the other deceit and double-dealing. Confident in the truth of his cause, buoyed up by the knowledge that his efforts were disinterested and undertaken only for the utility and necessary freedom of the Church, Pius X took no step without having devoted to it much time and thought, and then, with invincible strength, proceeded to its execution. His every action was viewed in that light by which he must one day see it standing before the great White Throne. And who could fail or falter, acting under such a guiding-star?

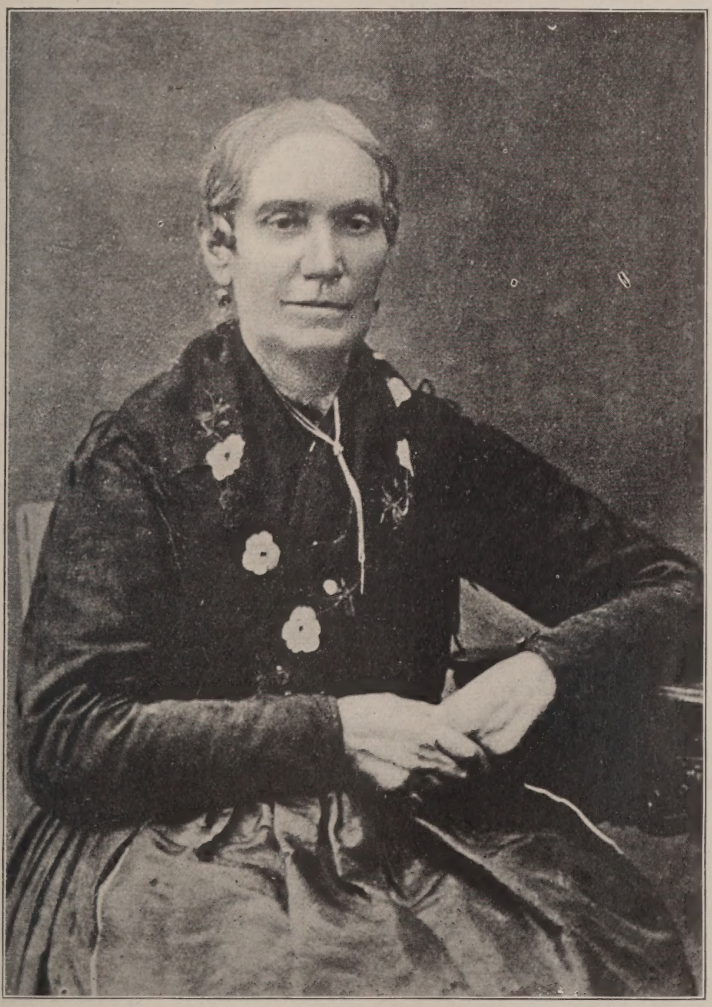
Shifting and dark were the preparations of the other side. Falsehood, calumny, brutality and dishonesty characterized—as His Holiness so recently declared—their unholy campaign. The declarations of the government in the Chamber were merely the echoes of what had been contrived with artfulness and daring in the lodges on the previous evening. A mere handful in themselves, the Masons of France have taught the New and Old World a lesson which shall never be forgotten. They have shown what an almost irresistible power for good or evil lies dormant in a small, well-educated, well-disciplined body, the component parts of which are able and clever enough to subdue personal feelings and curb private jealousies,—all with a view of welding together the little whole and trampling at length upon the great majority in opposition. With unerring skill the program has been followed by the Masons of Catholic France. By dominating Paris, they ruled France, well knowing the nation to be merely a great inert mass. Tired of civil war, disgusted with the sight of each other's blood, Frenchmen have long since settled down to enjoy what Italians call *il dolce far niente*,—the sweet do-nothing-at-all,—quite satisfied to answer the summons whenever Paris might be pleased to press the electric button. And yet this is not the worst. The Catholic party seemed to have forgotten how to fight for their legitimate rights. With the spirit of Lacordaire and Montalembert dead among them, they found themselves bereft of all but a few overworked leaders capable of persevering in a campaign. It is no wonder, then, that the Head of the Church, who knew the situation thoroughly, should have repeatedly warned them that their cause would certainly stand or fall, according to their union among themselves and with the Holy See. Nobly they obeyed the warning, with the result that Catholicity has won the day. Though the Church of France has to-day only the canopy of heaven to cover it, the prize is hers, for her liberty and integrity are preserved. Millions have been sacrificed by her. But was not her Founder born in a stable and did He not die on a cross? And was she herself not conceived of a mother who lived for centuries in the Catacombs?*

Now that the worst of the religious struggle is over, whatever addition is made will be merely the development of new branches on the old stem; the world cannot but admire the perspicuity with which the Sovereign Pontiff saw through the most hidden motives of the French government. No matter how plausible were their protestations, no matter how artfully were their laws worded, the Helmsman of Peter's bark unerringly discerned the covered rock, the treacher-

* Encyclical of Pius X. to the Church of France, January 18, 1907.

ous sand. Truly, indeed, had Cardinal Satolli said to the Patriarch at the Conclave, when his election was almost a certainty and humility caused him to tremble at the charge: "He who helped you to guide the gondola of St. Mark* will assist you to steer the bark of St. Peter."

As may be seen from the Holy Father's words, he would repeat every action which he has taken during the struggle were it to commence anew:



THE MOTHER OF PIUS X.

* St. Mark is patron of Venice. Those of our readers who have been to visit the "Fairy City" will recall the presence of the Winged Lion, the Evangelist's symbol through the entire city. The body of their patron is jealously preserved by the Vene-

"As for Us, We have accomplished Our duty, as every other Roman Pontiff would have done. The high charge with which it has pleased Heaven to invest Us, in spite of Our unworthiness, as also the Christian faith itself—faith which you profess with Us—dictated to us Our conduct. We could not have acted otherwise without trampling underfoot Our conscience, without failing in the oath which We took on mounting the Chair of Peter, without violating the Catholic hierarchy, the foundation given to the Church of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

"We await without fear the verdict of history. History will say that We, with our eyes fixed immutably upon the defence of the higher rights of God, have not wished to humiliate the civil power nor to combat any form of government, but to safeguard the inviolable work of Our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. It will say that We have defended you, dearly-beloved Children, with all the strength of our boundless tenderness; that what We have demanded, and now demand, for the Church, of which the French Church is the eldest daughter and an integral part, is respect for its hierarchy, the inviolability of its property, and liberty; that if justice had been done, religious peace had not been troubled in France. . . . " (*Encyclical Letter*, Jan. 18.)

These sentiments make evident the lines on which Pius X worked during the crisis, and also that no power on earth could have caused him to swerve in the least degree from them. "I can endure persecution and martyrdom," he is reported to have said, "but to submit to injustice—never!"

Leo XIII's last years had been embittered by the aggressive spirit displayed by the French cabinets; therefore, Pius X was well prepared for all that has come. Yet, during the first few months after his coronation, an eminent

tians under the high altar of the church of St. Mark, by far one of the richest and most magnificent churches in the world. St. Mark's was the Cathedral Church of Pius X. To the left, shaded by the domes, stands the patriarchal palace.

POPE PIUS X. DRIVING THROUGH THE VATICAN GARDENS.

French layman, in a private audience with Pius X, playfully remarked: "Holy Father, how often you must think of lovely Venice and its gondolas!"

"I never think of either," rejoined His Holiness seriously. "I think only of France. And I awaken at night with the thought of it and am unable to go to sleep again."

It is quite true that within the last two years the Pope has aged considerable. Six months ago the buoyant step and cheery, jovial manner that belonged to the Patriarch of Venice were visibly disappearing. But since his final pronouncement on the various laws passed by the government of France, a marked improvement in health and spirits has been apparent. The springy step, the immense capacity for work, the sweet, gentle smile, the boyish spirits which characterized Father, Canon, Bishop and Cardinal Sarto,—all are to be found again.

Yes, indeed, "he who is most candid and honest in diplomacy eventually secures the greatest success."

Forecast of Effects of Separation Laws.

Now that the clergy of France are poor and must depend for their daily bread upon voluntary offerings from the people,—a people who have not been accustomed to support their priests,—that they shall be entirely unfettered by insolent officialism and become more united with the populace, it is natural to ask what may be the future condition of religion in France in as far as the passing of the recent laws will influence it.

Never has religion flourished so well as when the priests have been as poor as the people and have had to subsist on the pennies of the poor and the shillings of the rich. It is the case with America, particularly the United States, with Ireland and Australia, and it will be the case with France. The Catholic world will be no longer shocked by hearing of the number of unbaptized in a French town, or irritated at the imperious braggadocio of the mayor or little-great-man of a hamlet in connection with the simple old *curé*, whom years of ill-treatment had made the most resigned and silent of men.

There is a bishop in Ireland at present, one of the most scholarly and saintly of the Irish hierarchy, who holds that Providence allowed the people of Ireland to be a persecuted nation, in order that her sons and daughters might Catholicize the world. On the same analogy we believe trouble has visited the Church of France, that her children might the better exterminate the spirit of irreligion and unbelief, which was fast gaining ground in the country, and destroy forever the seed sown by Voltaire and Renan. We cannot help believing that the Church in France to-day stands as cold and naked on the highways as ever it stood on the hillsides of Ireland or the prairies of America, for the purpose of again welding there the clergy and laity and restoring to France the lustre of the title, which she never fully lost, the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

Pius X and the Protests of Christendom.

Every post brought them by the bushel, — telegrams, letters, addresses. Strongly worded protests poured into the Vatican, denouncing recreant Frenchmen, sympathizing with a sorely tried Pontiff and promising unswerving loyalty to the Church. The Irish nation rose like one man to denounce a people with whom she had been always on terms of friendship; Germany sent comparatively few, since she was at the moment in the throes of a general election of far-reaching consequence; Australia sent her

support, both to the Head of the Church and the French clergy; but it is of the United States of which we intend to speak in particular, for no country had watched the progress of the crisis in France with such a keen eye, and no country struck home with such telling force when the end came.

The names of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago became household names in France and Italy by reason of the forcible protests that came from those cities against the war on the Crucified. Now the venerable leaders in the American Church spoke out; again the great corporate societies gathered to make their voices heard in Paris and Rome. There was no mistaking their feelings, and few knew them so well as the Sovereign Pontiff himself. During the heat of the public meetings in America, to protest against the spoliation, a distinguished prelate drove over to the Vatican one evening to deliver into the Pope's hands a batch of addresses sent to him by his countrymen. He was requested to give them to the Pontiff in person. They denounced the French government in no equivocal terms, for the Americans are a people accustomed to plain speaking. Pius X looked over the papers and then, laying them quietly on his knee, began to talk over the situation in unhappy France. "But, Holy Father, are not the Americans coming out very strongly?" remarked his visitor. "Terrifically," said Pius X, "terrifically." The words spoke volumes, for it is not yesterday or to-day that the tenth Pius got to understand Catholic America.

Pius X as Son and Brother.

That men mounted the Papal Throne by illegitimate means and were no credit to it, is an admitted fact. However, this furnishes Catholics with an additional argument as to the divine origin of the Church; for, had not the strong hand of Providence supported her in those few dark days, her dissolution was inevitable. Moreover, in the long line of popes, a smaller percentage of men unworthy of the name has been found than that which stained the twelve called by Christ Himself. The principal characteristic of the greatest of Roman pontiffs was complete separation from family ties as far as their office was concerned. It is recorded of one that, after his coronation, his niece and her husband came to Rome to pay their respects to their powerful relative. The Pontiff received them with kindness and affection; but divining their visit to be partly due to expectations of a temporal nature, said to them: "As James Fournier (his family name), you know I have nothing to give you; and as Pope, I can only give you my blessing. I bless you, my children, go in peace."

Another pontiff was visited by his mother after his election. Like Pius X, he came from the people and was still with them, heart and soul. But, in an ill-advised moment, the poor woman decided that she should appear before her son as became the mother of a pope, and accordingly had herself decked out in costly apparel. "Who is that elderly lady approaching, clad in those gorgeous robes?" the pope asked archly, as the simple old lady, in all her finery, came along bravely. "Holy Father," responded the attendant prelate, "it is the mother of Your Holiness." "Oh! nonsense," cried the new pontiff, jestingly. "How could that great lady be my poor mother, who never wore other than woolen clothes and heavy boots? I will not see *that grand lady.*"

"The grand lady" was shown out,—for her son was inexorable,—with a request to come next day. An honest-looking old woman, clad in a woolen cloak and wearing heavy shoes, presented herself next morning at the great

bronze door of the Vatican Palace. She was saluted in military fashion by the soldiers on guard and forthwith conducted to the embrace of a delighted and dutiful son.

And this is the manner of acting observed by Pius X. To his relatives he has been always affectionate, but has never raised them above the station in which Providence placed them. His uncle died a year ago, a poor man, after a life of toil and simplicity, and, as the oldest inhabitant, was given a public funeral by the little hamlet, after its own rustic fashion. One of his sisters is married to an innkeeper in Riese and is as anxious as ever to execute an order, however modest. To his brother Angelo, a stout, burly man past middle life, a franc to-day is of as much value as it was in former years.

In the little cemetery of Riese a simple little monument of white marble rises above the spot where the parents of the Holy Father rest. The inscription to his mother, who died in 1894 at an advanced age, was written by the Patriarch of Venice and reads:

"To Margaret Sarto . . . an exemplary woman, a virtuous wife, an incomparable mother. An edifying death crowned a life of toil and self-sacrifice."

The whole is plain and humble, suitable to the life of labor and unselfishness of those below, especially to that of the mother. Many a day she had had to toil to keep the wolf from the door, since that May of 1852, when her husband died, leaving her a widow with seven children, the eldest of whom, Joseph, the future pope, was then a seminarian and, therefore, unable to assist her. And yet the fact that her son was Cardinal Patriarch of Venice made little difference between the appearance of her grave and those of other village folk, except on one day in the year, the anniversary of his mother's death, when the Cardinal, with his sisters, arrived in the hamlet, from Venice, to pray at the grave that contained their loved ones.

Though his sisters lived with their brother in Venice, they ate no idle bread. They acted as housekeepers at the archiepiscopal residence until 1903, when the Conclave opened at Rome. Then the happy little household was broken forever, and the gondoliers gave a parting cheer to *"Il Patriarca dei Gondolieri"*

In Rome, Rose, Anna and Maria Sarto live in apartments in the Borgian district, near the Vatican. Their lives resemble as closely as possible those of Sisters of Charity. To "society," they are unknown; but their black-robed figures are very familiar in another circle. Among the sick and poor, down the dark alley and up the rickety stairs, you will most frequently find them, for their brother's hand is ever open to the afflicted.

Some fifteen months ago somebody suggested to Pius X the propriety of conferring titles on his sisters, since, as sisters of the reigning pontiff, they have a right to the rank of countess. Pius X smiled broadly, but said nothing and, needless to say, conferred no titles.

In addition to having a private telephone fitted up between their rooms and the Vatican, the Signorine Sarto visit the Holy Father thrice weekly. Sometimes, when their brother is tired after a hard day's labor and feels more sorrowful than usual at the trials of his pontificate, little is said; then the sisters tell their beads, and the Pope gazes silently into the fire. Of late, however, since many clouds have rolled by, a lively conversation is kept up in their native dialect of Riese,* and it almost seems, for the moment, that the happy

* Not alone every province and city, but nearly every little town in Italy speaks a different dialect. Thus, one who learns Italian in Rome, will find it difficult to understand Venetians, and still more difficult to understand Neapolitans.

little household is made up again in the City of the Lagoons.

Such is Pius X as son and brother,—kind and affectionate; one who dislikes empty show in every one, but particularly in his relatives.

Pius X as a Social Individual.

People in general do not like cranks or pessimists, who, unfortunately for themselves, find little difficulty in discovering ill in most things. Just as the present Holy Father is at one with the people in birth, so he is in this. A confirmed optimist, he takes a bright view of everything. In the Vatican Palace, that grand old citadel of a thousand winters,* many popes have reigned, but we doubt if one was gifted with a more joyous, optimistic disposition than Pius the Tenth.

He does not look at mundane things in the same light as did whoever was guilty of the lines:

> "Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
> And therefore let's be merry."

Lonely and tranquil as his life has been, he sees nations and men as Browning viewed them when he said:

> "Did God pronounce earth very good
> Needs must it be while understood
> For man's preparatory state."

But in addition to this, everything is regarded by the Holy Father from a supernatural standpoint; even the most commonplace things conduce to the supernatural. Song, laughter, athletics, recreation go to make the Christian that which he ought to be and should be regarded like prayer, alms, fasting, as stones in the building up of the spiritual character.

He does not like morose men, least of all, morose priests. The bright, self-denying clergyman, who is willing to spend and be spent for the sake of his flock; ready to toil patiently and bravely for their spiritual interests, and their temporal advancement, when feasible, is to him a source of pleasure and consolation. These are the men who are, as he termed the solid phalanx of French bishops, "his crown and his joy."

In the courtyard of Michael Angelo's house in Florence, there is an inscription descriptive of the great artist:

> "Sovra gli alteri come Aquila vola." ("Just as an eagle above the others he soars.")

What is said of Michael Angelo in art, as regards artists, may be applied to Joseph Melchior Sarto in joyousness of soul and the gift of seeing goodness in everything. To him, indeed:

> "The world is sweet, and fair, and bright,
> And joy aboundeth everywhere,
> The glorious stars crown every night,
> And thro' the dark of ev'ry care
> Above is shining heaven's light."

Such natures are happy in themselves; they impart happiness to others, and it is not too much to say they will bring their gladsome dispositions with them beyond the grave.

Pius X as Preacher.

Shortly after his coronation the Pope commenced a series of Sunday-evening sermons, in the court of St. Damasus, under the beautiful Italian sky, to the Roman people. After a short time the thousands of visitors present in the city clamored for tickets, so that the preach-

* The first residence of the popes on the Vatican Hill was due to Pope Symmachus, who reigned from 498 to 514. About the middle of the twelfth century this palace was decayed. Charlemagne stayed in it when he came to Rome to be crowned by the Pope on Christmas Day, 800, in old St. Peter's.

er's audience became truly a cosmopolitan one.*

Surrounded by his court, guards, members of the Roman nobility, the Sovereign Pontiff, clad in white all over, with the exception of the red on his slippers, stood forward on an improvised platform. His text was invariably the Gospel of the day, politics being completely eschewed, for, as Bishop of Rome, the Pontiff looked upon his address to his people as a sacred duty.

Clear as crystal, every thought came forth clothed in simple terse language. There was no striving after oratory, no straining after effect. Never a moment's hesitation was perceptible, for the sermon of Pius X was as carefully prepared as ever Father Sarto's had been. Almost every sentence was accompanied by an appropriate gesture, though most of these gestures were probably unconsciously made, as the Italian language seems *per se* to demand frequent gesticulation.

Truly it was difficult for a listener to realize that he was hearing the same old truths, which he had heard a thousand times, once more from the Father of Christendom. The thoughts were as simple as if addressed to his little flock in the parish of Salzano, and clad in language intelligible to all present who knew the Italian tongue, and yet they seemed to bring a new power to force conviction and obedience, to charm the intellect and gain the will.

That Pius X has gauged the spirit of the age and the remedy most efficacious for its elevation, is aptly illustrated by his counsel to the Lenten preachers appointed for Rome. At the commencement of the holy season a number are specially named to preach during the time in the most frequented churches of the city; but before opening their series they are called to an audience with the Pope to receive instructions and a blessing on their labors. They were gathered in the Consistory Hall of the Vatican before the beginning of last Lent, awaiting the coming of the Holy Father, religious of every garb, seculars of deep learning,—all renowned preachers and profound theologians; for in Rome a clergyman must be indeed renowned, in order to rise above the common level.

At length the door opened, and Pius X stood before them.

"I have just two words to say to you," he said, striding forward, with the two fingers of his right hand held aloft. "Let your sermons be simple and forcible; let them strike home. Disregard controversy and preach the simple truths, and, above all, preach hell."

"Yes," he repeated, raising his voice, until it rang through the vast hall. "Preach hell, for this is an age of selfishness."

The Ruler of a Vast Household.

The Vatican Palace is the largest in the world, the most irregular and ill-looking without, and by far the richest in works of art within. None is so venerable, none so famous. In length it measures 1,150 feet, has twenty courts, and contains upwards of 1,100 rooms, many of them vast chambers. Yet the three rooms occupied by the Pontiff are furnished with a simplicity "which," said a famous Anglican clergyman, "would be inconceivable in the abode of any other sovereign prince. The furniture is confined to the merest necessaries of life —strange contrast to Lambeth and Fulham!"

* Tickets of invitation are sent to all religious and collegiate bodies in parish churches, and to most of the hotels when any important function is to be held in St. Peter's. Sometimes their number mounts up to 80 or 90,000. Of course tickets are gratis.

What an immense family lives beneath its mighty roof! Prelates, priests, lawyers, noble and Swiss guards, copyists, chemists, painters, workers in mosaic, sculptors, Pontifical Gendarmes, stucco-workers, glaziers, carpenters, masons, engineers, electricians, gardeners, grooms, attendants attached to the various museums, and a small army of common servants, cleaners, etc. In the time of Pius IX, at least during his latter years, we are told no less than 2,300 persons lived within the Vatican walls. That number was certainly reduced by Leo XIII, and still more so by Pius X.

The present Pope, either seeing that the income of the Vatican would not suffice for the maintenance of such a vast family, or that money saved from it could be better expended on poor missions, determined on a general upheaval of the entire establishment. One hundred horses of the stud Leo XIII had insisted upon keeping went first. Then came a reduction in the ranks of the Noble and Swiss guards, while the number of the Gendarmes were increased. All through the other ranks of the household changes were made; the aged were pensioned off; certain offices that had become almost sinecures in the twentieth century were allowed to die out, and at the end it could be said that drones who had drawn salaries were things of the past.

The practical mind of Pius X does not believe in red tape or idle bread. His own life has been hard and strenuous; he believes in hard work and is resolved, while he lives, that those subject to him in the Vatican shall show, by their deeds, their belief in it also. "Pius X rules the Vatican with a firm hand," said a prelate some time ago. "If he scribbles an order on a bit of paper, he takes good care to see that it is carried out."

The same cannot be said of all past popes and of very few kings.

Among the sweeping changes made by the present Pontiff is the building of a large residence for the married portion of his great family. Since the days of Pius IX they had lived within the Apostolic palace; now, however, only priests and unmarried men are allowed to reside in the Vatican, while married persons occupy buildings outside the palace, but within the little territory left to the Pope.

The Pope's Day.

Work, prayer and physical exercise fill the days of the tenth Pius. Frugal in every way, there is nothing of which His Holiness is so careful as time. A great part of his time is necessarily devoted to giving audiences,—one of the most difficult of his duties,—public and private, to pilgrims and visitors from every part of the world, of every grade in life, of every race and color; for "the Pope," as Pius X said, on one occasion, to a Protestant, who imagined His Holiness treated him with so much kindness, thinking him to be a Catholic, "is the common Father of all."* Emperor, king and prince, cardinal, bishop, priest, lawyer, doctor, journalist, merchant are to be seen some time or other before the chair of the Old Man of the Vatican. All are captivated by the sweet, plain face, so strong and massive, a face that would be decidedly common were it not for the wonderful expression of benevolence that charms all who see it.

* This incident occurred about two years ago. It appears an Austrian military gentleman, a Protestant, surprised at the kind reception given him by Pius X, told the Pope "he was not of the fold." "Oh, I know that," rejoined the Pontiff, throwing his arms about the captain, "but I am the common Father of all." The Austrian is said to have been so affected at all this that he embraced the Catholic religion soon afterwards.

Travelers from Burmah tell us that the principal obligation of the Burmese Buddhists is to perform as many acts of kindness as they possibly can, in order to gain merit before Buddha, and that this duty is fulfilled despite every inconvenience. This is the only solution to the benign appearance of the old men there, whose countenances have a look of external happiness and good nature. It is, as it were, altruism personified. Kind acts generate kind feelings and pleasant thoughts, and these, in turn, act upon the features, moulding them accordingly.

After heaven's grace and the love borne towards him always wherever he found himself placed, a lifelong habit of doing good to others must be said to have imparted the present charm to the Holy Father's face.

Though a hard worker within doors, Pius X has never relinquished his habit of manual exercise. When fine weather permits a walk in the Vatican gardens, His Holiness, accompanied by one or two prelates, may be seen on the heights of the Vatican Hill, striding along with a quick, decisive step. He never fails to kneel to pray before the facsimile of the Grotto of Lourdes, which France built three years ago; for, before becoming Pope, Pius X had always desired to see the sacred grotto, and declared himself delighted, when he came to Peter's Throne, to find an exact copy of it, to the smallest detail, almost completed in the garden, outside which he shall, most likely, never go.

If any serious matter of great moment is to be concluded,—and this is, indeed, frequent,—His Holiness brings with him a document relating to it. On other occasions he will go to the Vatican Observatory, for Pius X takes a keen interest in astronomy and is quite proud of the achievements of the establishment and the ability of its present conductor, a member of the Society of Jesus.

There are many quiet spots of quaint beauty in the Vatican gardens, and this, for many reasons, not the least of which is that part of the pontifical life of Pius IX and the whole of Leo XIII's were passed within its precincts, while the present Pope shows no sign of ever crossing the boundary.

Papal Customs.

It would be of great interest to recount the old customs observed regarding the Pope's person. During the long vista of ages, since that day, in the first century, when Peter toiled into Rome by the Appian Way, numberless quaint observances have sprung up about the papal throne. We can, however, owing to pressure of space, give here but a few.

During the hot weather, when the Pope passes the burning afternoon in his little summer villa, built in the gardens, the Vatican soldiers stay to guard their royal master while he remains there. On such days the Pontiff dines in the villa, returning in the cool of the evening to sleep in the Vatican Palace. At the end of dinner Leo XIII never forgot to send out a measure of rare old wine to the men, though that which he himself had used was of the most common quality. This obtained for the long years that the two last popes passed their holidays in the gardens, and we do not believe Pius X has allowed it to drop.

Another custom brings us back many hundred years, back to the years immediately succeeding the crucifixion and death of the Galilean fisherman. On the vigil of the feast of SS. Peter and Paul one would see a strange scene in St. Peter's had he the good fortune to be inside after the doors had been closed for the night. It would be that of the

Father of Christendom, accompanied by a few guards, with torches, coming down from the Vatican, by a private staircase, to pray by the Tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. The Pope of the twentieth century comes to ask help from the Pope of the first!

During the long centuries that have rolled into the gulf of eternity since Christ gave the keys to Peter, the chain of pontiffs has never been broken. Anti-popes have been set up only to fall again, victims to their own pride or the displeasure of those whose tools they were. Here, by the flickering light of the torches, one may see the living embodiment of two hundred and fifty-seven popes alone with the ashes of the first Vicar of the Good Shepherd. He prays for assistance; he is face to face with death, with his own grave, for he can almost see, from Peter's tomb, the niche in the wall, where the body of the pope is temporarily placed for one or two years, until consigned to its final resting-place.

How many grave moments there have been when Peter's guidance was specially necessary! How fervent and prolonged were the prayers of the great reforming popes and of the warlike ones, who had to gird on the sword after raising aloft the Cross.

But never had a pope greater need of light and strength than Pius X had when, on the night of the last feast, he went down to pray at the tomb of St. Peter, to beg knowledge of the best means of steering his bark and shaping all according to the will of their Master.

The Pope and the Quirinal.

For the first two years of Pius X's reign, many were the rumors abroad regarding a settlement between the Vatican and Quirinal. The new Pope was of a conciliatory turn of mind, the King of Italy sat on a throne not noted for solidity; the Pope was the head of the one force that could stem the daily increasing tide of Socialism and anarchy in Italy,—for religion is the chief and perhaps only power able to subdue and tranquillize the spirit of Socialism,—the king's throne and life were and are in hourly danger of anarchists and socialists.

Pius X seemed willing to meet the despoiler of Peter's patrimony halfway were it for no other reason than in many of the cities of Italy the strong religious feeling, that once held sway, is decreasing. When the sisters of the Sovereign Pontiff went to visit the Queen Dowager, Margherita, and were received by her with the utmost kindness, the people's hopes rose high; and even the illustrated papers of Rome cartooned the Pope driving through the streets, with King Victor Emmanuel sitting on his left, while the Roman populace cheered both to the echo.

A few months were sufficient to dispel all sanguine thoughts. For the past thirty-six years the population of Rome has doubled itself. Vast areas have been built over, even outside the old walls. Parishes, once famous, have dwindled in importance, while parts in which a few families once lived are now thickly populated. Seeing this new state of things, Pius X, as Bishop of Rome, suppressed several parishes of the former class and erected others in the now populated districts. There was nothing arbitrary or overbearing in the action beyond what a zealous bishop is bound to do. And yet Romans were soon startled to find that Victor Emmanuel refused to consent to the arrangements made by the Sovereign Pontiff. In due time, however, they learned how His Majesty was graciously pleased to agree to the

changes, and that all was now going merry as a marriage bell. The royal action was petty in itself, but it showed a mean spirit.

No wonder, then, that Pius X declared about this period: "We will not leave the Vatican until we are carried out dead."

That a settlement between the spiritual and temporal powers in Rome is a desideratum, no one thinks of denying; but the obstacles are many and great and of very different natures. However, the strong common-sense of Pius X will certainly bring the matter to such a crisis, some day or other, to show whether a reconciliation is possible within his lifetime. The dominant thought in Europe is of the changes that will be brought about during the present pontificate, and the unceasing prayer is for a long life to the tenth Pius.

SUBMISSION.

BY JULIA SULLIVAN.

Thy will be done, I tried to say,
Dear Lord, Thy will be done each day.

Vain was the strife, while grief and care
But marked the hours and moments there.

A loved one there lay racked with pain,
With darkness shrouding eye and brain.

"How many, Lord," my piteous cry;
"How many more must I see die?

"Flesh of my flesh, and bone of bone,
So many now before me gone."

Then answered He that wailing cry,
"My only Son was doomed to die

"For thee and thine. Behold I come
To take another from thy home

"To joy and peace and perfect rest,
Where all are happy, all are blest.

"Learn then to know that I am Love,
And thou shalt meet thine own above."

FAUSTA AND FAUSTA: A CONTRAST.

BY L. TREVOR.

I. Rome—in the Cellar.

"Fausta, I will not hear of it! You forget what is due to your mother's memory. Let you ask charity of the San Gargano family? Never! Your mother nursed her whom they call Princess Fausta—you and she were named and baptized together—you are foster-sisters—yet while she rolls in luxury, they let you starve. When I asked them for work, I had no reply. We do not want charity, but our *right*, the right to work and live!"

The man who spoke with such bitterness was about forty years of age, gaunt, wasted with misery, and barely clad, but the tone of his voice and flash of his eye told of a misery of soul deeper and more destructive than that of the body.

The girl was a different type. She bent like a lily before the storm her words had raised, and her gentle face grew hopeless.

"Then, what can we do, *padre mio?* Sora Lisa would have me come with her to-night and sing before the theatre, while she plays her mandolin. She says many a one would throw me more than soldi—but—"

"No, no!" her father broke in fiercely, "no, Fausta, rather let us end it all. These cold-blooded nobles have a carnival ball to-night. Opposite their palace is a church—you know it—the Madonna della Pietà—" he shuddered, "we shall go there, you and I, and at least revenge ourselves in our death—see!"

He showed her a phial containing a clear liquid. "There is enough for both, and when we, the victims of their avarice, are found dead,—dead of hunger while they were feasting,—there are those in Rome who will publish it to their disgrace, for I have left my story in good hands!"

It was Fausta who shuddered now. "Father! What good will that do to us? Besides, we should not have died of hunger, but of poison, and hell would be worse than hunger! Victor is sure to get work in Milan, and send for me, and when he and I are married, you will be well-cared for, dear father. Have patience yet a while. Padre Giuseppe is the friend of the people and knows how they suffer, and he counsels patience. He says all our sufferings will be crowned there," and the young girl pointed to the heaven they could not see from their poor cellar.

II. Rome—in the Palace.

"Fausta, I will not hear of such a thing, neither will your father. If *you* forget what is due to your position as sole heiress to one of the oldest of Rome's nobles, *we* do not!"

"Mamma mia," and Donna Fausta shook her pretty little head and tapering finger at her mother, "is that any reason that I should not marry a good man who loves me?"

"Nonsense, child; young girls should not talk of love and marriage in that way. All you have to do is to leave the matter in your father's hands and accept the husband he selects. As to your Don Giorgio, he is a youngest son, and has but a paltry old castle in the Abbruzzi. Besides, he is one of those leveling democrats who shake hands with the *borghesi* and adopt their new-fangled ideas."

"Now you know, darling mamma, Don Giorgio is respected everywhere, and none of these *borghesi* takes liberties with him, even though he may give a friendly hand-grip when he finds him-

self working side by side with them in the night schools or clubs. But, mamma,—oh, Madonna mia," she broke off with as she heard a sound in the courtyard, "there is no time for more—there are the carriages driving in, and papa will be vexed if you and I are not below to receive the guests!"

"Come along then, darling, and put this nonsense out of your dear little head —remember, this is your first appearance, and I expect great things from you!"

A little sigh escaped from the girl. Dressed in pure white, the soft tints of pearls mingling with and subduing the flash of the diamonds which she wore, Donna Fausta was a vision of beauty as she stood by her mother's side. There was nothing of the lightness of coquetry in the bright smile and sparkling eyes of the young *débutante*. She meant to enjoy herself, and the greater part of her anticipated pleasure lay in the fact that Don Giorgio di Sonnaro, who went but rarely and for a short hour or two at most to the carnival balls, had promised to be at this crowning *fête* of the season, and she knew that it was for her sake that he would be there.

There had never been a time when, first as a schoolboy, home for the holidays, and later, as a student, under tutors in his father's house, Don Giorgio had not been welcome at the San Gargano Palace.

The San Gargano family was well known as one of the most charitable. Asylums, hospitals, orphanages had been founded, and were still supported, by their charity, but the idea of young people taking a personal share in the work was repugnant to their old-time patrician notions, while the problem of to-day —how rich and poor can best be brought to realize that they are children of one Father and must stand before one and the same Judge—that did not trouble them at all!

But it *did* trouble Fausta and Giorgio, and mingling with "Love's young dream," was one of helping to bridge over the gulf between patrician and plebeian, when once they should work hand-in-hand as husband and wife.

Just now all Fausta's day dreams had been upset by her parents' decision that marriage with Don Orazio Tutonari—a wealthy young noble of the old school, indolent, pleasure-loving, and clinging to the traditions of the Roman aristocracy of past centuries—would put to flight these leveling ideas she had imbibed and bring her into line with those of her own rank. So she had been told that Don Orazio would be presented to her that night, and that she was expected to regard him as her parents' choice for her future life.

In spite of this cloud, Fausta laughed with the sunny light-heartedness of her race, and went to her first ball untroubled by the thought of Don Orazio. "Papa and mamma always let her have what she wanted," she said to herself, "and of course they would do so now! Why not?"

III. After the Ball.

Four hours later, in those small hours of the night that bring a terrible sense of desolation to the friendless, the police were taking their station round and about the San Gargano palazzo. Some of the most magnificent jewels in Rome were worn that night, and the agents had been warned to keep watch when the guests were leaving, lest the misery of the people should prompt any to snatch at a diamond pendant or a jeweled fan.

Don Giorgio was saying good-by to Fausta.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much! And, Fausta, you won't forget to ask your mother to give an

admission ticket to S. Caterina's Orphanage to that poor little Tonietta I was telling you about, will you?"

"No fear, Giorgio, if you will come in to-morrow,—ah! I forgot, it is to-morrow already!" she added laughing, "come in this afternoon and I will have it ready, and I am sure my father will pay the man's fare to Naples, to his ship."

"Thanks, and oh! Fausta, do you think there is any hope for *me* yet?" (this in a lower voice).

"Fausta, love," (it was her mother's calm, society voice that interrupted) "Don Orazio wants a word with you before he leaves."

Over the tenderness that Don Giorgio's last words had awakened in Fausta's face, there dropped the society mask of polite attention, and with a hurried good-by to him she turned, at her mother's bidding, to Don Orazio, who, bowing low over her hand, spoke of the beauty of the scene, and the success of the affair, mingling with his remarks an easy flow of compliments to herself as the queen of the evening.

Then he, too, said good-by, and with much ceremony and to the sound of "Make way for His Excellency!" and "Prince Tutinari's carriage to the front!" he disappeared in the crowd.

But in another minute he was back, laughing. "There seems to be some kind of commotion down on the piazza. I do not care to mix up in these street affairs with the *canaglia*, so make it a welcome excuse to return to the light of these bright eyes," with a bow to Fausta, who without noticing him ran straight to the balcony and looked down on the crowd below.

"Fausta, my dear! how imprudent you are. Come back directly!" her father commanded, and drawing her arm through his, he peremptorily led her back.

Don Orazio stepped out on the balcony, and quickly returned.

"Ah! I was right, it is a case of arrest. I see the police just driving off in a carriage with some people. Probably some robbery, or attempt on the church. I need not trouble your hospitality further, Prince, the piazza is clearing. I'll bring this tender-hearted Princess word about it to-morrow, with your leave, Prince!"

Another ceremonious leave-taking, and he was gone, to Fausta's relief.

IV. On the Church Steps.

From the shadow of the porch *poor* Fausta Tonti and her father had watched the gay crowd arrive at *rich* Fausta di San Gargano's palace,—had heard the music, the laughter, and had seen the shadows of the dancers as they whirled past the brilliantly lighted windows. Weak from hunger, and ill, the girl had been almost dragged to the spot by her father. She was rapidly becoming delirious, and babbled of the Madonna, of her mother, and called on Victor to bring her food.

A few months after her mother's death, a year ago, her father had come from their country home on the property of the San Gargano family, where Fausta had been born, and nursed along with the little "Principessina." Lured by the promise of work, he had soon fallen into the hands of a Socialist club and had become embittered against God and man. No work was to be had, Rome was overcrowded, and an application to the San Gargano palace got no further than the secretary's hands. Things grew worse from day to day, and Pietro Tonti was now beyond his own control.

The cold chill of the morning air, which even in Rome will penetrate to the very bones, struck through his ragged, scanty clothing, and he whispered: "Better the sleep of death than this!"

Drawing out the bottle that he had concealed in his rags, he gave a small quantity to Fausta, who, too exhausted to know what she did, swallowed it greedily as a restorative. Her father drained the phial, and, letting it fall from his nerveless hand, sank back against the porch which had hitherto screened the two from the eyes of the police.

The bottle broke on the steps, and the nearest *guardia*, whistling up his companions, ran to the scene. There lay the father, half-conscious, and Fausta, wholly insensible. The broken phial told its own tale.

People crowded forward, and a young man in evening dress sprang across from the palace. The police recognized him and made way. Don Giorgio's work among the people was well known.

"Excellency, this man and a young woman, who seems to be his daughter, have just poisoned themselves; but anyway they must have died of hunger!"

The young noble turned pale as the man in the arms of the police struggled convulsively and muttered: "Fausta! take care of her!"

"Dio mio!" exclaimed Giorgio, "a Fausta dying of hunger here, while we, opposite, were feasting!"

"Ma chè!" said the official, cheerily, "Your Excellency didn't know. It's no fault of yours, we all know that. We'll take them to the Consolazione,—they may recover yet!"

"I'll follow in half an hour," said Giorgio, as the carriage containing the unfortunates left the place. He returned to the palace, arriving just as Don Orazio was leaving it for the second time.

"Why, here's another of them back! We shall never get to bed at this rate!" the old Prince exclaimed rather testily, as Don Giorgio reappeared.

"Prince, forgive me, but while we have been feasting here, a man and his young daughter have been found almost dead from starvation in the church porch opposite. The police think they attempted suicide."

"Maria Santissima!" cried the Princess and Fausta at the same moment, and the Prince, with eyes and hands uplifted, sank into an armchair.

"What has been done about it?" he asked.

"They have been taken to the Consolazione, and I am going there to find out more about it. It is probably despair from poverty. Can we remove the cause of the crime?"

"Of course, of course," the good-natured old Prince replied; "I put it in your hands, Giorgio, see that all distress is removed, and I will be responsible for the expense."

"Strange to say, the girl's name is Fausta," continued Giorgio, with a glance at the radiant Fausta before him. The warm-hearted Italian child of fortune burst into tears, and even the calm Princess wept in sympathy.

"Poor child! we shall take care of her, Fausta, you and I, my darling. If not too old, she could go into our orphanage. Your foster-mother had a baby whom we named Fausta, like yourself. I don't know what has become of poor Gina Tonti, your nurse, or her baby, but this girl shall be in her place to us."

The Prince turned to his secretary, who seemed embarrassed and anxious.

"Signor Carbano, put a purse at Don Giorgio's disposal at once, please. Why, what is it?" as the secretary began to mumble something to the effect that "Some demand was made some months since, Eccellenza,—perhaps—it may be that I exceeded in caution—"

"Speak out, man, what is it all about?" interrupted the Prince. "Excellency, the appeal came from a well-known Socialist, who claimed to have a child of the same name as the gracious Lady Fausta —perhaps this is the same—but the let-

ter had so much the character of a threat, that I—in fact—Excellency,—I dismissed the case."

"Then consider yourself dismissed, signore!" roared His Excellency, who hated nothing so much as being set on one side, and not allowed a voice in his own affairs. "You understand my orders for the moment? I give Don Giorgio a free hand in this matter, and it is for you to supply all he requires."

The secretary bowed and withdrew.

Meantime Fausta was being openly consoled by Don Giorgio, and the hands of both were held fast in the old Prince's —to the astonishment of the Princess. She rose with great dignity:

"Fausta, you really must retire or you will be fit for nothing to-morrow, after all this excitement."

"Yes, my little girl, go with your mother, I will arrange everything. Giorgio, I must speak to you later on. I am really too sleepy to attend to anything now!"

And Fausta meekly obeyed, feeling sure that her father's "everything" would include the interests of both Faustas! And so it did.

The lesson was not lost. At the hospital, given nourishment and care, Fausta recovered quickly, but her father had no longer youth on his side, and want did its work; but not till Don Giorgio had convinced him that all rich people were not heartless. With charity towards his fellow-creatures, in the faith of his childhood, he died, fully reconciled to the Church he had forsaken and abused, and happy in the assurance that Victor Monti had been sent for from Milan, and that when married to his Fausta, both should settle as care-takers of the old castle in the Abbruzzi mountains, which was Don Giorgio's portion.

And so it was that when Don Giorgio and his bride, Princess Fausta, went that same summer for their honeymoon to Castello Sonnaro, Fausta Monti stood smiling and blushing at the entrance to the courtyard, and Victor led off the assembled villagers' greeting, *"Evviva la Principessa!"*

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MANGAN.

In the dispersion of the library of the late Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, his copy of Mangan's poems came into the writer's hands, and, neatly pasted and folded between the front cover and the fly leaf of the volume, was the following poem by Mangan in the poet's own beautiful handwriting. How it came into Mackenzie's possession would be difficult to surmise. He had no opportunity of knowing Mangan personally, as he left Ireland when very young, and went to London in 1832. There he followed a literary career for twenty years, enjoying the acquaintance of Maginn and Mahony, until in 1852 he came to New York, where he spent five busy years, at the end of which, he moved to Philadelphia, in which city he died in 1880.

But though he had never met Mangan, he evidently had a great admiration for his work, for this volume contains many annotations in Mackenzie's hand, including titles and references to other poems of Mangan not contained in this volume. It is possible that he meditated bringing out an edition of Mangan, similar to his edition of Maginn, which has been deservedly praised by all lovers of that wonderful man. Haverty's edition was certainly never an adequate presentation of Mangan's genius, and was only valuable in being prefaced by John Mitchel's exquisite sketch of the poet.

Of the poem itself not much need be said. Though not in Mangan's best vein, it has an interest for us in the fact that its subject is Ireland. He is deploring the oft defeated aspirations of the people to see Ireland free;—to behold her a nation among nations. He even grows bitter, and blames the popular leaders for cheating the people with false hopes. The date of the poem was about 1846, and the impending famine was casting its dreadful shadow over the land. The spirit of prophecy was on the poet, and all his national poems, from this time on, were filled with predictions of the wrath to come.

The present poem is a song expressing grief and indignation, and is set to the strains of a touching old Irish air.

FAR, FAR, STILL SO FAR!

(Air: Stacan Varaga.)

Oh! darkly it looms, this time of sorrow;
When, when shall dawn the longed-for morrow,
Now far, far, still so far?
The hopes our souls at morn have shrined,
The sinking sun sees banned and banished!
We only dream to wake and find
The vision once again has vanished
So far, far, still so far!

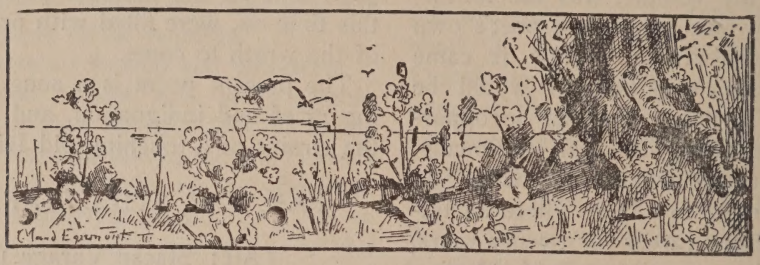
We joyously welcome each new juggle,
While that *one goal* for which we struggle,
Is far, far, still so far!
Like those who see 'mid burning sands,
The faithless waters fade before them,
We still trust chiefs who lead our bands
As year cheats year—and then deplore them
As far, far, still so far!

Our spirits are worn, and lorn, and pining;
The star of all our hopes is shining
So far, far, still so far!
The darkest hour, one often hears,

Is when the Night first nears the Morning,
But still the Bell of our Night's years
Knolls, tolls away the one sad warning—
"'Tis far, far, still so far!"

There blossom high trees by Omar's river,
But ah! their branches droop and quiver
So far, far, still so far!
Alas! like them we stand in pride,
At once aloft and lowly-bending.
We only see in History's tide
Our glory's shadow darkly tending
Down far, far, still so far!

J. C. M.



A DREAM.

BY B. O'B. C.

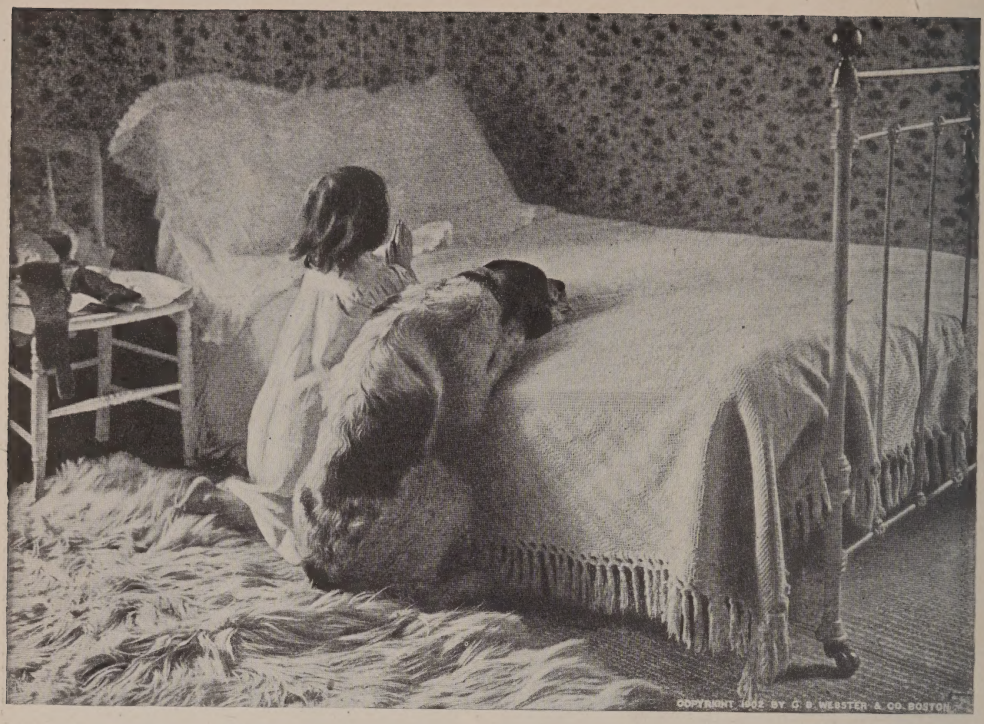
Wert thou the sailor of my dream,
A lily fair I'd nurse for thee,
Bathèd in heaven's brightest beam,
And fed upon thy memory.
With careful hands the stalk I'd bend
To grow towards all that thou dost deem
Most worthy with thy life to blend—
Wert thou the sailor of my dream!

Wert thou the sailor of my dream,
A treasure all thy days to bless
Would be the dedicated flower
Nurtured in lonely loveliness.
A talisman of love 'twould be,
A safeguard and a joy supreme,
Clinging about thee tenderly—
Wert thou the sailor of my dream!

Thy vessel then would plough aright;
My lily grafted on the prow
Would lift her unto starry height,
Nor let her swerve to depth below.
But ah! from thy proud bark I miss
The Saving Rood's resplendent gleam.
Alas! life is no dream of bliss,
Nor thou the sailor of my dream.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"'I will arise and go unto my father.'
With tear-dimmed eyes and weary, blistered feet,
And from the home-path some sweet solace gather,
Trusting in his mercy when we meet."



OUTGROWN.

BY MARY WEST.

Spirit of Easter, with the brow serene,
What is thine answer to this touching scene?
A little child that prays with loving faith,
His mother may return from gates of death,

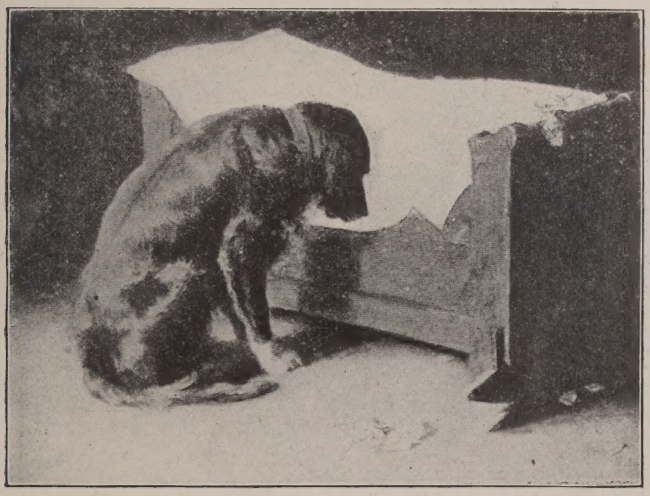
From the bright mansions of her Father's Home,
Back to earth's loneliness once more to come.
And with his prayer in perfect harmony,
A dumb companion's voiceless sympathy.

It was the angel crowned with asphodel
Whose message like a strain of music fell:
"The little child shall come unto his own,
Across the void of finite things outgrown.

"The crib forsaken, with the broken toy,
And faded rose of life's poor passing joy;
The dear companionship that cheers life's gloom
And guards with watchful eye the silent tomb.

"For life's completeness is" (his voice was stirred,
As one who feels the rapture of his word)
"The risen Christ, who comes to claim His own,
Across the void of finite things outgrown.

"Yea, Heaven is thine and Paradise restored,
In the child's Kingdom of the risen Lord."
Thus spake the happy soul of Easter morn,
And faded in the glory of the dawn.



ST. CECILIA.

KING CARLOS OF PORTUGAL.

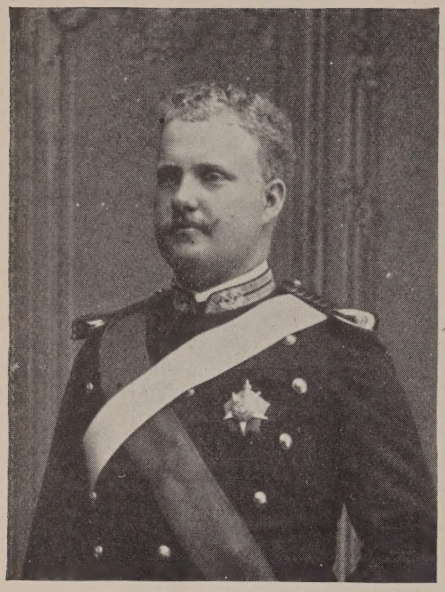
CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

VII.

The Sovereigns of Portugal.

BY BEN HURST.

If one were to search the annals of European Courts since the Middle Ages one could scarcely happen on a more fascinating couple than the reigning King and Queen of Portugal. Their earnestness, activity, versatility, and the gay good humor which looks on every event from the most optimistic point of view, render most attractive the delightful personality of this well-assorted pair. Worthily does King Carlos bear his splendid title of "Most Faithful," for the Holy See has indeed no more devoted son. Ardent in faith, as in all things that touch his province, he is one of the noblest examples of a truly Catholic prince. On his governmental capacity it is needless to enlarge; he has many difficulties to contend with, but he is prudent and tactful, full of resource and invariably hopeful. To his clever diplomacy and firm administration is due



THE KING OF PORTUGAL.
From a photograph taken some years ago.

the respect for the throne that raises it above the war of conflicting parties.

His talents are so manifold that they awaken regret for the bar which regal duties put to their perfect development. King Carlos is one of the most accomplished painters of to-day, but the necessarily small number of canvases which leave his hands is not sufficient to place him on his proper pinnacle. The busy artist-king is forced to restrict himself to such works as can be soon completed, for it is impossible to devote time to extensive compositions. He has, however, exhibited some remarkable paintings in Paris salons, and these have been recognized as of uncommon merit even by the most determined critics of the royal amateur. Designing birthday and New Year cards for his friends is the favorite occupation of the monarch in his odd moments, and these he colors and develops during the winter evenings when Queen Amalia sits by him deep in the mysteries of millinery or embroidery.

"What a pity," said the sculptor Rodin, "that such a gifted artist is obliged to reign!"

While yet a child King Carlos showed a passion for the brush and pencil. Under the famous Fonseca he became an adept in drawing, and at twenty was already a remarkable aquarellist. The subjects of his principal works are taken from the life of Portuguese fishermen, or scenes in Portuguese villages. It was the picture of a warrior Moor, however, that won him a gold medal. The difficulty for a king of moving about freely with camp-stool and easel has hindered his delineation of landscapes, and the most beautiful of those he has executed are mainly aspects of his own domain at Cascaes. In portraiture King Carlos has distinguished himself by a masterful sketch of the Infanta Eulalia; and his peasant women with their rich picturesque costumes are likewise notable for felicity of coloring and powerful form delineation.

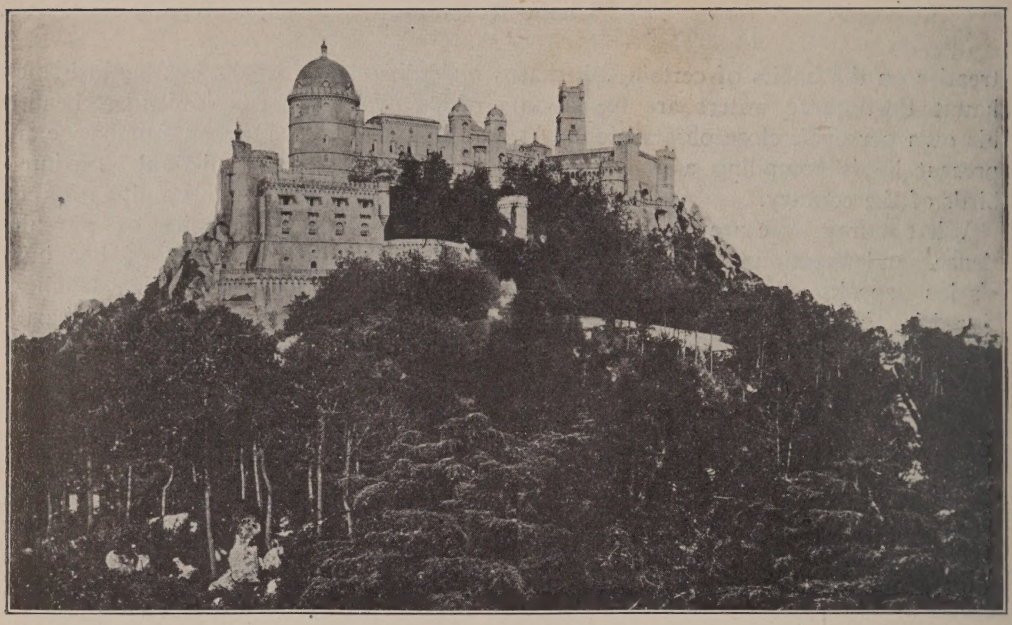
The king is a thorough sportsman, but not to the extent that would make the artist forget his trade. It is exactly while on the chase that he gets his best inspirations; and not infrequently does he drop the gun to throw hurriedly a few strokes on the pocket sketch book that never leaves him, for development at leisure. King Carlos shoots with both hands equally well, and plays billiards in the same fashion. Very adroit and well-balanced, the stalwart form of this perfect athlete is full of grace and vigor. He steers his own yacht, and has made experiments with submarine grapplers and dredgers of his own invention. For the mysteries of the sea-depths fascinate this eager, inquisitive mind. His famous collection of sea flora and fauna is mainly the fruit of personal researches. His studies as naturalist are precious additions to Portuguese literature; and the facts contained in his

treatise on the habits of certain fish that haunt Portuguese waters are based on his own personal, close observation. At present he is compiling a book on the birds of the country.

What more? We are obliged to condense, and mention briefly that King Carlos speaks—besides Portuguese,—Spanish, French, English and German. No wonder that he is never a moment idle, and that one life seems too little to hold such a multitude of interests.

But if asked to name the paramount charm of this exceptionally gifted monarch we should say that it is his chivalrous devotion to the lovely woman who is his wife, and for whom he publicly emphasizes his admiration and affection, on every possible occasion. Providence, not unassisted by his own shrewdness, gave King Carlos a helpmate who would make his laurels pale by the brilliancy of her own did not both blend so beautifully together. In Queen Amalia we are met by the same exuberance of intellect, the same strenuous cultivation of talent, the same diversity of pursuits that mark the personality of her husband. Like her sister, the Duchess D'Aosta, that serene vision of charity on earth (who formed the first subject in this series of Catholic Royalties), the Queen of Portugal is above all else a thoroughly devout Catholic. Perhaps there is no living member of the House of France who has done more for religion. The persecuted priests and nuns of France know her bounty, and the glorious temples and monasteries of her own kingdom bear witness to her fostering and reverential care. Nor has she forgotten the English home of her girl-

QUEEN AMALIA OF PORTUGAL.



CINTRA CASTLE, SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PORTUGAL.

hood. The altar-cloth of the chapel in the Orleans palace at Twickenham is a monument of her skill in embroidery.

Queen Amalia is a first-rate needlewoman and her ornamental taste is undisputed. On one occasion both this and her kindness of heart were strikingly demonstrated. Driving through the streets of Lisbon Her Majesty saw a poor girl lean, half-fainting, against a wall. In a trice she was by her side, assisting her into the carriage and restoring her with a cordial. When she learned that the girl was a milliner, seeking vainly for work, she drove to her home, sent out for a good meal for the family, and then sat down to trim two hats with what materials she found at hand. These hats she directed the girl to expose for sale in her window with the notice: "Trimmed by Queen Amalia." Needless to say they set the fashion in Lisbon; by the same hour next day they had been imitated in thousands; and the poor girl's shop became a flourishing concern.

In enumerating the Queen's work and accomplishments, the puzzle is, as with her husband, how to bring them all within the short space at our disposal. Like him she gives the greater part of her day to cares of state, toiling strenuously to advance the welfare of their subjects; and like him she is a brilliant sportswoman. Indeed it is as such that she is most often mentioned in the more superficial organs of the European press, for she is the best shot of her sex, a daring horsewoman, and a skilful driver of a four-in-hand. Her swimming enabled her on one occasion to save the lives of two children, and on another to come to the aid of an exhausted rescuer who was on the point of abandoning the victim he had saved. But her sporting qualities are inferior to those she displays as a nurse. In white linen apron the Queen of Portugal has proved her efficiency at the bedside of many a sufferer in the Lisbon hospitals.

We have left, however, the best for the last. Queen Amalia is a fully qualified Doctor of Medicine. With infinite

patience has she mastered thesis after thesis of the healing science, attending classes at the University and studying in private until she attained the noble goal of her ambition. She took for her special branch tuberculosis, and a conference on the same was opened by her in Lisbon last April. It was in an address to the Medical Congress that King Carlos alluded with emotion to "the choice of my very dear wife to devote part of her busy life to combating with you the terrible scourge of consumption." As a girl the surgical knowledge of Amalia of Orleans was often resorted to by members of her family and acquaintances whenever an accident occurred in the vicinity of her home; and her ascension of a throne only retarded for a time her resolve to pursue the study of medicine.

It can easily be inferred that the two sons of such parents have received an exhaustive education. Both the Crown Prince and the young Duke of Oporto are serious and intellectual in tastes and, of course, perfect athletes.

In conclusion let us say that the royal pair of Portugal, indoor at billiards, or out-of-door at tennis, translating Shakespeare, driving to epidemic-stricken districts, distributing school prizes, or drawing up new plans for hospitals, offer the most satisfactory solution to the problem of whether modern woman should be in all things, at all times, and places, her husband's true mate and companion.

"WHEN SPRING RIDES THROUGH THE WOOD."

BY HELEN HUGHES.

The mosses clinging wet and cold
The violets' tender stalks enfold;

The blood root lifts a dainty head
Above its still half-frozen bed;

The swelling buds are tipped with green,
And pale hepaticas are seen;

In furry coats from neighboring leas
Spring up the blue anæmones;

Last night among the branches hoar
The song-birds slept. To-day they soar

On glad wings, seeking each a nest
On shrub or twig as pleaseth best;

The streamlets freed from icy chains
Rush onward, swelled with April rains;

And harsh winds take a gentler mood
For lo! "The Spring rides through the wood."

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

An event in her life at first, it gradually became her custom to spend the Sunday with Mrs. Tarleton. When the family started on the hot trail to the big house where Mrs. Kenny's father lived in plenty and comfort,—which he never offered to share with her and her stricken husband,—Sarah locked up the red house and sped through the fields to the gray house among the trees. Mrs. Tarleton made no attempt at entertaining her. They would chat on the vine-covered back porch, while they hulled the berries which were to form part of their simple luncheon, and then, when the hostess sought her novel in the hammock, the girl turned to the library. The ringing of the silver bell brought them together again at the table, where the few dishes, prepared by the faithful black woman, who had come to Arkansas with Mrs. Tarleton, tempted the appetite on even the sultriest day. The rich damask and dainty china—the gold-banded cups and saucers, Sarah knew had come from England, when Arkansas was the haunt of wild beasts, and the colonists counted themselves good subjects of the English king; she also knew how the plates to match and big meat platter had been ruthlessly destroyed the time that the Yankee soldiers were overrunning the South. The cut-glass pitcher, that seemed to gather all the light in the shaded room, had stood on the table at which General Washington sat, the honored guest of one of the lady's own great ancestors; and the goblet from which Jefferson Davis had drunk was often before Sarah's plate. History and romance had their mementoes in the little dining-room, and as Sarah listened to their recital, in the low, pure Southern voice, strange thoughts began to stir in her half-awakened mind, and at times, instead of the room and its silver-haired occupant, she beheld the gay or tragic actors of the scenes described.

So the conversation would flow on, long after the soft-footed Mandy had removed the china and silver, and only the tall vase of flowers showed on the polished table; then, when drowsiness would overtake the story-teller, Sarah, after seeing her on her comfortable divan, would slip back to her book companions while the long Sabbath afternoon wore away. Later she would be joined by Mrs. Tarleton, who would seem to read a religious book, however far away her mind wandered. Yet, close as was their association, it called forth no sentiment of affection on the part of either. They were kindred spirits in so far that one had left the world of love behind her, and the other had not yet found it.

The sinking of the sun was Sarah's warning that her day was done. Then out of the shadows of the room, the tall bookcases growing unfamiliar in them, she passed to the crimson-touched shadows of the land and the blessed coolness that came with the approach of night. As far as the gray stone fence that ran on the west side of the lawn, Mrs. Tarleton would accompany her and then stand watching until the slim, supple young figure would become indistinct in the twilight. Swiftly the girl went, for the work must be finished before the return of the family; yet, as she sped onward, insensibly perhaps, she absorbed the weird beauty of the hour and the

scene. It was a beauty to quiet her hatred of the burning daylight, her frantic detestation of the parched level country, to lure her into love or forgetfulness. Where would she ever behold such beauty as now seemed to lean to her from the crimson-tinted evening glow, or feel such soothing as the coolness of this evening gave. Ah! strangely did the desert plead for her love, who had none to give!

There came a day, however, when Sarah sat the long Sunday through in the ugly red house, thinking she must seek the books no more. Her suffering grew greater with each passing day, for, with every misfortune which overtook them, Mrs. Kenny's cruelty to her stepdaughter increased and caused her repeatedly to return to the companionship she had foresworn. But greater pain was hidden in the gray shadows than she had experienced in the piercing light, as spiritual or mental suffering is ever superior to physical.

It seemed in keeping with the portion destiny had given her, that at this time Sam should present himself as her suitor! In the years that had passed since he had first seen Sarah, standing alone on the wooden platform, he had been building up his fortune; and he could offer her some wealth and comfort, with his honest love.

He did not openly declare himself, but his purpose was patent to the world; and when Sarah first divined it, she asked herself if this elemental creature was the best that fate could do for her! And then she laughed; not aloud, but the terrible silent laugh of the defrauded. The big blundering farmer did not hear it, and if he did, would not have understood it any more than he understood the girl he wanted to make his wife.

The fear of her stepmother, that she would marry the rich farmer, at times almost drove Sarah to permit him to offer himself; but love of her father restrained her. When, however, the lover brought her, in his blundering fashion, to see that, in marrying the daughter, he would become a true son to the debt-oppressed father, Sarah's face took on the color of the dead. To help her father—should she hesitate?

But she did hesitate; God was still guiding her in the darkness, as He had done in the light. She told herself she was not fit yet to become the wife of that devout Catholic, not prepared to accept the responsibility of marriage. She must wait until she had found a foothold. She must get out of this night. Some time there would dawn the light. Then she would accept her mission, since she seemed she had been brought here for that purpose.

While she was gasping out her spiritual life, the feet of the black camel had been drawing closer to her father's mortal dwelling. One awful morning her ears caught the first sound of its approach, when her father staggered from his untasted breakfast back to the bed he was not to leave a living man. After the first moment of paralyzing knowledge, Sarah rose to meet all the future held.

Now, when he was dying, his wife's people came with the assistance which, given earlier, would have saved his life. With eyes grown still and wise, on having entered the shadow, he watched them as they gathered around his bed, proffering their help. When they were gone, and the querulous wife asleep, he would turn to Sarah.

"I won't bother them long," he said. "I never did bother them. I never asked them for a dollar. I don't want it of them now. I am sorry for Barbara and the children, for I don't suppose they will do anything for them."

"Do not worry about them, father," said Sarah. "I'll take care of them."

"You! Why, Sarah, child, what can a girl like you do here, when a man failed?"

"I can hold out until Tom is big enough to take your place," she said bravely. "That won't be so long. Tom will never desert his mother while she needs him, and I know I can do for them somehow until he is grown."

He reached out and took her hand and held it for a long time in silence.

After that he told her a story that almost broke her heart. On selling his little farm in Kentucky, before coming West to marry his second wife, he had set aside half of it for Sarah. When times got bad with him, he had drawn upon it to pay for her board at her uncle's; but despite his own poverty, he had never touched a dollar. When she passionately reproached him, he said he had no claim to it. It was her mother's share of their common property, and he could not use it as the husband of another woman. He thought there might be $700 in the bank. It was in her name, so they could not defraud her of it. He laid his command on her that she should use the money for herself, for now, being in the shadow of the great change, he spoke as he had not dared to speak before. He told her that his second marriage had been a great mistake; from the first he had not been happy. Loneliness and sorrow for her mother had urged him into the second union. In a new country, among new people, with new ties, he thought he would forget.

"But forgetfulness, Sarah, does not come to us when we have lost the one we truly love," he said softly.

His wife and children disliked her, he continued, and though a sense of duty might cause her to stay here longer, he warned her she need not expect any gratitude from them, and when they were able to do without her they would not hesitate to cast her forth. His will had been made, and her share was equal to the other children's; the property could not be sold until the youngest heir was of age. By that time its value would be greatly increased; but in the meanwhile she must look out for her own interests, else they would be trampled upon by the others. She had stood by him all these years, and he told her her love and loyalty had made life bearable, almost happy, for him. Because of that love and loyalty, she would not grieve for him, knowing he was released from his misery, and he wanted her always to believe from that other world he was watching over her. Then he turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

She knew he would not waken; and when, finally, the low breathing ceased, she made no outcry, but sat on until the morning broke, quieting her sorrow and loneliness by the happy reflection that he at last was at peace. And, sitting there, her thoughts went back to the cool old graveyard where her mother, his only love, slept sweetly beneath the cedars, and she formed her strong resolve that he should lie by her side. When she made the announcement to her stepmother a scene ensued, in which the wife's brothers and sisters took part, and Sarah was given to understand that to the wife, not the daughter, the husband, living or dead, belonged. She suddenly recalled the light in his eyes the day she had spoken of their return to Kentucky, and then quietly demanded if they were not afraid to refuse the last request of the dead man, for well she knew their superstition.

"When did he make it?" demanded the older brother, while the wife quailed.

"Before he died," said Sarah.

"To whom?" he demanded.

"To me," she answered; but he only laughed unbelievingly.

"You think I am not speaking truthfully?" she asked. "To convince you, let me tell you that in the bank at Layton there are $700, deposited in my name, to pay for his return to Kentucky. I tell you he will not rest in his grave unless that grave is in Kentucky, by my mother's side. In God's name, in the name of the dead, let me take him there in peace."

"Take him—the quicker the better!" said the brother, sternly, while the wife wailed:

"To keep that money while I and the children were needing it!"

"It was my mother's money," said Sarah. "You and your children had no right to it."

Accompanied by her older brother, Sarah went back with her father to the land he loved. As she stood over his newly made grave she shed no tear; she could face the future with a brave heart, now that he was here, instead of lying back there in the torrid land of his unhappiness.

She went home with her uncle and aunt for a week's visit, and the changes that met her made her realize all the more painfully the greater changes they found in her. Six months before, Alice had died, and her death laid bare one of those pitiful stories of wasted sacrifice. The marriage of Nettie had caused her to break her engagement with Mr. Archer, for she could not, she told him, leave her parents alone. But she either had loved him more deeply than she thought, or she had seen the folly of her act when too late, for Mr. Archer in pique had married Miss Dane, who, accepting him only to avoid spinsterhood, straightway began to make him pay for his folly. For two years before her death Alice had been an invalid; and as Sarah thought of the busy hands brought at length to idleness, the active body confined to the chair, the dryness of heart that took with her the place of tears in others was again painfully experienced.

Mr. Archer came to see her and in disjointed sentences told this quiet, still-eyed girl, who had once been his hopeless pupil, those parts of the pitiful tragedy of Alice's hidden life. "I told her," he said, in his brittle voice, "that I would not take her from her parents. I was willing to go back and forth every day to my school; but she seemed to think her marriage would make her parents feel deserted, even though she continued to live with them. Perhaps if I had been patient and given her time to get away from that notion—but, manlike, I took her at her word and tried to show her I could get along without her. And I have never been able to do so, Miss Sarah; she was my kindred spirit, and life has been miserable since I lost her.

"Nettie was the cause of all our trouble, and see how happy she is! No better husband lives than hers, and she is a model wife. They have two beautiful children and are prospering, as they deserve. He is as dear to the old folks as either of their sons, and I know that, if they cannot induce you to stay with them, they are going to have Nettie and her husband and children come home to live with them. It was as it should be, you see, only Alice thought it all wrong, and that she must make up to her parents for the grief Nettie had caused. Miss Sarah, none of us can do that! If Nettie had given pain to her parents, Nettie, not Alice, must have borne the consequences. And Alice's sacrifice bore

no fruit. Instead it brought bitter grief to her family."

"But the motive, Mr. Archer!" interposed Sarah.

"The motive—for a long time I, too, clung to the motive," he said slowly. "But when finally I analyzed it I saw it, too, was wrong, else it could not have borne such bitter fruit. My analysis showed me that Nettie's was the true motive, and Alice's the untrue; and the result in the lives of both and all who love them have proven the correctness of my conviction. We must first be true to ourselves, Miss Sarah, before we can be true to others. Grace is another example for you!"

"Mr. Archer," asked Sarah, "what is the matter with Grace?"

"She is married to the man she does not love, has never loved," he replied. "He does not know this, and his entire lack of comprehension drives the iron deeper into her soul. If he knew it, they could come to an understanding that at least would leave them equals. She deceived Ben Anderson, and he has not penetration enough to see it. Had you done this, Miss Sarah, your conscience would have made life a hell for you. Grace's conscience was warped by its dishonesty, and she sees in her husband's love, not her own deception, the cause of her unhappiness. She blames him for the petty cares and trials which, in spite of him, meet her; for the loss of her youth and flower-like beauty. In fact, for everything that has conspired to make her a pettish, irritable woman, she blames the entirely innocent man. I have often thought, studying her, that something must have crossed her life before her marriage; but what it was is a secret known only to herself, unless, indeed, you share it?"

"I do not share it," said Sarah, unhesitatingly, not for the sake of that strange woman whom she scarcely knew, but for the sake of the beautiful cousin Grace of her childhood.

Well she knew, however, that the little teacher had reasoned correctly, and she seemed to feel Grace's pain as she watched her beautiful, happy younger sister and contrasted their two lives. The morning of the day set for Sarah's second departure Grace came to see her, alone, and with the frantic hands of a driven woman tore the curtain from her heart, and Sarah beheld enshrined in it the face and form of the stranger, whom she knew to be Dr. Hayward.

"I loved him, Sarah, and he loved me. It was the sweetest romance a girl ever had. I was afraid of father and mother, and I would not let him come to the house to see me. We used to write letters to each other and hide them under the stone near the locust tree. And one day poor Alice saw him putting a letter in our hiding-place, and she came to the house, frightened almost to death. I overheard her telling mother of it, and she expressed the belief that there were counterfeiters at work somewhere in the vicinity. I made haste to go to the rock and leave a note telling him our mail-box had been discovered. And the next day he came right into the house disguised as a fortune-teller. Do you remember the fortune-teller, Sarah?" she cried.

"Yes," said Sarah, recalling the intense dark eyes that had singled her out as she stood against the wall, half-dead with fear.

"He loved me so, Sarah, and I loved him; and I cast him off, believing it would not be right to marry him. And yet Nettie did what I dared not, and she is supremely happy, while I—O God! I am so unhappy, Sarah! I was afraid I might have my faith weakened; Nettie, who gave no thought to the matter, is

a better Catholic than I am and has converted her husband. I feared my children might be infidels; Nettie never considered the future of her offspring. Yet she has children, and I have none. I am glad of it; honestly, Sarah, I am."

"But Grace," asked Sarah, leaning forward, her eyes glowing feverishly, "you still have your faith, haven't you?"

"Of course!" exclaimed Grace, peevishly. "What a question to ask!"

"Yes, it was foolish," said Sarah, leaning back, the intensity leaving eyes and voice. Faith or unfaith could never have meant to Grace what it meant to her. It was not sacred conviction she had guarded in that other time, but the traditionary belief of her race.

"I never heard what became of him," she went on. "I have sometimes thought if I knew if he were living or dead I might be able to adjust myself to my destiny. If he were living and married and happy forgetting me, I could close the book of my youth forever. If he were dead—O Sarah, then death would be something to look forward to. But not to know! It is that that has crushed me."

"But do you think this is right to Mr. Anderson?" asked Sarah.

"I told Mr. Anderson when he asked me to marry him that I had no love in my heart for him; he said he was willing to take me without it," said Grace, indifferently.

"But did you tell him you had love for another man in your heart?" asked Sarah.

"I did not!" snapped Grace. "It was none of his business. Anyhow, the woman gives more than the man, even though she detests him while he adores her. I like Mr. Anderson and respect him, and he is satisfied."

"I am sorry, Grace, your life is unhappy," said Sarah. "But it is not an uncommon thing."

"Ah! but there are few as utterly miserable as I am," cried she, the ready tears in her still beautiful eyes. Sarah's eyes, meeting them, seemed to see beyond them the burning land, with its fierce poverty, and the unloving hearts to whom she was that day returning, for the sake of that duty which this woman surrounded by love and wealth ignored.

"And those few may be more miserable," she said quietly, whereupon Grace mentally called the girl heartless and unsympathetic and regretted her confidence.

"I told you this, Sarah," she said, "so that if you were ever to hear anything of Dr. Hayward, you would tell it to me. You will, won't you?"

"Yes, gladly, cousin Grace!" she rejoined; and at the old name Grace caught Sarah in her arms and broke into a passion of tears.

"Oh! I was so happy that summer you came to us, little Sarah," she cried. "Your blue bonnet and bluer eyes, and your grave child face, are all so associated with that brief joy-time of mine that I cannot think of it without again seeing you. We were good friends, too, though I was a young girl and you a little one. If I had told you then what I told you now, what would you have said?"

"If I knew as much as I know now, I would have said do as Nettie did," she answered.

"And I would not have done it," said Grace sadly.

"No," said Sarah, "you would have been afraid."

It was with a sense of relief that Sarah departed from the home of her childhood. Ages separated her and its people; she seemed to be closer to the hearts awaiting her in Arkansas. A

second time she alighted on the little wooden platform, but this time saw that Sam, with his new buggy, was awaiting her. She thought his manner was distrait, but she paid little attention to his words. But when he deflected from the road leading to the red house, she demanded the reason.

"Mrs. Tarleton said I was to fetch you to her."

"Why?" she asked. "Sam, what has happened?"

"Plenty," he answered. "O Sarah, I love you. Won't you marry me? Won't you let me give you a home better than the one they have closed against you? They've rented the place, Sarah, and her father's taken her and the children to his house. Sarah, don't look that way. All I have is yours; just say you will take it, Sarah, little girl!"

"Hush, Sam! You mustn't talk like that," said Sarah. "When did they do this?"

"The very day you left," he answered.

"They might have sent me word," she said. "My uncle and aunt pleaded with me to the last moment to remain with them, as their own child. They might have sent me word," she repeated blankly.

"You must go back to your uncle's?" he asked passionately.

It rose before her,—the old life upon which she had looked,—and she knew she could not return to it. It had plainly told her it had now no place for the child it had known, but who had tasted of the tree of knowledge. It would be easier for her to make a place here for herself as the wife of this farmer. But why should she think of doing this? Her stepmother's act had severed the cord of duty that had drawn her back to this desert land. She had still $300 of her dowry, and the great world lay before her. Ah! but that world was unknown and bitter, the shrinking heart told her; this spot of arid earth she knew; this love, though it burned in an elemental soul, was hers, and all the protection it offered to the far untrodden land where only strangers dwelt. But this soul showed her the tragic inner life of many past years continued in the new home; and straightway she made her choice.

"Sam, I cannot marry you," she said. "I honor and respect you and shall cherish the memory of you while I live. I am foreign to this land, and there is no place for me in it; I came to it first at the command of my father; I returned to it at the command of the duty I felt I owed to my father's wife and children. I find that does not exist, and I am glad. And yet I shall not go back to Kentucky. I shall go to some city and begin work. I do not know yet what that work will be, but I doubt not my place in the world is waiting for me, and I shall find it eventually."

They had reached the stile-block before the gray house, and as she stepped out of the buggy she saw Mrs. Tarleton advancing.

"This is good-by, Sam," she said, giving him her hand.

"Forever, Sarah?" he asked quietly; but she saw that his face was ashen.

"Yes, forever," she said. "It has to be. But there goes with me such a rich memory of you, dear friend, with me to the end of the road. I do not part from you forever there."

"Nor I from you, Sarah, the little girl I love!" he said, brokenly; and then he stepped hastily into the buggy, lest Mrs. Tarleton should see his face.

(To be continued.)

EILEEN AROON.

The Origin of a Famous Irish Melody.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Huge and purple against the evening sky rose Mount Leinster. The shadows of the trees were lengthening in the declining sun. The birds had ceased their songs and in the stillness was heard the voice of the mountain streams beginning to murmur their vesper hymn. The white-capped women and snooded maidens were preparing the evening meal. The kerne and boys had started out to drive the kine within the bawn or enclosure, for the times were troublous and none could tell when a troop of raiders might come riding up the glen with sinister designs on their neighbors' cattle.

But still on the smooth green lawn in front of his dwelling sat the high bard, O'Doran, at intervals musing and writing, writing and musing, and looking to sky and mountain, wood and stream for inspiration, his poetic mind deeply engrossed with the important and critical duty of his office. Venerably picturesque was the high bard in his tall filea cap, flowing parti-colored robes, and snowy hair and beard. But High Bard O'Doran was having his own gloomy troubles that evening; he could not for the life of him strike the chord he wanted; the divine afflatus most provokingly eluded him. After some further abortive plunges into the agonies of composition he read and re-read the result and plucked irritably at his beard.

"Maurice O'Doran, laureate of the Clan Cavanagh," he said bitterly to himself, "it seems to me you are a vile impostor and that to-morrow night you shall be most miserably exposed before bards high and low, chiefs, clergy and brehons of Leinster and Connacht. Help me, Saints Bridget and Moling, for my soul is not in this work and my brain refuses it. Oh, why did not O'Cavanagh select for his sweet daughter anybody else than that gaunt, evil-omened cormorant, MacNamara from the wild cliffs of Thomond? Prince though he be, it is but little I can think or say in praise of his hawk eye and scowling brow."

It was an embarrassing prospect for the high bard. Here it was the eve of a grand and important wedding, the union of two leading Irish houses, at which a poem glowingly and gracefully eulogistic of bride and bridegroom, of their respective parents and pedigrees and clans, and every matter of interest or importance connected with them, was as necessary to the festivities attending the ceremony as meat or drink or dance music. Turlogh MacNamara, prince of the Clan Cuilen, was to marry Eileen Ni-Cavanagh,* the flower of Leinster, daughter of a high chief of the name, a near kinsman of the king of the province. For days the western potentate, whose appearance was more rugged than prepossessing, had been staying with his intended father-in-law, whose fort lay but a short distance from the residence of the high bard. Several Leinster and Connacht chieftains with their retinues were also there, enjoying themselves with much sport and merrymaking—by day hunting and horse-racing, by night feasting and harping and singing and dancing. To-morrow was the marriage

* O' or Mac before male, Ni or Nic before female names, was the Gaelic way of sex distinction in surnames.

day; and lo, the bridal ode was as yet unwritten, and High Bard O'Doran sat despondent, disquieted, practically deserted of the muse.

"Another goblet of wine may help me," he thought—whiskey was not known in Ireland for nearly two hundred years afterwards—"if not, and the fickle spirit of poetry continues to avert her fair face, then, for the honor of myself and the clan, there remains only to fall sick or meet with an accident."

"Glad greeting to you, light and glory of the bardic order," cried a hearty voice.

Unnoticed, three horsemen had drawn rein near him on the lawn, a young chieftain and two attendants. The high bard looked up, then suddenly rising he extended his hands, with a cry of joyful surprise.

"Welcomes and welcomes many, Carol O'Daly!" he exclaimed. "Sunshine you bring to Hy-Kinsellagh. We thought the whitethorn blossoms of May would bring you, yet you've cruelly tarried until the trees are red and gold. Dismount, my son; no further shall you go this evening. Boys, take the horses to the stable. Come, the metheglin is good and the board will soon be spread. It was heaven that sent you, Carol, son of my heart; you are just in time to help me with a bridal ode."

The young man slid off his horse—which he rode bareback, in the Irish fashion of the day. He was well-built and handsome, with merry, dark blue eyes, and a large glossy *coulin,* or native profusion of curls, falling over his neck and shoulders. There was a falcon's wing in his tasseled cap; a large gold brooch of native intertwined serpent-design fastened his crimson mantle on his right shoulder over his white linen tunic of many-pleated kilt; his trews or long hose were dyed saffron, and his shoes were fastened not at the instep but at the heel—the usual dress of an Irish chieftain or noble of the period—the middle of the thirteenth century.

He came of a talented family, this young cavalier, a family distinguished both for able poets and churchmen. He was brother of Lord Abbot Donogh More O'Daly, of the Cistercian abbey of Boyle, who supplied the people of Connacht and of Ireland with numbers of the sweetest and most solemn of religious hymns, including the celebrated "Praises of the Holy Sacrament," bequeathing them a great spiritual treasure which the peasantry enjoy even to the present day. In Ireland the name of O'Daly was long synonymous with music and poetry.

"Help you with a bridal ode?" repeated the new arrival. "That surely would I, and gladly, High Bard Maurice, but that I fancy you but jest in proposing that I, a humble neophyte, presume to interfere with a great master in his art." And sitting on the bench beside the bard he took the maddher or four-cornered vessel of metheglin (a drink made from honey) that was brought him by a servant.

"Neophyte! Oh, Carol, Carol, often have I heard you sing your own songs, and often have I heard your magic fingers making the harp laugh and weep in a way to enchant the ear. But ah, changeful and cruel one! now that you are married and happy, let it be your task and penalty to make the bridal song for your sweet old love, fair Eileen, who to-morrow, as you know, marries Turlough MacNamara, the prince of Clan Cuilen."

"Marries MacNamara!"

The vessel fell from O'Daly's hand and he sprang to his feet, with a strange light in his eyes and a sudden paleness on his face.

"I married! oh, no, Maurice; they foolishly lied who said it. But could she not have trusted me?" he said bitterly, "could she not have waited even that short time? Could she not—"

"Do not blame her, Carol, my heart," pleaded the high bard, soothingly; "it is her mother's doing. My sorrow! my sorrow! Through all my pulses I pity you, ay, and the poor colleen, for now I see it all! Make your good heart brave and firm, my boy, and make the best of it. But whither go you?"

The excited guest was abruptly departing.

"I go, Maurice, to make the best of it. She needs a bridal song, say you—well, she shall have it."

"Towards the sea," murmured the old bard, as he uneasily watched the form of O'Daly disappearing through the gray deepening twilight to where the breakers of the Irish Sea were whitening on the shore of Hy-Kinsellagh. "May the silent shore give peace to your heart, Carol; but there's danger for you this night where Manannan's white horses charge the black cliffs. So, soon will I send you company."

. . . . . .

It was a lively and merry night in the great hall of the chieftain O'Cavanagh's mansion seat. The pre-nuptial banquet was over and the time of the singers and harpers had come. The torches that flared along the walls shed their light on a typical after-dinner throng of both gentle and simple, all in bubbling good humor, all anxious and keen to be amused and entertained. There were high chieftains and those of lesser grade, with their buxom wives and vivacious daughters, with here and there the gleam of gold on white necks and arms; there were farmers and kerne, the native yeomen, ever ready at the "call to the clan" to exchange the spade and sickle for the battle-ax and pike; there were the lively gillys or horse boys, who when occasion arose formed the native volunteer cavalry; and there were chieftains from both provinces comparing notes on their latest warlike encounters with the invading English or with hostile neighbors. Now and then the general conversation ceased while some harper threw over the company the spell of Music and her sister, Song.

At the further end of the hall, surrounded by a group of merry maidens, fairer than any of them and as high as any in birth and blood, sat the bride-elect, Eileen Ni-Cavanagh. At times she looked thoughtful and pensive, especially whenever her companions tried to rally her on the rapt looks being cast upon her from beneath the beetle brows of her gaunt intended, who stood near by with an expression proprietorial and gloating. But, a merry, brisk, impulsive girl, she generally managed to wear an animated and interested look, as if fully entering into the pleasure of the occasion.

Harper after harper played and received his guerdon of hearty applause, until at length there was left but one, a stranger, who had not yet entertained the company. With the natural tact and delicacy of a refined Irish maiden, Eileen, anxious that none of the minstrels should be overlooked or slighted, spoke in kindly and courteous appeal:

"Will not the modest stranger who honors us with his company also honor us in his noble profession?"

The stranger bowed. Deep silence and expectation reigned as he lightly touched his harp. Then softly and sweetly floated over the assemblage an air that they had never heard before. It was pensive, pathetic, breathing the impassioned appeal of a devoted heart. So humanly voiceful was it that at first it seemed to

speak of itself the words he presently sang to it:

"'Tis sweet when I gaze on thee,
Eileen Aroon!
And lavish love's lays on thee,
Eileen Aroon!
My love, young and bright, you are,
My dove snowy white you are,
My heart's balm at sight you are,
Eileen Aroon!"

The bride-elect looked interested, then rather startled. "Eileen Aroon," "dearest Eileen—" it seemed like a personal tribute to herself. She smiled faintly, conscious that many eyes were upon her, and a blush leaped to her cheek. The bard continued:

"My red rose, my lily white,
Eileen Aroon!
My darling, my soul's delight,
Eileen Aroon!
Be mine, love, my sweet young queen,
Of purer, of fairer mien
Than snow on the mountain seen,
Eileen Aroon!"

Outwardly she maintained her composure, but fiercely was her heart beating. She knew! She understood! She recognized the voice, she saw the motive. It was a heart-to-heart message, and hers was open to receive it.

"Come with me, my bosom's star,
Eileen Aroon!
E'en down to Tirawley far,
Eileen Aroon!
Come, bright form of beauty's mould,
With welcomes a thousand-fold,
Far dearer than life or gold,
Eileen Aroon!"

Every word and note seemed as the passionate throb of a loyal, loving heart. When the harper ceased, and the charm of his melody was removed, a deep sigh passed over the company.

But now the hall was rapidly cleared for the dancing, and the merry hubbub and confusion broke out anew as benches and tables were shoved aside and a space made where two rows of dancers were lining up for the national long dance or "rinca fada." The bride-elect was not among them; she was fatigued, she said, and needed just a little rest.

Somehow it was late—too late—when they missed her. They found her not in her dainty chamber in the ladies' grianan or summer house, nor was she within bounds of the great thorn hedge and fosse that encircled her father's fort. The strange minstrel had also disappeared. It was really mysterious and distressing. High Bard O'Doran, who had been out seeking poetic inspiration under the stars, thought he had seen a mounted party going southward, and with many threats and growlings a troop of O'Cavanaghs, O'Doyles and O'Kinsellas, MacNamaras and O'Briens, took horse and galloped off in that direction.

"Ride hard, my cavaliers, and you will meet them if you encircle the world," laughed the high bard as he saw them go. "Success and safety to you, my brave Carol—ah! I would have known your musical voice among a thousand, you magician. Your love song was a jewel; it shall live forever!"

He gazed calculatingly towards the northwest. "They have got over two hours' start and on good horses, but others they may need, for Tirawley, whither he is taking her, must be nigh sixty leagues from here. Good Saint Kevin send them safe across the Shannon. My seven blessings go with you, hero-poet of Connacht and fairest flower of Leinster. Now I need not worry over a bridal ode; there will be no wedding here in the morning."

And the high bard set out for home.

Such was the origin of the sweetest and tenderest of Gaelic airs—one which the great Handel, on hearing, said he would rather have composed than all his own works. For more than sixteen hundred years has the musical gem with which Carol O'Daly won his bride been treasured and popular in Ireland, as have the religious songs of his brother, the celebrated Abbot of Boyle.

THREE TWILIGHTS.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

Almost the last words written by Mrs. Craigie, whom so many Catholic readers knew as "John Oliver Hobbes," spoke of the joy she felt on passing through London very late one evening, when she found the doors of the Brompton Oratory still open, with some of the lights yet burning.

Indeed this "twilight of God"— so infinitely more lovely than its vague foreshadowing in the "gloaming of the gods," the *Götterdämmerung* of German myth—has ever exercised salutary fascination on minds poetically cast, alike within and without the Church. To cite passages from the poets were to compile an anthology of Catholic *chiaroscuro* through the centuries, from Milton's "dim religious light" to Longfellow's over-familiar, but melodious and fluent lines in "King Robert of Sicily." J. K. Huysmans, in *La Cathédrale,* gives a whole chapter to the description of a night he spent in Chartres Cathedral, from twilight to dawn. Balmes, the Spanish theologian, when the routine of his day's work forbade him to seek the sacred gloom of some sombre church near his study, was wont to simulate it by flinging his voluminous Spanish cloak over his head, and remaining thus, "musing upon the things of God," till his next deep chapter was complete in his mind, and naught remained but to transcribe it. St. Ignatius—leader of men and of minds—laid much stress on what, for want of apter words, I have called the "Catholic *chiaroscuro.*" One of the questions which the Jesuit novice puts to himself nightly in his examen is: "Have I rightly used the dispositions of light and shade, as recommended by St. Ignatius?" Students from English-speaking countries making a retreat for the first time in Rome are apt to be surprised on the third or fourth day of the exercises by being informed that now they may open the shutters of their windows "a little."

But the subject is so alluring and inexhaustible that it would lead me far from the three episodes in darkened churches that Mrs. Craigie's words have brought to my mind. Suffice it that the First Mass was said at nightfall, and the blazing blue of a Syrian afternoon was darkened at the Crucifixion.

Not very far from Brompton Oratory stands another church, large for Catholic London, which I shall leave unnamed, lest these memories assume the gossipy tone of mere amiable personalities. One of my friends was intimate with a young priest attached to this church. One evening he was aiding him in the decoration of a side-altar, and it so befell that the two were kept late at their labor of love. Ten o'clock approached, and the sacristan extinguished all the gas-jets but the one giving light to the priest and his helper. Save for the glimmer of the sanctuary and other small-wicked lamps, the rest of the church was in darkness. But aisle and chancel were familiar ground to priest and layman alike, and when their task was done, they turned out the gas and walked swiftly along the aisle to the sacristy. Midway they tripped and nearly fell over the bowed form of a man who was kneeling in earnest prayer before a great mission crucifix attached to the wall. My friend regained himself, and was about to turn and beg the worshipper's pardon, when he felt himself plucked by the sleeve and

hastened by his priest-companion into the well-lit sacristy behind the curtains.

The priest was strangely agitated. He had not been in good health for some time, but, even so, my friend was at a loss to understand how so trivial—in Catholic life so familiar and humdrum an incident, could thus have shaken his nerves.

"What *is* the matter, Father?" he whispered.

"Go and look at him for yourself through the curtains," was the strange reply, spoken with trembling lips.

Thus bidden, my friend drew the heavy baize hanging aside and peered down the darkling aisle. The dull roseate glow of the lamp that burned near the carven Feet shone feebly on an old, stern face, moving in earnest and solemn supplication. Above, divined rather than seen, the woe-worn Face of Our Lord looked down upon him who thus kept vigil.

"I always tremble when he comes here at night to pray for guidance," whispered the young priest. "I wonder what poor wretch's fate will be decided to-morrow—the rope, or freedom. 'Tis —" he added, and he gave the honored name of an English judge not long since dead, a name dreaded among baser British criminals as a synonym for the gallows and the scourge.

The fear that always comes upon the young when they are first confronted with the deep issues of life and of death, of justice here and of its sanction hereafter, took hold for a space of my friend's imagination, and he was glad to leave the church for the presbytery, while one remained, moulding austere old lips into a child-like prayer for help and light.

May I record here, albeit without relevance, the exquisite reply made to this same just Judge by a brilliant and learned Irish Canon, on one occasion? The erudite churchman, who in Irish politics is a Nationalist, was introduced to the Judge on circuit by the late Cardinal Vaughan—at the time Bishop of Salford. "He is an arrant rebel," said the future Cardinal. "Then, Canon," said the judge, "when you come into my court, I shall see that you have all justice." "And when *you* come into mine," said the Canon, with a bow, "I can promise your Lordship all mercy!"

This unforced allusion to the clement tribunal of penance pleased the severe old man, and he often spoke of it afterwards.

It is to the cathedral of that diocese of Salford which Bishop Vaughan ruled so well that memory throws back for a second "twilight" adventure—though, by the clock, it befell at dead of night. A priest was removing the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle in order to administer the Viaticum to a dying parishioner. No clerical reader need be reminded that the rubric strictly commands *two* candles to be lit for this purpose. In his great haste the priest lit but one, and, as he genuflected before the open tabernacle, was terrified to hear a strong voice call out from the black body of the chancel, *"Light two candles, please!"* The commission of a fault against obedience and its instantaneous rebuke so frightened the good man that he was relieved rather than concerned when he found that the speaker was Bishop Vaughan, who was spending a night of sleeplessness and pain before the Blessed Sacrament.

And here is the third picture which the words of Mrs. Craigie bring to mind —a picture which haunts me more persistently than either of the foregoing, and with a pathos that is denied to them.

It is a dark autumn evening, and a student for the priesthood is kneeling in an alcove at the side of the sanctuary in an Irish church. From where he kneels he can see into the body of the dimly-lit, poor little building, himself remaining unseen. An old, old woman, whose life of sorrow and of poverty he knows, is alone before the Blessed Sacrament—or so deems herself to be. She is making her adieux for the night to the sole Friend whom death and the emigrant ships have left her. A slow and painful genuflection—a slow and reluctant turning of the bowed back upon Him she loved—and then she turns again smiling, and holds out withered hands to the Tabernacle. "Good-night," she says aloud. "Good-night—*Mavourneen!*"

This little paper has run its course. Yet the writer cannot help reverting for a moment to the thought suggested in its opening, that God's light and darkness are far more subtly associated than by metaphor—however apt—with the noons and gloamings of the soul.

"For *all things* in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid."

Father Faber's lines will appear trite to only the very young, whose trials and truer joys are still before them. But of a greater than Faber we are told that before joining the Catholic Church he was perplexed with so many difficulties that his health gave way, and he was obliged to go upon a sea-voyage to recruit it. And one night when the ship was off the coast of Sicily, and Newman—for it was he—being unable to sleep went up on deck, he looked out across the ocean; but, look whither he would, he was confronted with intense darkness. So he went to the prow of the vessel, and then, far ahead, he espied a tiny bead of light. Upon that light, he mused, the mariner depended for the guidance of his ship; and he realized that his own soul, voyaging in the gloom of doubt, stood also in need of a guiding light.

And he went to his cabin and wrote the most wonder-working hymn of modern times—"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom."

Surely it is not fanciful to say that God, in His all-seeing providence, then deigned to use a lowly lamp of oil and wick to conduct men into the City of Peace, as of old He chose fire and cloud to lead them into the Promised Land?

LONGING.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

If I could see you once, but once, as in
  The days of yore, how would my heart rejoice!
  Could I but hear again your tender voice,
And catch the glory of the soul within
Your eyes inspired, I think that I could win
  All my heart longs for in the race of life!
  I should be fitly guerdoned for the strife,
And all my being seem once more akin
To God and good. . . . If I once more might look
  Upon your strong, pure face and gather there,
As from the pages of some holy book,
  Courage and faith to conquer and to dare
All things of evil, whatsoe'er they be—
This were the boon that you would bring to me.

If I might see you once, the thought is vain
  And full of bitterness, for those clear eyes
  Have looked upon the light of Paradise
And turn not back to our dim star again.
But yet, dear heart, I kiss the lips of pain,
  And teach my soul to hold your standard true,
  And live each passing moment as if you
Were by me still to comfort and sustain,
That so, when we shall meet, I may not shrink
  Before your eyes or fear myself so base
That you, pure, stainless spirit, would not think
  Me worthy thus to gaze upon your face.
And so, through sorrow, you must ever be
An inspiration and a guide to me.

REV. DR. P. HARTMANN, O. F. M.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

On April 3d, in Carnegie Hall, New York, the Rev. Dr. P. Hartmann, O.F.M., gave the first performance in New York of one of his great musical compositions, "St. Peter."

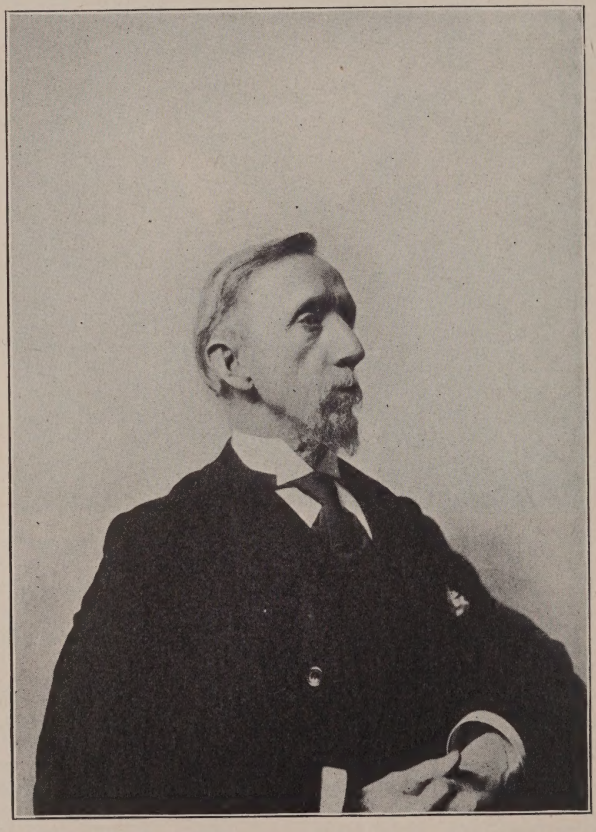
Archbishop Farley, Mgr. Lavelle, and several hundred priests were present. Dr. Hartmann directed the performance, which was in every way satisfactory. The oratorio, as arranged, is divided into three parts: "The Calling of Peter," "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," and "St. Peter's Confession" and "Christ's Promise." The solo parts were sung by Mariesa Lange-Verena (soprano narrator); Daniel Beddoe, tenor (St. John the Baptist and St. Andrew); Albert Janpolski, baritone (Christ), and H. H. Barnhart, bass (St. Peter). These were supported by a chorus of two hundred mixed voices, the Russian Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Franklin Palmer at the organ.

Throughout, the vocalists showed an earnestness in their work, the characteristic portions being well developed, particularly that of Christ, which, with an organ accompaniment, was finely rendered. The other soloists sang acceptably. With the exception of one or two occasions, the chorus ably sustained their parts. The orchestral presentation showed careful rehearsal, and materially helped to invite the applause and encouragement given by the audience to the composer and his production. Dr. Hartmann wore the garb of his Order, and made a very picturesque appearance at the conductor's desk.

Dr. Hartmann was born, in 1863, at Salurn, in the Tyrol, and studied at first singing and violin at the music school of the City Musical Society at Bozen, under the conductor Zepperle and Prof. Anzoletti. In 1879, he entered the Franciscan Order at

Salzburg, and studied organ, harmony and composition under Peter Singer. Later on, he perfected his musical education still further, by special studies of organ playing and the technique of the orchestra under Conductor Pembaur, at Innsbruck, and Prof. Homeyer, of Leipzig. While engaged as choirmaster at Linz and Reutte, he received, in 1893, a call to Jerusalem, where he acted as organist and musical director at the Church of the Holy Saviour and at the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1895, he went as organist to Aracoeli, in Rome. Here he was the successor of Cesi in the directorship of the Conservatory of Santa Chiara, and from 1901 to 1903 Professor of Composition and Instrumentation. His own successor at present is Mascagni. In 1906, he took up his permanent residence in Munich.

In 1898, he was elected an active member of the Royal Musical Academy of St. Cecilia, at Rome; in 1900, he was made, as Partenio Meonio, a member of the Academy of the Acadians. In 1905, he was made an honorary member of the Academia Platania of Palermo, with the golden medal; member of the Academy of the 24 Immortals, of Rome; and Honorary Doctor of the Theological Faculty of the Royal Bavarian University of Wuerzburg. As a native of the Tyrol, he is a member of the Tyrolese Order of Nobility and received, in 1901, from Pope Leo XIII., the gold Cross of Honor *pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* of the first class; in 1902, the large gold medal for Art and Science from Austria, and in 1905, he was appointed by Francis Joseph I. Knight of the Imperial Austrian Francis Joseph Order. In the same year, he also received the gold medal of the Vatican Chapter. From William II., Emperor of Germany, he received as a present the large edition of Bach's works; from the Royal Court of Bavaria the scores of Wagner, etc.



THOMAS B. CONNERY.

Dr. Hartmann's chief works, aside from songs and church choruses, are his oratorios:

"St. Peter," composed in 1899, to the text of Cardinal Parocchi, and dedicated to that dignitary.

"St. Francis," composed in 1900, to the text of Bishop Ghezzi, and dedicated to Emperor Francis Joseph I.

"The Last Supper," composed in 1902, to the text of Bishop Ghezzi, and the work dedicated to Emperor William II. of Germany.

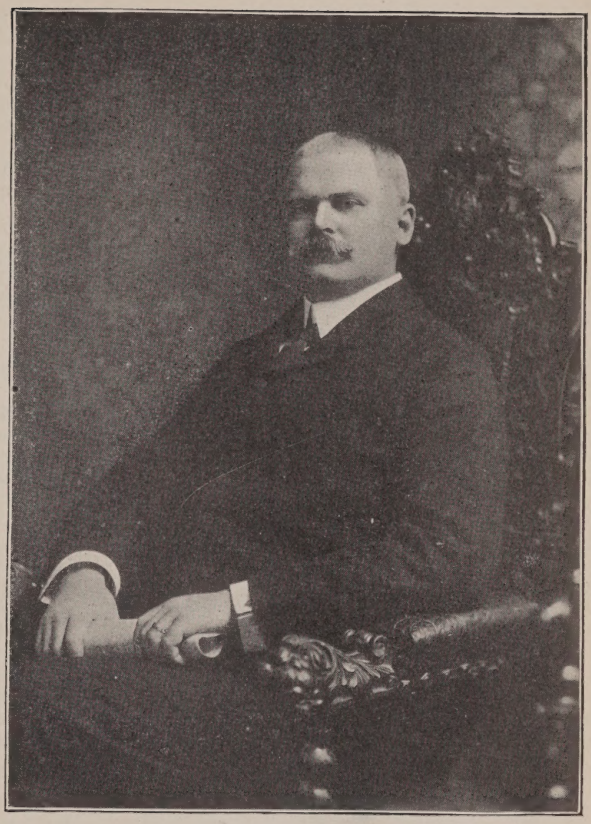
"The Death of Our Lord," the text written by the composer, and dedicated to the Royal University of Wuerzburg.

The above-mentioned oratorios were published by Ricordi, of Milan.

They were all performed with great success, under the composer's own direction in Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Munich, Naples, Aquila, Geneva, Wuerzburg, Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Amberg, Bozen, Agram, Laibach, etc.

The great Pontiff, Leo XIII., once said of Dr. Hartmann: "He is a celebrity of world-wide renown; he is the glory of our holy Church."

Dr. Hartmann will remain in this country until the autumn at least. It is to be hoped that other cities will give music lovers the opportunity to hear the oratorio.



HON. EDMUND GUERIN.

The veteran journalist, Mr. Thomas B. Connery, in his lecture on "The Maximilian Episode in Mexico," aroused deep interest by the point of view he put before his audience. He discussed President Monroe's memorable pronunciamento in its minutest circumstances.

In the course of his discussion which led up to General Campbell's very pronounced failure to carry out the implicit instructions of President Johnson he explained at some length the development of Louis Napoleon's dream of an empire in the new world. He said that an expedition was planned to Mexico, against which country France had a small grievance.

The United States was at this time fighting for its life in the great war between the states. The time was favorable for a plan conceived by Louis Napoleon to convert Mexico into an empire under a French protectorate. The principle known as the Monroe Doctrine forbade the establishment of any European power upon the western hemisphere, but the United States was powerless at the moment to defend it, and by the time her hands were free, even if she were not disrupted, an empire of Mexico would be established, and French troops could defend it.

In a few months the French Army was in the City of Mexico, and an Austrian prince was proclaimed emperor of a Mexican empire. This ill-conceived expedition, he explained, came to a tragic and untimely end in 1867. The Civil War ended triumphantly for the Union. Napoleon, realizing that, with her hands free, the United States would fight for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, promptly withdrew the French army from Mexico, leaving the unfortunate Maximilian to his fate. A republic was at once established, and the Austrian protege of Louis Napoleon was ordered to be shot.

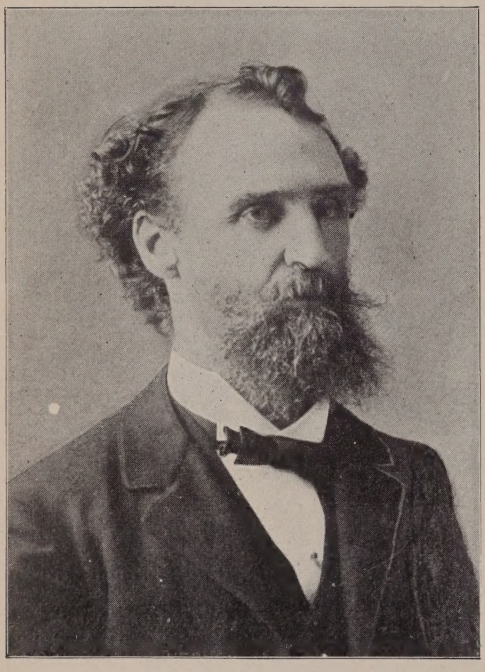
The moment it was known outside of Mexico that Mexico was in the hands of the republican general, it was realized that pressure would have to be brought to save the life of Maximilian.

Nearly every civilized government in the world, including our own, urged the policy of clemency. The Emperor of Austria ap-

pealed directly to President Johnson to intercede in behalf of his brother, Maximilian, who had been left to his fate by France.

President Johnson named Campbell, an Ohioan, to present the case of the Austrian Emperor. His selection, however, according to Mr. Connery, was a disappointment to the civilized world. The lecturer declared that Campbell was a political opportunist, and wholly lacking in courage and tact. To this fact he attributed the speedy execution of Maximilian.

He insisted that the timid Campbell halted in his mission of mercy upon reaching



PROF. THOMAS J. PURCELL.

the Mexican border and that he gave himself entirely into the hands of a coterie of Mexican Imperialists, who pointed out the dangers of his proposed journey into the interior of the republic.

Thomas B. Connery was for a period of fifteen years managing editor of the *Herald*, New York. It was during his connection with the *Herald* that he was first brought prominently before the public as a journalist of great ability, loyalty and sagacity. His first appointment on the staff was as city editor; afterwards he was the *Herald's* Albany correspondent, whence he was sent to Washington, immediately after the assassination of President Lincoln. During the four years he spent at the capital, Mr. Connery won his spurs. He found a warm friend in President Johnson, and received from him an offer of the position of United States Minister to Mexico, which honor he declined. The services he rendered the *Herald* as its correspondent at Washington were important enough to earn for him the highest opinion of James Gordon Bennett, who offered him the managing editorship, in 1869. He accepted the position and during his tenure of it introduced many new features in the *Herald*. Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Connery severed his connection with the *Herald* to go to Mexico for our government under the first Cleveland administration as a diplomatic appointee. Mr. Connery found his duties an agreeable change and relaxation from his arduous work on the *Herald*. He made many warm friends in Mexico, including President Diaz, and devoted much time to studying the customs and habits of the people. He is a frequent contributor to New York papers and an authority on themes of Catholic interest.

The appointment of Mr. Edmund Guerin, K.C., as Judge of the Superior Court, for the district of Montreal, is an all round popular one, for, as student, lawyer and Crown official, Mr. Guerin won the good will of all. During the three years he acted as Crown prosecutor, there was never a suggestion of unfairness in any of the many cases in which he appeared as prosecutor. As he is a fluent speaker in both French and English it mattered little which was spoken during the trials.

The new judge is the fourth son of the late Thomas Guerin, C.E., of the Public Works Department, Ottawa. He was born in Montreal in 1858, and educated at Montreal College and McGill, where he won the gold medal in English literature, the Dufferin medal in modern languages, and was elected valedictorian in 1878. After taking his B.A. he proceeded with the law course, taking his B.C.L. in 1881, when he was again elected valedictorian; in the same year he was called to the Montreal Bar, where he has ever since practiced with growing success. In politics, Judge Guerin is a Liberal. In 1891 he made an effort to reach a seat in the Dominion House, but was defeated in Montreal centre by Judge Curran. He was for some years a vice-president of the Montreal Liberal Club, and was a delegate to the famous Ottawa convention of 1895. Mr. Guerin was created K.C. six or seven years ago.

In connection with the revival of Irish music and literature the first volume of a series of Irish melodies and folk songs has been issued by Professor Thomas J. Purcell of Chicago, a leading enthusiast of the movement. Professor Purcell was born in Limerick, Ireland, of a family whose name has been an honored one for generations.

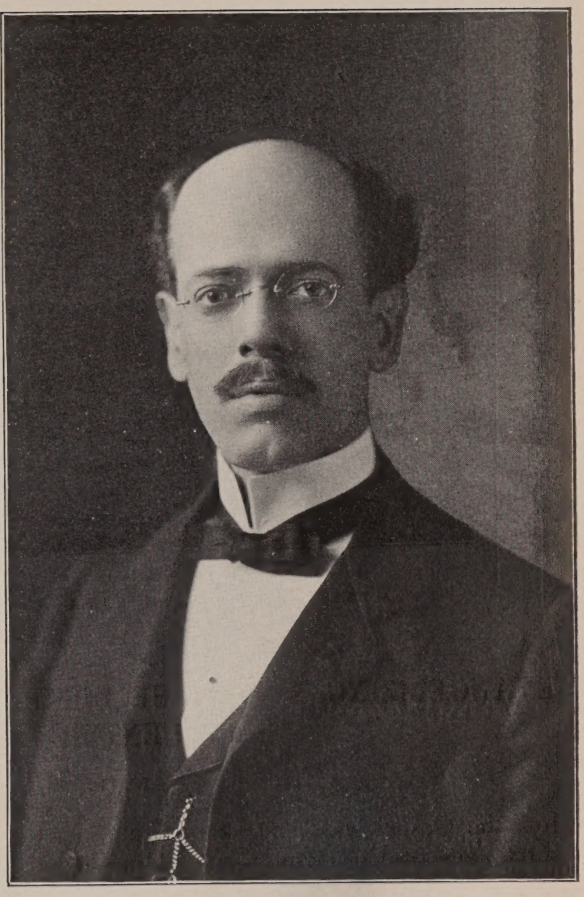
He came naturally by the qualities that denote the man of refinement and taste.

After receiving a good classical education the trend of his mind went to music, and his parents' approval and financial aid enabled him to pursue its study. His first instructor was Leopold De Prims, organist of the Limerick cathedral; his second, Dr. James Taylor, of Oxford, who taught him harmony and counterpoint; next he studied church music in Germany, under Herr Boeckler, of Aix la Chappelle, where the Imperial School of Music conferred upon him an honorary degree. Afterwards the Royal College of Music of London, England, appointed him examiner for the southern part of Ireland.

Coming to America in 1893 he was in succession organist of the churches of Our Lady of Sorrows and All Saints, and has now been ten years organist of St. Columbkille's, in Chicago.

Says George F. Mulligan, B.A., A.M., who writes the introduction to Professor Purcell's volume: "No one is more qualified for the work than the student-master of harmony who has undertaken it; by no one could it be better done."

Among the songs included in this admirable collection are "O'Donnell Aboo," "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight," "The Wearing of the Green," "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," "The Dear Irish Boy," and "The Song My Mother Sang."



JOHN J. KEENAN,
President Irish Charitable Society.

Mr. John J. Keenan, the newly-elected President of the Charitable Irish Society, Boston, Mass., is a Boston boy; after attending the Hawes Hall, Quincy and Brimmer schools, he graduated from the last-named in 1885, and is now historian of its alumni association. He took an active part in the Y. M. Catholic Association, and helped to organize the Young Men's Mission Church Association.

As a Knight of Columbus, Mr. Keenan served Roxbury Council in several official positions; he was its delegate to eight state council meetings, acted on important committees, and was elected a delegate to the national convention for two terms. As past commander of Gen. Nelson A. Miles Camp of the Sons of Veterans he was elected recently a delegate to the National Encampment of that body, and this year he is Vice-Regent of Boston Council of the Royal Arcanum, which has the largest membership in New England. His interest in the Society has been continuous since he was admitted to membership, and he has been a director for five years, and was vice-president during the past year.

Mr. Keenan has been employed in the Boston Public Library for more than twenty years in various capacities, and is now chief of one of its important departments. His name is also found on the rolls of membership of the American Library Association, and the Massachusetts Library Club.

At the annual banquet, Mr. Keenan made an eloquent address, in which he spoke of the aim of the Irish Charitable Society.

A TEMPLE OF WORSHIP IN CHINA. BANYAN TREES IN FRONT.

EVANGELIZING A CHINESE DISTRICT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY E. R.

How the Gospel was made known in the first ages of Christianity is told in the Acts of the Apostles. But the missionary methods in use to-day among the far-away pagans are little known by American Catholics, whose practical sympathy would certainly express itself if the facts were brought properly to their attention.

The notes which follow describe the method adopted by one of our Chinese missionaries.

Ki-Kia-tsoan.

The village of Ki-Kia-tsoan, at the foot of the craggy mountains of Chan-Si, is of such little importance to the world that it does not even find recognition on the ordinary map of the Celestial Empire. But if ever you wish, dear readers, to visit this place, follow exactly the route I am going to trace, and over which a young missionary traveled a short time after his arrival from Europe.

In the neighborhood of Tai-iuen-fon, from which district we made our start, there are many Christian settlements, one of which, named Ke-eul-Kan, is provided with a fairly good chapel, a very poor priests' house, and an orphanage for boys. From this point we ascend mountains, which have the enchanting gift of multiplying themselves endlessly. The unlucky pedestrian, in order to reach his goal, will, after much climbing, lose himself in the heart of valleys refreshed by cooling brooks that become raging torrents at the melting of the snows; and by an ascent of twelve kilometers he arrives finally at the first long-desired halting-place, a

magnificent pagoda, seated on the ridge of a mountain.

The bonzes (the Buddhist priests) provide a remunerative hospitality, and, as they are the only human beings in this vast solitude, the pagoda does a flourishing business with the exhausted travelers. We shall not remain long with these strange inn-keepers, but descend five thousand feet into a deep valley, which lies at the foot of the mountain. This valley is traversed by a torrent, and enclosed by a wall of rock, through which the restless breakers force a passage, forming further on a gorgeous waterfall. The beautiful and awful spectacle imposes a religious silence on the traveler as he makes the perilous ascent, which at last opens before him the smiling valley of Ki-kia-tsoan.

In contrast to the dangerous mountain crags, this village is a charming oasis of green, to which the angry torrent, now quiet and peaceful, brings abundant fruitfulness. The peasants who dwell in the valley live in huts scattered here and there in the fields, or in caves hollowed in the mountain sides.

The Three Ascetics.

In former times there were living here three very religious men, disciples of Buddha. By earnest investigation of his obscure and extravagant doctrines, they had persuaded themselves, as did certain penitents in India, that by lessening bodily activity, by suppressing all movements, and by holding themselves in perfect quietness, their souls would, little by little, absorb their material substance, and they would become as spiritual as gods. This idea haunted so persistently the brains of these three men, that they resolved to imitate the penitents.

Reproduced from "The Field Afar."

SOME CATHOLIC "BABES" IN CHINA.

DR. VAN AND HIS CATECHISTS.

Bidding farewell to their families and to all earthly comfort, they retired into three caverns, where each established himself in absolute silence and complete immobility. Every day a devoted friend brought to the three hermits a little nourishment, to keep them from dying of hunger, before the happy moment of transmigration would come. Persuaded that this event was soon to be accomplished, they remained like statues, closing their eyes, mouths and ears, to shut out all communication with the outside world. The curious mountaineers did not fail to visit the three celebrated solitaries, but no one dared to address them.

The deluded men, consumed by their folly, instead of being deified, as they expected, were attacked by fits and gave themselves up to various excesses, finally rolling down the cliffs, from which experiment they found themselves, on recovering, so badly bruised, and their limbs so dislocated, that they abandoned the caves to seek a remedy for their aches. They then submitted to the quackish treatment of the bonzes and spent their patrimony in remedies, without any result. Finally, a magician, more honest than his evil companions, declared that only the Christians and their priests had the power to restore peace to the unfortunates, whom the devil was tormenting.

Just at that period, the persecutions being very violent, the Christian faithful of this village were in hiding. Being informed by the magician that some Christians could be found about a mile and a half from the valley, the three sufferers started to secure this new medicine for their ills.

The Christians, touched by the entreaties of these poor men, received them with kindness, and said to them: "You shall be delivered from your suffering if you accept the faith; but, if your intention is not right, if you do not incline your hearts to the truths, your evils will be aggravated." "Alas," replied the three unhappy ones, "we have suffered too much in the religion of Buddha not to accept from our hearts a doctrine which will give us peace." They spoke with such sincerity that the Christians had no further doubts. The native Christians then knelt, and with simple faith recited prayers and sprinkled the three visitors with holy water. God answered these simple prayers of the mountaineers, and the sick men being cured joyfully applied themselves with zeal to the study of the Christian faith. Their zeal was rewarded. They soon learned the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Sign of the Cross, and the essential truths; and, having received from the Christians a small crucifix and a little holy water, they returned as fervent catechumens into their own country, being promised that the next time a Catholic missionary would come to the mountains he should go to baptize them, and also to instruct their families.

The First Appearance of Christianity.

Full of zeal and confidence, the three ex-hermits reappeared in the valley. They had been delivered from the power of the devil, but he had prepared for them another test. Their change of religion was not accepted with good grace, much less their fervent exhortations. "Oh," said the Chinese, mockingly, "you wish to draw us to a new religion. Do you forget that we were witnesses of your extravagances? What credence do you deserve? It will be better for us to remain in the religion of our fathers."

These railleries, and a thousand other trials, did not shake the courage of the recent converts, and when the mission-

ary arrived at their home, he administered the Sacrament of Baptism to all the members of the three families.

These three first catechumens continued to do duty as catechists, with ardor and with much fruit. They were fervent souls, and they left to posterity a treasury of holy examples.

However, this small Christian settlement developed but little. It was such a distance from the Christian centre that it was rarely visited by a priest. Then came the persecutions. Afterwards, when Bishop Grassi made his diocesan visit, he induced several families to sell their land and to unite themselves with the other faithful in the valley; for these reasons the good seed did not yield much fruit.

Numerous Conversions.

In the year 1897 an imperial decree exempted all Christian churches from taxation for the support of the Buddhist religion. Some pagans of the small village were astonished at this. This led them to remark that the bonzes had been trying to profit by the people's piety to fill their own purses. Provoked by this, they became reconciled to the Christians and made comparisons between the cunning avarice of the bonzes and the generous devotedness of the missionaries, between the pure and benevolent faith of the Gospel and the selfish superstition of paganism.

The barrier of prejudice which had separated them from Christianity being removed, a large number of the pagans joined the catechumens. The missionary, being informed, sent them a catechist; then he came himself, and found a fervent group of two hundred disciples. But the Buddhist priests could not favor the idea of these converts deserting their temples. They began a series of persecutions, and carried their vengeance so far that the Christians were hardly able to endure them; and wicked acts, various kinds of injuries, refusal to sell the necessaries of life, were of every-day occurrence. The Christians were even prevented from drawing water at the common source.

The missionary did his best to stop these injustices, so harmful to budding Christianity. He made complaints to Ya-Men, and the mandarin sent soldiers to reëstablish order. It was time lost, for the soldiers took sides with the persecutors.

The future of these Christians seemed threatened when, in 1898, the mandarin went to Tai-iuen-fon. On that occasion Bishop Grassi obtained from him the promise of prompt justice. Having returned to his country, and having made free use of the *rotin,** the mandarin restored peace, warning the chief of the pagoda that he would hold him responsible for all future trouble.

Craftily, after the fashion of the Chinese, the mandarin had found the means to strike the evil at its source. Good days then came, and the number of Christians increased to almost five hundred. A missionary was sent to the village to give instruction to the fervent people and to answer the questions of strangers who came to visit their Catholic relatives, and who also desired to carry to their own villages a little of the good news which they had heard. At the request of the missionary the bishop sent eleven catechists, men and women, to attempt the conversion of the entire district.

The Catechist.

The winter is generally the season chosen for apostolic campaigns, the cold keeping every one at home. The work in the fields being finished, and earthly anxieties lessened, the people are better disposed to hear the Divine Word.

* An instrument of punishment.

What kind of a life do the catechists lead? Not a very easy one, you may be sure. Meeting with many discouragements, often fatigued, exposed to cold winds and frequent changes of weather, they go from village to village, baptizing dying children, instructing those adults who receive them with favor; in a word, doing everything and suffering anything to save even one soul. "There are many reasons," said an old catechist, "to be discouraged. One hears many harsh words and coarse comments. It is necessary to live constantly in the love of God."

The good tertiary who uttered these words was himself "constant in the love of God," even to the very end. In 1900 his energetic opposition to the Boxers, his courageous refusal to apostasize, proved the genuineness of this love; he went to God in the midst of flames.

Among those sent by Bishop Grassi to this place was a physician, a fervent Christian, and an exemplary catechist, Van-Sien-San. His profession opened all doors to him. By his prudence and zeal he became a wonderful propagandist of Catholic truth. He was appointed as catechist to a region where, in the more distant sections, he would find only pagans; but nothing daunted Dr. Van-Sien-San.

To follow him step by step would make our story too monotonous; so we will note only the principal events of his journey, which occupied four months.

The Mission of Van-Sien-San.

Dr. Van-Sien-San went first to one of the nearer villages, in which several catechumens resided. The hearty welcome he received, the joy of the mountaineers who pressed about to hear his instructions, and to provide for his comfort, strengthened him for the trials to come. In these distant places, the arrival of a teacher is a great event, and all are curious to see, to hear, to observe the least gesture, and to comment on the simplest word coming from his lips.

Van, knowing well his business, visited gratuitously the afflicted, giving good advice and some relief. But the days were short and cold, and it was under the roof of the Christian family where he stayed that Van called together the curious people to hear him. Let us assist at one of these conferences.

The teacher seats himself on a pile of bricks, his indispensable pipe in his mouth. The listeners squat around him on the earth floor,—for there are no chairs here. They devour the stranger with their eyes, and, from time to time, with an uneasy gesture, pass their hands into their sleeves, or about their insteps, to drive away the hungry, bothersome insects.

The teacher, being well-mannered, offers his tobacco to this one, to that one, and even passes his corn pipe to that other who has none.

The conversation begins. At first it is rather unimportant: "What is the teacher's name? Is his country very far away? What is his business? What does he wish?"

The first curiosity satisfied, the hearers are ready to listen, so as to catch the ideas of this stranger, who appears to be learned and distinguished.

The prudent catechist does not, first of all, counsel the destruction of their idols. He begins by explaining the general principles of justice, the respect for authority, the duties of children towards their parents,—points very deeply fixed in the Chinese conscience; —then, with still more prudence, he manifests his doubt of certain religious opinions which they hold, invites and answers their questions, draws his conclusions, and finally explains how the

Catholic religion satisfies all demands, and assures them that the happiness gained will be for time and eternity.

Some of the Chinamen offer objections, which are quickly refuted by our friend the doctor; the others content themselves by repeating "ho, ho, good, good"—expressions of admiration; whilst others, under their breath, curse the new teacher.

The conference breaks up and all return to their homes, carrying away impressions, and repeating the words which they have heard. Curiosity draws to Van more and more hearers, who, under the pretext of smoking a pipe with him, invite him to speak again on the same subject; and three or four times a day, from his throne of bricks, he sows the good seed.

His passing is an event in the country. The youngsters run about and say: "I have seen him; I have heard him." "Bah," cry others, "he is only a messenger of the European devils."

The seed is not altogether lost. Many shrug their shoulders and indulge in sarcastic smiles, but some, even among those who at first seem the least promising, return and say: "Instruct us, Master; we wish to believe as you do." Encouraging them, Van entrusts them to the local catechist, exhorts them to be faithful, to study the prayers and the doctrines, and promises to return in a year. He leaves to each a small Chinese catechism and then goes on to another village. Everywhere, the curiosity of the people makes his first advances successful in point of numbers. They assemble about him, and wish to take care of him. But the enemy was sowing the tares. The pagans, disturbed on account of the words of Van, scented a public danger, and the report of the passage of this sower of strange doctrines makes the neighboring villages defiant.

They received him with suspicion. The listeners were prejudiced from the beginning against his teaching, and poor Van felt as if he had spoken in the wilderness.

A Strange Meeting.

It was thawing one day, and Van had great difficulty in crossing the mountains. He was very tired, and his face was almost frozen. He sighed for protection against the sharp wind and for a hut sufficiently warm to enable him to straighten out his limbs. He breathed easier when he perceived the first houses of the village, though at one stage in his journey he had actually felt that this day would be his last.

The first Chinaman whom he met, he surveyed from head to foot, and was not by any means satisfied with his appearance. However, he asked: "Is there an inn here, where I can pass the night?" The native whom he had addressed had heard of the teacher who went from village to village, preaching a strange doctrine, and curtly replied: "You are the famous Sien San who goes about our country. There is no inn here, and we give hospitality to no one. Moreover, know well that not one of us wishes to listen to your words or to embrace your religion. Continue your journey. You may perhaps find another village where you can get food and lodging."

Van listened patiently, and, thus brutally repulsed, continued on his route, reciting the Rosary to keep up his courage.

At the next village he was not any more fortunate. The mistrust had everywhere been shown, and every door was inhumanly shut against him. Night came on so cold that Van could not think of sleeping outdoors. "Open," cried he, "I am a physician, and I will pay generously for the shelter you will

give me." A silence of death responded to him at the first door. At the end of the village, a door was opened. "Come here, traveler," said the master of the house, "you cannot sleep outdoors this night." Van promptly accepted the invitation, and received the merited reward of his patience and suffering. At his first words, he found his hosts attentive listeners, and to please these ardent neophytes he remained several days guiding them in the study of the holy doctrine.

The Happy Poor.

Again started on the road to Chan-Si, Van overtook a fellow carrying two empty hampers on his shoulders. For several minutes the travelers walked on in silence, but the Chinese politeness conquered, so each asked the other his name, family, employment, and trade.

"I am engaged in a very poor business," said the man of the hampers. "I am a carrier of manure. What career do you follow?" "My very humble business," responded Van, "is at all times to be a physician and a teacher. I teach gratuitously those who wish to hear me. I tell a man his duties and the mysteries of life."

The carrier of manure was one of those simple souls, in which grace and faith find no obstacle. He was poor, and the goods of this world did not occupy his heart or his mind. "Come with me, Sien San," cried he, "I and my family shall be very happy to hear you. We are poor, but we will receive you the best we can."

The Chinese apostle willingly entered the squalid hut of his companion, and sowed good seed in that fertile ground.

Difficulties did not stop the fervent Van. He went fearlessly into pagan centres, where the people received him with manifest hostility. He knew that by exposing himself to attacks and discussions, he would gradually win some souls.

One evening, on a long stretch of road, Dr. Van, cold and hungry, met a slouchy fellow whom he asked to direct him to an inn. The answer was insolent. "Go your way, sower of a new doctrine," cried he, "there is no inn here for you." "My friend," replied Van, calmly, "the inn is for all travelers. I have, like others, the right to enter if I pay my bill. My money is as good as yours." The tramp retorted angrily, "You are not a traveler, but a preacher, and you sow discord and speak against our gods." "I am a physician," replied Van; "all are free to hear me or to go away. If any one finds my doctrine good, and wishes to embrace it, he is free to do so. I do not oblige him. As to the discord, it is the others who cause it, for the religion which I preach teaches only peace and charity." The pagan continued to abuse Van, and finally he became so violent that Van threatened to complain of him to the mandarin.

This public dispute attracted some curious people, and among them a little old man, who had been listening in silence, but who now suddenly advanced, and said to Van: "You seek a shelter for the night; come, lodge with me, no one can find fault with that." Van followed his charitable host, thanking him for his kindness.

This family accepted the teacher's message immediately, and the house of the old man became a centre of fervent catechumens, where the people of the village, whom the zeal of Van and the ardor of the new converts could gain to the faith, met habitually.

The Fasters.

Van was going out late one night to console the sick and to baptize some dying persons. He pulled down his cap to protect himself from the cold, and

walked a few steps on the icy ground. Suddenly he saw, in the darkness, some quivering lights, which revealed the presence of houses. As he approached, he was agreeably surprised to hear many voices, apparently repeating prayers in common. "Eh, what's this?" said poor Van, smiling with pleasure. "Am I in a Christian country?" He advanced and halted at the door. The monotonous and regular voices rang out, but, though he had good ears, he could not understand a syllable. "That's strange," murmured Van, prudently withdrawing the hand which he had placed on the catch of the door; "I am deceived. This country is wholly pagan. What shall I do? These people pray like Christians; but I cannot understand a single word they say."

The doctor thought it better to continue on his way, but at the first halt he inquired who these people were who had so strangely aroused his curiosity. "Oh," said some one, laughingly, to him, "these are the Fasters, whom you have heard. Ten years ago a bonze from Hou Nan came here, a member of the sect of Fasters, who eat only vegetables. He preached his doctrine among us, and, though the precepts were very rigorous, he made a great number of proselytes. The members must never eat meat. They must, moreover, do all in their power to prevent the death of no matter what animal, and, if they cannot do this, they must buy the beasts placed for sale in the market place, and give liberty to them. Their nourishment consists of herbs, cooked without any seasoning; they pass half the night contemplating the moon and reciting unintelligible prayers. Their law forbids them cursing or injuring themselves. The bonze, after having formed here a nucleus of adherents, departed, but from time to time he comes to visit them."

Van was overjoyed at what he heard, and resolved to spread the Catholic doctrine in this place, as he was convinced that people who followed principles as strictly as this would receive well his discourses. "What fervent Christians they would make if they could be converted," he said to himself; "they would not be discouraged by difficulties." But the poor catechist was disappointed in his hopes, for he found nowhere more obstinate minds. Attached blindly to their absurd superstitions, the Fasters were very proud and stubborn, and would not admit that there was a religion better than their own.

The Dupe of the Fasters.

However, our Chinese apostle did not leave the country without experiencing one great consolation. In spite of many fruitless efforts, Van went through the village one day to search for the famous vegetable eaters. At the threshold of a very presentable house, he saw an old man gazing at the heavens. Our catechist approached him, to ask for a light for his pipe, and quietly engaged the old gentleman in conversation. All went well up to the moment when Van introduced the subject of religion, and spoke of the one God, Who made heaven and earth. At these words the old man trembled, his wrinkles became deep hollows, and his lips expressed implacable hatred.

"Go away, go away," he cried, "pass on; do not begin to talk nonsense to me."

The catechist was astonished, and did not know to what to attribute this singular change. "Why," said Van, "what have I done to trouble you in this way? How have I failed in politeness? I speak to you only of things worthy of attention, and treat you as an educated man, explaining to you the admirable prerogatives of religion, of the great God of heaven and earth, in pointing

out to you the life we all hope for after this miserable existence."

The old man listened attentively. Little by little his face softened.

"If you are not a bonze," he said, finally, "if you have not come here to deceive us, and I do not believe that, for you seem to be an honest man, hear my story, and then you may speak of heaven if you dare.

"Many years ago I was wealthy. I owned many houses, much land, and a great number of beasts. I had domestics and workmen. Everybody envied my lot, and the manner in which I raised my children. One day a bonze passed this way, and entered my house. After the first salutation, he spoke to me of the sect of the Fasters, and of the great advantage of joining them. He succeeded so well in persuading me that after the first interview I and my whole family became his disciples and accepted his beliefs. I conformed with fervor to all his rules, in the hope of acquiring more merit. The bonze dealt with me as with a privileged veteran. He always urged me to do more, persuading me that I was going to acquire great happiness, that I would become a spirit while living, and that as Master of Fanp-Sen I should protect the animals exposed to death, that a glorious place was reserved for me in the annals of mankind as the disperser of supernatural goods.

"I believed him, to my sorrow. My self-love being awakened, I was blind to my folly, and I placed myself unreservedly in his hands. On the pretext of devotion, the clever fellow seized all that I had acquired by following his rigorous precepts, in abstaining from food, and also on the profits of the sales which I had made by his counsel.

"Finally, he came to me and said: 'Put your affairs in order; dispose of your goods, for in three months you and all your family will arrive at the dwelling of the true spirit.'

"Blind as we were, we again believed him, and joyfully we sent to the market all our property, and afterwards distributed a part of it. For some days we gave grand banquets to our friends, and were delighted to bid them adieu. Our best clothes we sent as offerings to the bonzes of the pagoda. We had, as a result, reduced ourselves to the greatest poverty, but were satisfied, as we were about to receive our reward.

"On the day assigned, after touching farewells, we were assembled, according to instructions, in the great house. The doors and the windows were tightly closed, and we gave ourselves up to prayer, expecting that our spiritualized bodies would be transported to the celestial regions. The anxiety of this desire oppressed me. The night passed quickly without bringing any change. My sons and their wives were fatigued. I exhorted them to persevere with patience.

" 'Courage,' said I, 'in a little while all will be finished.' During the next day we invoked, with all our strength, the beneficient spirits; but the night came and we had obtained no transformation. In vain we addressed the warmest entreaties and the most ardent prayers to Buddha.

"The children cried with hunger and threw themselves on the ground. I encouraged all to wait another little while. But daybreak rose on our shattered hopes. We were all famished. The children at the breast never ceased crying, or rather they uttered only feeble but continual groans, for they were at the limit of their strength.

"The stronger ones would suffer no longer, and desired to leave the house, saying that they were deceived.

"Struck with grief and shame, I went through the rooms and found some food,

which I gave them, and we resumed our prayers.

"But the next morning my eldest son attacked me furiously, saying to me, 'Do you doubt now that all have been deceived? If you wish to die here, it is your business. I shall not consent to see my children perish.'

"I did not answer, though my faith was shaken. Cursing the bonzes, my sons swore to avenge themselves. They left the house where we had foolishly immured ourselves. Our shame was great. We had only ragged clothing. How could we show ourselves to the world? But hunger compelled us to do so. My son, full of anger, ran to search for the bonze. He had disappeared.

"In despair, he turned to one of our neighbors for food. 'There is nothing here for you,' said the man, harshly. My poor boy rapped at the doors of many friends who had partaken of our bounty, and who had even now some of our food in their homes. 'If you had not squandered your fortune you would have it now,' said they. 'So pay for your stupidity. Feed yourselves on your good doctrine.'

"Insults and contempt did not feed us. Some more charitable people consented to lend us the necessary things, and we began painfully to work for our living, as we do now. But since that sad experience, we have a horror of all religions. We have no more faith. Our simple doctrine is this: 'Let us enjoy the earth while we are on earth. As for heaven, we will think of that after death.'"

The old man told this story with a choking voice, many times giving way to tears. Van heard it with deep emotion. Skillfully, and with Christian charity, he endeavored to console, to encourage that heavy heart. He spoke to him of the merit of sufferings rightly accepted, and showed such kindly interest in the old man that when he took his departure they had become good friends.

Some time after, when returning through the village, Van-Sien-San was called to the same house, and had the consolation of hearing the good old man and his family declare that they wished to embrace the Catholic religion. The God of mercy had, without doubt, taken pity on these good souls.

The End of the Journey.

The springtime had come, and the bushes were growing. Van had worked hard. To many children in danger of death, he had brought the grace of the Sacrament of Baptism. To the faithful catechumens he had brought peace and happiness. The work in the fields having recommenced, the villages were deserted during the day. It was time for Van to return to the mission.

Humble and generous, the brave Christian, having made his report of the expedition to the Vicar Apostolic, returned to the bosom of his own family and took up again his everyday work.

Many times, however, his thoughts went out to the imperfectly instructed Christians lost in the mountains. Next year, God willing, he would baptize them; and, with this thought, the good catechist kept alive his zeal and ardor.

A frightful trial was in store for him and for the Christians of Chan-Si. The year 1900 saw cruel persecutions devastating this flourishing vicariate.

What happened to Van? The writer has never heard, but it is most probable that in this awful persecution he won the martyr's crown, enriching with his blood the field confided to his care.

In all ages the Gospel triumphs in the world by means of its two inviolable arms—the word of truth and the blood of the martyrs.

A GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN.

A WEEK-END VACATION.

BY BLANCHE DALTON.

No one knows just when the week-end vacation began, or who originated it. Probably it was always in vogue, to a certain extent, but did not become general enough to merit a distinctive title until recent years. However, the main fact in connection with it has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all: it affords the change of scene that the nomad-strain in most of us demands. To get away from the routine for even a day gives a broader outlook and lessens the nerve tension. It is not every one who can have a season abroad, but there are very few who cannot get a day off now and again. And given the day or two, there are so many "fair and pleasant places" easily accessible, that a new experience may be enjoyed on each outing.

At this time of year the air is rife with suggestion — the scent of strawberries recalls meadows and pasture-lands starred with white blossoms; the

AN OLD WHARF SCENE.

pungent fragrance of herbs in the market stalls, the spicy breath of pine boughs, the stands of flowers on the curb, the tang of the sea in the breeze from the harbor—all are subtly persuasive in inducing the city-dweller to seek the open and be content:

"Content, with the contentment that Nature brings,
Just to be out of doors."

It was the breeze from the harbor that decided the place where one week-end vacation should be spent — at Gloucester.

EASTERN POINT LIGHTHOUSE.

And thus it came about, one Saturday afternoon, that a party of friends joined the hurrying groups of pleasure-seekers and made their way to the water front, where the whistles and bands of the various pleasure boats vied with one another in drawing patronage. To the observant, gifted also with a sense of humor, there is a vast amount of diversion to be gleaned from the study of men and women out for a holiday. Even a week-end trip is an occasion for late arrivals, nervous haste, lost tickets, misunderstandings, and the other disconcerting features characteristic of travel. On the *City of Gloucester* a passenger, whose wrath had been reaching the exploding point for fifteen minutes, exclaimed, "Look at them! Look at them! There they are, on the 'L.'" Every one looked, and there "they" were, evidently placid, unruffled, though the boat was swinging from the pier, and

their exasperated relative held the tickets for the party! Sinking back in her chair, now that the case was hopeless, the punctual one took her friends into her confidence, speaking without reserve as to the "slowness" of her family.

The incident was soon forgotten. Once the tranquilizing air of the sea acts on the nerves, and the immensity of sea and sky makes itself felt, it is impossible to dwell on small, annoying things. And then there was the varying interest of the scenes along the shore, while the boat was passing from the harbor into the bay. Between Boston and Gloucester there is a chain of places — cities and towns — closely linked in history, and replete with interest for the student of the literature of New England. Lynn, ten miles north of Boston, and one of the oldest cities in Massachusetts; and Nahant, with Egg Rock Light, bold, solitary, and encircled by surf, far out in front, command more than passing attention. Many legends cluster around these towns, the most touching being, perhaps, "The Floure of Souvenance," the tale of a lover who scaled the rock to bring a flower to his lady love, and thereby lost his life. When his body was recovered, his fingers held firmly the little forget-me-not. It is a pretty story to be associated with the grim, towering mass that looms up threateningly even on a fair bright summer day. Farther along, Marblehead comes into view, "the quaintest and most dilapidated of seaports," with buildings all askew, as suited the purpose of the early settlers, who had pirates and witches to contend against. It was here that the English lord met "the maid of the inn":

A CAPE ANN FISHERMAN AND DORY.

"A skipper's daughter—so they said—
Left orphaned by the gale
That cost the fleet of Marblehead
And Gloucester thirty sail."

Here, too, Skipper Ireton paid the penalty of his cowardice, or was it irresolution? Whichever it was, he suffered for it, for he was carried through the streets, coated with tar and feathers, and followed by the gibing villagers, who expressed their contempt in the

COILING CABLE ON THE DOCK.

plain-spoken and able-bodied manner that belonged to that era of New England's development. Whittier, in his most famous ballad, has taken a poetic license, deepening the offense of the skipper, to facilitate rhyme:

"Small pity for him!—he had sailed away
From a leaky ship in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck."

How he must have wished that he had left all his townspeople on that deck as he endured his disgraceful ride! And now the historian says that they were not his people whom he deserted, and that it was not in Chaleur Bay at all. It would seem that in the good old times there were some folk ready to exaggerate and color, just as in this day. Poor Flood Ireton! the defense came too late to mend his broken spirit.

It is a pity that Skipper Ireton is quite so much a part of Marblehead as known to young Americans. It would be so much better to remember the town as the home of gallant Captain Mugford, who captured a powder boat loaded with munitions of war for the British, in 1776, in full sight of the British fleet lying in Nantasket Roads, of Commodore John Manly, of General John Glover, and other noted fighters in the cause of American freedom. Marblehead showed a fine grain when it was named as the port of entry, besieged Boston having been closed against all commerce. It could not profit at the expense of "the distressed but respectable Bostonians." Off Marblehead Neck the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* fought their duel, and Captain Lawrence, mortally wounded, echoed the words spoken by the brave Mugford thirty-seven years before, "Don't give up the ship." Yes, Marblehead was surely a fighting town.

The tall light-tower on the Neck, Halfway Rock, on which fishermen putting out to sea toss copper coins for luck, Lowell's Island, and Eagle, and the Two Gooseberries, and Baker's Island, with Beverly lying beyond, and, between, the waters through which the Puritan ships made their way to harbor, are passed swiftly; then come the singing beach of Manchester, Magnolia,—so called from the transplanted southern bloom found in the woodlands,—with Rufe's Chasm and Norman's Woe, and then Gloucester, incorporated as a "fishing plantation" in 1639, and now ranking first among the fishing cities of the world.

The harbor crowded with fishing craft, the wharves stocked with fish on flakes and crates, and the all-pervading smell of fish, proclaim the industry for which the place is famous. The landing station is anything but attractive, with its decayed timbers, deposit of soot and cinders, and ramshackle buildings without architectural plan or beautifying touch. The runners from the hotels hold the right of way beyond the warehouses, and rend the air with fish-dinner announcements that speedily fill the barges.

More cinders and soot, a steep uphill climb through a narrow street with haphazard houses, and dooryards variously decorated with flowers, fishing tackle, shells and pebbles, past the Bethel and the police station, to the crest, where the climb ends suddenly in a thoroughfare, and more hotel runners lie in wait for the passengers who ran the gauntlet at the wharf. The post-office is across the street from this point, and its steps, running the width of the building, are very popular as the gathering-ground of vacationists who come from the coves and beaches "to meet the boat."

We were going into camp, and, before taking our car, made a tour of the front street to buy supplies, which ranged from provisions and groceries to the "cut glass," "silver" and napery found in the five and ten cent store. A stickler for the niceties of life insisted on buying a filigree napkin ring, in direct violation of her contract to "rough it." There was one thing, however, that we could not buy, though we sought it until footsore and weary from the uneven pavement, and that was fresh fish. Our feelings were akin to those of the ancient mariner, who saw

WHARF SCENE.

"Water, water everywhere
Nor any drop to drink."

Between the quest for the fish and the temptation to explore the streets that rambled out of the thoroughfare, we

SPLITTING FISH.

forgot that the afternoon was passing, and five o'clock boomed from a tower near by before we had half finished our inspection of the Sawyer library.

Hurrying back to the centre, we boarded a car and rode for thirty minutes through one of the most diversified routes imaginable. First came the alternating hills and cradles of the main street, then a level stretch more thinly settled, a spur of rock on which summer residents had built nest-like cottages, an expanse of beach smooth as a board floor, a trestle spanning submerged marshes, another point of rock, dotted with tiny houses and traversed by roads cut through shrubs and clumps of trees, and then, with a rush, the car swung out on a track running between fragrant banks of savin, wild roses and sweet brier. Occasionally a glint of silver shone here and there, and at unexpected curves the bay spread out like a sheet of burnished copper in the evening sunlight.

The car slowed down to leave some patrons of the big hotel on the bluff, plunged forward again, for the last bit of the journey, and plowing through a bed of sand came to a standstill at the pavillion.

From this point the beach curved in a half circle, around which were ranged, after the manner of toy houses, a number of cottages, much alike externally, but showing individual preferences in the furnishings. Children played in the sands or ran along the platform to welcome the home-makers, down for over Sunday, and all along the beach there was pleasant bustle and excitement attendant on the coming of week-end guests.

The grocery was the centre of activities, for it was also the post-office. The proprietor accommodated his customers by bringing the mail from "Up-street." The delivery was very simple. The mail was turned out on the counter, and while waiting for milk, bread, etc., each person was at liberty to sort the letters, picking out his own and his neighbors, and speculating mildly as to the identity of certain personages not yet known in the colony. Uncalled-for letters and cards were resented as cumberers of space, and after a decent length of time in a glass-faced canister, were returned to the central office. The making up

of the outgoing mail was equally simple. If you got there in time, your letters went off in the morning post; if not, they stayed over until the next day, unless the grocer went "Up-street" on a special errand, in which case he carried the letters along.

There was the same element of uncertainty in the milk delivery. One evening we waited until eight o'clock before the milkman came. He courteously explained that he had been getting in hay and couldn't have the horse until the hauling was done. Another evening we were obliged to take our pitchers down to the beach, where he distributed the supply—"Hadn't time to go up to the houses." The ice-man was more dependable, but here again vigilance was necessary. He approached the houses from the rear, and the lush grass so deadened the sound of wheels that he might get by unhailed, and unless he was hailed he did not wait at your door. Vegetables, fruit, and doughnuts we were reasonably sure of getting, but for fresh fish we had almost to get down on our knees in humble entreaty to be permitted to buy a cod, or whatever kind of fish the "Cap'n" brought in.

The "Cap'n" was not indulgent. He caught what he could, and sold on a similar basis. The word went round that his boat was coming in, and, seizing platters and baskets, the cottagers hastened to the water's edge. They knew, however, that they could not be served until the fisherman had had his breakfast, so they camped on the sand until he returned, in a better humor, but still "sot" in his dealings. He was so very "sot" that great tact and diplomacy were necessary to get fish enough for six if your family numbered only three. He put the question to you plainly, and then picked out what he thought sufficient for your needs. His eyes were so keen and blue that they could see through anything, and, after one attempt, no one thought of misrepresenting the size of the family, or repeating, or doing any of the little tricks that housekeepers are so prone to. The seat of the boat served as a chopping-block,

GETTING READY FOR A TRIP.

TAKING ICE ABOARD.

and on this he cut and dressed the fish, throwing the heads to a dog that swam around the boat, and employing a corps of what might be styled unpaid marine bundle and cash girls and boys to wade out with the platters and bring back the fish to where you waited.

The "Cap'n" was a fish trust in himself and controlled the market as far as our strip of beach was concerned. The other monopolist, the grocer, sold fishing tackle, but there was no one to use it, ordinarily, though two girls, in correct fishing costume, did make an effort to break the trust. They crossed the beach one morning with rods and creels, and hours after they returned, dragging their rubber boots wearily through the sand; the baskets, strapped to their shoulders in sportsman fashion, were as empty as when they went out. The "Cap'n," enjoying his pipe on the piazza, laughed heartlessly, and expressed the masculine opinion that they had talked the fish back from biting. He scoffed, too, at their "togs," and was about as insolent and overbearing as a monopolist could be. After that there was no competition. Not even Harvey would fish in "loafin' time." Harvey was a half-grown boy, none too bright, but flashing out at odd moments in shrewd, witty sayings. He followed the humble occupation of collecting garbage from the cottages, but had a fine sense of the fitness of things, that made him draw a sharp line between Harvey at work and Harvey at leisure. He appeared on the beach one holiday clad in immaculate duck, with the bluest of blue ties and a jaunty yachting cap. His appearance should have impressed even the notable housekeeper, but she allowed her regard for a huge pitcher of sour milk to over-ride her judgment. "Come up, Harvey," she called from the piazza, "I have some of the loveliest swill for you."

The holiday Harvey refused the gift. "I ain't a-swillin' to-day," he answered coldly, and went on. In spite of their inelegance, his words pleased the masculine element, and they gave them the sanction of usage, quoting them freely when urged to uncongenial tasks.

The half circle of beach ended at either point in a cliff that projected into the sea, and even on fine days the surf rushed in forcefully, sending the spray far up over the rocks. At the most remote point the cliff overlooked another beach, pebble-covered, and a channel, through which the tide flowed so swiftly that unwary loiterers on the rock were

cut off from the cottages and had to be brought ashore in a boat or wait until the tide went out. In the latter case it was a quiet diversion to listen to the sound of the pebbles receding or advancing with the waves.

Here, drift-wood, dulse, and masses of seaweed came ashore, and the boys from the camp on the headland had Robinson Crusoe adventures in bringing the spoils of the sea up the heights. They kept a bonfire burning, and did their cooking in primitive style, potatoes roasted in hot ashes being a feature of the menu. They bridged the channel, but it was an insecure structure and disappeared in a night. Then they tried a stone dam, but that, too, proved ineffective—as a venturesome young woman found out to her cost.

The cliff commanded a fine view of Thatcher's Island, with the Twin Lights. This island is one of the group that Captain John Smith called "The Three Turks' Heads," to commemorate one of his notable achievements—the defeat and beheading of three Ottoman champions, when he was in the Transylvanian army.

When night came on the Twin Lights sent golden rays across the water, points of light gleamed through the trees from the camps in the woods, lanters flashed like fireflies on the beach, and the fishing craft at anchor in the bay could be counted by the lights they displayed. By ten o'clock the beach was deserted. An unusual feature of this beach was that there was no society there,—no whist, concerts, or other social functions to which one might have the misfortune to be invited. You simply did as you pleased, and did not have to work for fun or charity or anything else. The city and its ways had been left behind.

Sunday was *the* day of our week-end vacation. We rose early, to get breakfast and make ready for the trip "Upstreet," to attend Mass at the Portuguese church. The ride over the trestle across the marshes was delightful in the crisp fresh morning, with the sedges shimmering, and the banks of wild roses faintly pink in the sunlight. But the sea dominated everything else; everything spoke of it—from the whitened boards to the sun-bleached towheads burrowing under them in sand caves.

Even the church itself recalled the sea, in its embellishments, from the statue of Our Lady—holding out a silver boat to her little Son, on the high altar—to the miniature bark, full-rigged, in the glass case in front of the choir loft. And the name of the church was "Our Lady of Good Voyage."

After Mass there was time for the trip around Cape Ann. What a fortunate circumstance it was that the cape did not retain the name given to it by Captain Smith, "Tragabigzanda," in honor of a Turkish lady, who had befriended him when her countrymen had made him a prisoner! It was carrying gratitude too far to bring it back to New England and bestow it in the form of an unpronounceable name, on a helpless cape. Prince Charles changed it to Cape Anne, in honor of his mother, Anne of Denmark—one favor, at least, that America owes to royalty. His Highness never dreamed that, in the future, ordinary, everyday folks would ride round the promontory, and never give a thought to its associations with crowns and ermine. The route runs through Rockport, Pigeon Cove,—with its granite works,—Lanesville, and Annisquam,—which in some way reminds one of a daguerreotype lady with ringlets and slender graceful neck—and then to Gloucester.

An afternoon visit to Rocky Neck and Mother Ann, with barely enough

daylight left to grope one's way off the rocks and to the car, brought our holiday practically to an end.

There remained, however, one more pleasant experience, the trip from Gloucester by trolley on Monday morning, passing through Essex, Beverly,—nicknamed "Beggarly" in the long ago,—Salem, Lynn, and so to Boston, to take up once more the accustomed routine.

Even a week-end vacation has memories worth treasuring, not only for the change of scene, but for the companionship of friends.

THE UNDESIRED STUDENTS.

BY NORA FRANCES DEGIDON.

It was tacitly understood that only men or boys would seek admittance to the very abstruse and technical course of instruction on sanitation, with its adjunct, the governing parliamentary laws. At least so Professor De White thought when he agreed to give what knowledge he had on the subject to deserving and earnest students at the B—— Technical Institute. Certainly there was nothing in the prospectus of the Institute to prevent women availing themselves of such excellent instruction as only Professor De White could give; for the B—— Technical Institute provided the very best instructors and professors, although the fees to students were ridiculously inadequate to the instruction received. Thus the inducements to join the classes were twofold; but, what of that? Hitherto women had never sought admission, therefore the professor argued within himself there was not the slightest reason to fear being troubled by them, and he dismissed the thought from his mind with a little wonder that it should have found its way there at all.

Professor De White was a great man, learned in many sciences. Each year witnessed some addition to his store of knowledge; but he had been so taken up with mental work, that he had never had time or idle dalliance with the opposite sex. He was forty-five, and women were to him as snow-capped mountains seen from afar, to be admired, when beautiful, with the enchanted admiration of the distant and the beautiful. Plain women he looked at without seeing. Had the scheme of creation been drafted to the exclusion of women, the professor thought the world would not have been so backward as it is. True, a woman waited on him and attended to his wants in the luxurious flat he called his home; but she was old, and regarded in the same light as his chairs and tables,—necessary to his bodily comfort, necessary for the keeping of his flat neat, tidy, habitable, for the cooking of his meals,—nothing more. Of a woman's tender ministrations during illness, he had had no experience. His health was superhuman. Pain was unknown to him. His teaching commanded a high price, for his punctuality in attendance had beaten the record.

It was the second week of his work at the Institute. Ascending the stairs quickly, he noted two women lingering by the door of his class-room. One was tall, and one was short. That was all the attention he gave them until, to his amazement, he saw them enter the room with some of the men students, and each handed to him her card of admission.

"I think you have made a mistake," he said, passing his hand across his brow. It was a trick of the professor. His hands were very beautiful.

"I think not," answered a self-satisfied, musical voice.

The professor frowned.

"This is a class for men only," he said decisively.

"There is nothing in the Institute prospectus against women taking advantage of the instruction," replied Sylvia Down, confidently.

The other girl—Ethel Fairfax—hung behind. She was afraid to speak.

The professor turned to his desk, pulled out a drawer or two, and made a few quick notes before he said, in an irritated voice:

"Take your seats."

He was beaten, and it annoyed him. That sort of thing had never happened before. He would lay the matter before the governors that night, let them have the whole of his mind on the subject, without delay; but he was tired when he got home, and the morning brought with it calmer thoughts.

Sylvia Down sat in the corner of the third bench, so that the electric light, which was suspended over the fourth seat, should show up her dark hair and pretty pale face, without its brightness being aggressively glaring on the paper in front of her. She never missed a class, and always took up her position in the self-same bench. In his own mind the professor commended the regularity of her attendance, but her studiously reposeful manner irritated him. He knew she did not study much, did not want to acquire the knowledge he could give, but her serene assurance always disarmed the strictures which came to the tip of his tongue. She was of different mould to his other students, being a blend of Irish and English, and endowed rather well with the quick-wittedness of the one and the *sang-froid* of the other nation, so that, when he ventured any untoward remarks, she was more than a match for him. In time he learned to hold his peace, as a conviction forced itself on him that here was a veritable mental gold mine if he could once get her thoroughly interested.

Ethel Fairfax took up her place right in the middle of the first bench, under the white glare of several electric jets and the professor's eyes, which were sometimes kindly and sometimes rather the opposite, according as the humor moved him. Ethel admired his intellect and feared him. Her thirst for knowledge was insatiable. She was forever in a fever of earnestness. Her eyes were large, brown and beseeching. They asked volumes of questions, which her tongue would never have dared to utter. The professor understood and smiled to himself. He thought it a pity that any woman should be so desperately serious in mental pursuits.

But he thought oftenest of Sylvia. She aggravated, attracted, repelled him, by turns. The other students suffered because of her presence. Once he composed a letter asking her to cease attendance; but it found its way into the fire, before which he sat thoughtful for hours afterwards. He was thinking that if he ever married, his wife should have eyes like Ethel Fairfax; but he wished, also, that they should have the confident assurance of Sylvia's steady, gray orbs. That night he dreamt of Ethel, a kindly dream, as if his heart were growing tender towards her; but the dream Ethel had the pale face and dark hair of Sylvia. The eyes alone were Ethel's. The next class day his cynical attitude left him, and he smoothed out several difficulties for Ethel. The tenderness of the dream still clung to him, but Ethel did not know, and she cried a little on

the way home. She was rather vulnerable to kindness. It was then she began to notice the professor's beautiful hands.

"Why don't you two sit together?" he said abruptly, one day. He had had a sudden idea, to the effect that Sylvia wouldn't look so aggravatingly cool under the fierce battery of electric jets in the middle of the room.

Sylvia smiled, and Ethel got up a little confusedly and took her place beside her. The professor's brow suggested thunder. This untoward move caused Ethel's lovely eyes to be in shade, while he was not helped one wit with regard to Sylvia.

"Perhaps he meant us both to sit in the front bench," she ventured, noting the gathering storm.

"Never mind what he meant," said Sylvia sweetly, but loud enough to be heard by the other students.

A suggestion of a titter broke out amongst them, and the professor dismissed the class without an apology. Sylvia's calm deserted her for the first time. Her pale face went even paler still, but the professor had touched the right chord. From henceforth even Ethel's zeal was but as a flash compared with hers; and the death of an uncle, who had been her sole prop in life, did not decrease it. She would win now, if not for her own sake, for love of the invalid sister who was left entirely dependent on her, and to astonish the professor.

For weeks the professor's amazement grew. What had wrought this wonderful change? Surely women were conundrums. He thought of Sylvia day and night, but she always wore the eyes of Ethel Fairfax in his dream pictures. The snow-capped mountains had drawn very near. The professor was in love, and he was not used to the feeling.

Work was relaxed at the Institute. The examinations were over, and the students continued their attendance to the end of the session, more out of courtesy to their respective professors than from any desire to acquire further knowledge. Earnest study had to give way before expectation, for the results were not yet announced, and the students' minds were tense with thoughts of the future. Who would top the list? Such was the question each one asked his neighbor.

Sylvia Down alone held her peace. She remained as abnormally cool as ever. It seemed to Professor De White as if she were utterly devoid of feeling. Yet she had worked like a very Hercules during the past three months. The shadows under her eyes bore ample testimony to this, even if the unnatural pallor of her face had not loudly proclaimed the fact. But now that the trial was over, she seemed in no anxiety whatever regarding the result. What a strange contrast to Ethel Fairfax! Fear and hope chased each other by turns across the latter's face, and her thoughts came in kaleidoscopic procession up into her big eyes for the professor's perusal. One day she came to the class full of hope, the next overwhelmed with despair; but in either emotion, the thought of the professor was first and last. Her heart held nothing save gratitude towards him and admiration for him. How kind he had been to her! How patient! In her zeal and modesty the girl fancied herself somewhat of a dunce, although she was quite as clear-headed, and frequently much quicker, than the men students; yet she took pains to convince herself that the professor's opinion of her mental abilities did not do justice to his powers of discrimination. Of justice to herself, she would not think. Was he not kindness itself? But the kindness was sometimes tinged with pity. Something vaguely hurt her. She did not know what. She

did not want pity. She wanted love. Her own voice pronounced the desire aloud to the sunny summer air as she walked rapidly towards the Institute on the last day of the session. Frightened and mortified, she hurried on, as if flying from her own thoughts. Ascending the stairs quickly, she did not notice anything unusual as she slipped into her seat and studiously perused a book while waiting for the class to commence.

It was quite half an hour later that Sylvia came along, dressed completely in creamy white, and holding an envelope tightly in her little gloved hand. It was the result of the examination. She had topped the list.

Entering the hall, she noticed the atmosphere thickened, as if with smoke, and in the left wing she saw a few spurts of flame leap out. It was the wing in which Professor De White held his class, and he was right at the top. He liked to be away from the noise and bustle. Fear gripped her for a second ere resolution took its place. The hall was deserted. There was no one within call, even had the necessity for immediate action admitted of such idle dalliance. To act promptly was part of the girl's nature. With scarce a thought, she entered the lift; and more by good luck than technical knowledge of hydraulic machinery, she found herself safe at the top landing. Holding her precious paper out of harm's way, she turned on all the water-taps she could find. Then running down to the next landing, did likewise. The professor, sniffing the unusual smell of smoke and ashes combined, rushed out into the passage to see the girl wearily reclimbing the stairs, her pretty frock wet and stained, and her gay beflowered hat tilted rakishly to one side.

"Sylvia, Miss Down, what is it?" he asked breathlessly.

"Nothing, only the place was on fire, this wing. You—some one—the whole class might have been burnt, and there was no one within call," she replied, flushing slightly.

A glance revealed to him what she had dared.

"Sylvia, you did this for me, and—I love you," he said in a tense voice.

The water was trickling adown the stairs, and there was hurry and bustle in the hall below.

"I have taken the first place, topped the list," she said, lowering her long-fringed lids for the first time in the professor's experience of her.

"Good—good. But—you have taken the first place in my heart. I love you, Sylvia," he went on desperately.

He was forty-five, and he had never loved before. There was a smudge on her cheek, but he never noticed it. He only observed, with a keen dart of pain, that she was moving away from him.

"I have taken the first place, and—I want the position and—the money. I couldn't take everything from her. She worked hard, too; and 'tis her eyes you —you like. I couldn't take everything from her. I have topped the list, and—I want the money and"—

"And you do not want me," he interrupted, the shadow of a great grief spreading over his face.

For a second she wavered and leaned against the banisters for support. Beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead; but she thought of the lonely invalid sister and the initial salary of two hundred a year, which would mean such luxury to them, and she said bravely, even while a great loneliness overwhelmed her: "That is it. I want the money, and—she likes you, and—I couldn't take everything from her."

Then she took her courage boldly in both hands and fled downstairs. Her love for the invalid had triumphed, but

her heart was bleeding for the professor and for the gray years adown which she must walk alone.

And he, all unknowing, turned away, sorely perplexed, and feeling as if he had been beaten all over, to meet the sorrowful gaze of Ethel Fairfax.

"Would you be content with a wreck —a shell? She has taken the first place, and she is gone," he said irrelevantly.

She just looked at him, allowing her eyes to make answer; but the riotous joy that was in the day had vanished with Sylvia Down.

Ethel was his prize, but not his prize pupil. In the days that were to come, gladness would surely return to her, but not yet — not yet; and chastened in thought, they both went out together into the sunlight and life.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions. By Bernard W. Kelly. St. Louis. Herder. 1907.

The labor required for the compiling of a book of this nature cannot be easily described, and nothing but deep loyalty to the past could have impelled Mr. Kelly to devote his energies to a cause which will never bring him an adequate return. For this reason and for the abiding value of the work with reference to the history of the Church in England we bespeak a cordial support of this interesting and noteworthy book. In fact, we cannot help wishing that Mr. Kelly would compile a similar work for the missions in the United States, and thus save from oblivion the heroic deeds and sacrifices of the pioneer priests and laymen of this land. We who enjoy the fruits of the labors of our ancestors are certainly bound to see to it that the story of their marvelous achievements be kept in abiding memory. The historical introduction is both timely and encouraging. As the gifted author remarks: "If the downfall of the ancient Church in England was something absolutely wondrous, her rise in recent times is even more amazing. In spite of kings and governors, and the perils arising from false brethren, she has fought the good fight and kept the faith, and can with full hope look forward to the abundant harvest that springs from seed sown amidst sufferings, self-sacrifice and tears. What difficulties and dangers of the future has she to fear whose journey has been through storm and stress, the manifold vicissitudes of things? Per tot discrimina rerum."

The first volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia bears out the promises made to the public by the publishers. It is the aim of this work to give the whole truth without prejudice, national, political or factional, and it employs in the determination of the truth the most recent and acknowledged scientific methods, with the results of the latest research in theology, philosophy, history, apologetics, archæology, and the other branches of human knowledge.

It differs from the general encyclopedia in omitting facts and information which have no relation to the Church, and records what Catholics have done for the intellectual and artistic development of mankind. It is enabled to do this by enlisting the services of the foremost Catholic scholars, and some other specialists in every part of the world, to contribute articles in the condensed form that appeals to the man of action with the accuracy that satisfies the scholar.

It is not exclusively a church encyclopedia, nor is it limited to the ecclesiastical sciences and the doings of churchmen. The general reader who goes to it for specific subjects will find in addition information of the broadest scope and value in its summaries of results on the entire cycle of Catholic interest and doctrine, and on all subjects directly and indirectly related to the Catholic Church in every department of human knowledge.

In the bibliographies added to each article the student has ready a valuable list of the most authoritative works in all languages on the topic treated.

The philosopher, the scientist, the bible student, the architect, the lawyer, the doctor, the business man, the sociologist, the historian, the statesman, have in its pages the means of informing themselves about a vast institution, which, whether they are Catholics or not, affects their fortunes and their destiny.

The first volume contains eight hundred pages, ending with "Assize," and presents

a vast amount of information in various departments. Thus, in the department of science, an article of general interest discusses the adulteration of food, and in architecture, abbey, altar and arch are taken up. Under other heads, such subjects as alcoholism, alchemy, anarchy and arbitration are treated. The department of geography is especially well covered, for it must not be forgotten that the most persistent and adventurous of explorers have been the missionaries. There are ten pages devoted to Africa, and many more to America. The account of the pre-Columbian discovery of North America is especially full and interesting, being based upon many old documents and maps.

The study of æsthetics receives due attention, and the articles dealing with philosophy are wonderfully clear and logical.

Judging from the contents of Vol. I, the complete Encyclopedia, fifteen volumes, will form a reference library in itself, authoritative, and so admirably classified, that the labor of acquiring information is greatly minimized.

Twenty-six full-page plates, five maps and a large number of smaller plates illustrate the work, which in contents and make-up reflects the highest credit on editors and publishers. The work has not only the approval, but the urgent recommendation of the Catholic hierarchy. His Holiness, Pius X, has given a practical proof of his interest by adorning the Vatican Edition with his autograph. Archbishop Farley, the ordinary of the diocese where the Encyclopedia is published, has shown by word and deed that he earnestly desires its success, and the other prelates of the country, from the Apostolic Delegate and the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore to the missionary bishops of the Far West, have been equally strong in their expression of good-will and support.

Mary in the Gospels: Lectures on the History of Our Blessed Lady, as recorded by the Evangelists. By the Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D. A new edition, revised. New York. Benziger Bros. 1907.

A welcome reprint of a most important work, in view of the objections raised against our devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It is very often urged by non-Catholics that nothing is more certain or more remarkable in the Gospel narrative than the profound silence and obscurity in which the history of Our Lady is involved. From this fact they infer that our veneration for the "blessed among women" is out of harmony with the implied teachings of Scripture. How false this inference is, how utterly devoid of foundation the current view of Protestants concerning the position of the Mother of the Saviour is, Dr. Spencer Northcote tells us in this volume, which is singularly interesting, erudite and devotional. It is exactly the kind of a book to hand to those non-Catholic friends who complain that they do not understand our deep and tender devotion for Our Lady. Dr. Northcote will convince all earnest readers not only that the position of tne Church is an absolutely correct one, but that it is the only logical course of action possible for a deep Christian thinker.

The Far Horizon. By Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). Dodd, Mead & Company. New York. 1907. $1.50.

"Dominic Iglesias stood watching while the lingering June twilight darkened into night." With these words the author introduces one of the most striking creations of modern fiction.

Dominic Iglesias is past fifty, of chivalric disposition, with latent pride of race, and high ideals, that survived the lowering influences of long service amid sordid surroundings. The possession of a moderate fortune saved from his salary in the banking house of Messrs. Barking Brothers & Barking, enables him to enter on a period of leisure, but instead of enjoying his liberty, he asks himself what he shall do with the gift of freedom and, in fact, with what remains of life. As he looks out over Trimmer's Green, from the windows of his suite in Mrs. Porcher's select boarding house, he loses sight of the present, and recalls from the past a series of scenes that make up the history of his career. He sees a small house in Kensington, where a little boy played in the garden, generally alone, but sometimes watched by his mother, who seemed to him "tender and wholly exquisite, but with the reticence of some deep-seated enthusiasm silently cherished, some far-reaching alarm silently endured, always upon her." His father, a man of narrow outlook and undying hatreds, was deeply involved in revolutionary intrigue, and his intense anti-clerical prejudices forced his wife, an Irish Catholic, to abandon the practice of her religion. Deprived of this consolation, and living in terror of a dreadful fate overtaking the man she loved, Mrs. Iglesias became mentally unbalanced, and at the time when Dominic's hopes for a professional career were at their height he was called upon to sacrifice his ambition and devote himself to the care of his mother. His efforts to find a place for himself in London were futile at first, but through a series of accidents he finally drifted into the service of the Barkings, and there remained until youth had changed into middle age.

At the time the story opens he is quite alone, his mother having died eight years before, and to his loneliness is added the

misery of trying to adapt himself to a life of idleness after years of unceasing effort. Pleasure, as understood by those about him, had no meaning for Dominic Iglesias. How was the spirit of it cultivated? he asked himself. How far did it reside in inward attitude, how far in outward circumstance?

Failing to answer the question to his satisfaction:

"He turned away from the window and took a turn the length of the room—a tall, distinct, and even stately figure in the thickening dusk. He felt rather horribly desolate. He was fairly frightened by the greatness of the emptiness, within and about him, engendered by absence of employment. He had little to reproach himself with. His record was cleaner than most men's—he could but know that. He had sacrificed personal ambition, personal happiness, to the service of one supremely dear to him. Not for a moment did he regret it. Had it to be done all over again, without hesitation he would do it. Still there was no blinking facts. Here was the Nemesis, not of ill living, but of good—namely, emptiness, loneliness, homelessness; Old Age here at his elbow, Death waiting there ahead.

"The routine has gone on too long," he said to himself, bitterly. "I have lost my pliability, lost my humanity. I am a machine now, not a man. To the machine work is life. Work over, life is over; and the machine is so much lumber—better broken up and sent to the rag and bottle shop, where it may fetch the worth of its weight as scrap iron."

But he was soon to learn that life had a higher value, and one of the factors in impressing this fact upon him was Poppy St. John, the actress, whose acquaintance he made in a most unusual way. While striving to pursue enjoyment as he had noticed others do, he sought admission to the polo grounds, but being frustrated in his purpose he sat down in a near-by park, and watched the equipages rolling to and fro, freighted with pleasure parties. Here, Poppy St. John found him. At this point in the story, readers will begin to wonder why Mrs. Harrison introduced such a doubtful personality as an actress whose private life was questionable in the extreme. Her unblushing effrontery, and vulgar diction repelled the fastidious Iglesias, whose replies to her questions drew from her the caressing epithet, "my gentle lunatic." But in spite of this beginning, or, perhaps, because of it—the acquaintance ripened into a deep, tender friendship, in which the superior moral influence of the man brought into action the noble traits of character that had lain dormant in the little actress. With this interest in life, came more serious reflection, and, at a moment when events threatened to disrupt the intercourse that had become such a solace to the lonely man, his soul awakened to the teachings of faith. "Nothing is left—" he had cried out in his mental anguish, and then, looking upward, as if seeking some object promising help, his eyes rested on his mother's crucifix, which he had treasured through all the years. From his earliest childhood he remembered it, and even in the dawn of conscious intelligence it had appealed to him as something masterful, despite its rigidity and sadness. In the interval that elapsed it became to him less replete with meaning, but suddenly, unexpectedly, the old power asserted itself:

"His heart and intelligence grasped the meaning of it. . . . It spoke to him of no vague and general truth; but of a truth intimate and individual, coming to him as the call to enter upon a personal inheritance. Of obedience to the dictates of natural religion, and faithful practice of the pieties of it, Dominic Iglesias had, all his life, been a remarkable, if unconscious, exponent. But this awakening of the spirit to the actualities of supernatural religion, this crossing of that dark immensity of space which appears to interpose between Almighty God and the mind of man, was new to him. He had sought a language of the soul which might effect an adjustment between the exterior and the interior life. Here, in the Word made Flesh, with reverent amazement, he found it. . . . Fair, very fair, while it lasted, was human friendship. But here, had he but strength and daring to meet it, was a friendship infinitely fairer, immutable, eternal—namely, the friendship of Almighty God.

"The easterly wind still cried in the window sashes, harsh and shattering. The branches of the exiled cedar tree sawed upon one another, uttering their long-drawn complaint. The voices of the newsboys, hoarse and raucous, shouting their sinister message, still came and went. The livid light of the winter afternoon grew more dreary as it sank into, and was absorbed by, the deepening dusk. But to Dominic Iglesias these things had ceased to matter. Dazzled, enchanted, confounded, alike by the magnitude and the simplicity of his discovery, he remained gazing at the carven panel; gazing through and beyond it to that of which it was the medium and symbol, gazing, clear-eyed and fearlessly, away to the far horizon, radiant with the surpassing glory of the Uncreated Light."

This recognition of God as the supreme power in earthly existence proved to be no fugitive experience. It remained with him, making solitude sweet, and disclosing to him a realm of beauty and knowledge and love.

Some months later, in the Brompton Ora-

tory, he made his profession of faith in the Church to which his mother had belonged, and in which he had been baptized. During a walk he had been attracted by the open gates of the Oratory, and could not resist the temptation of entering.

"Within, all was dim, mist and incense smoke obscuring the roof of the great dome, —the figures of the kneeling congregation far below showing small and dark. Only the high altar was ablaze with many lights, in the centre of which, high-uplifted, encircled by the golden rays of the monstrance, pale, mysterious, pearl of incalculable price, showed the immaculate Host."

"Quietly, yet fearlessly, as one who comes by long-established right, Dominic walked the length of the nave, knelt devoutly on both knees, prostrating himself, as long ago, in the days of early childhood, his mother had taught him to do at the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Now, after all these years,—and a sob rose in his throat,—he seemed to feel her hand upon his shoulder, the gentle pressure of which enjoined deepest reverence. Then, rising, he took his place in the second row of seats on the Gospel side, and remained there, through the concluding acts of the ceremonial, until the silent congregation suddenly found voice—penetrated by austere emotion —in recitation of the divine praises.

"Some minutes later he knelt in the confessional, laying bare the secrets of his heart.

"Thus did Dominic Iglesias cast off the bondage of that monstrous mother, London-town, cast off the terror of those unbidden companions, Loneliness and Old Age, using freedom—as the world counts such action—to abjure freedom; and, taking the risks, humbly reconcile himself to Holy Church."

His friend receives the information relative to his conversion, in a characteristic manner:

"I see—you have got religion," she said. "But do you seriously mean to tell me that I—I—have had anything to do with that."

"Yes," Iglesias answered. "You have had much to do with it. First by love—for your friendship woke up my heart. Then by sorrow—sorrow when I came to know you better and value your character and gifts at their true worth, because I saw noble things put to ignoble uses, which of all pitiful sights is perhaps the most profoundly pitiful."

Unable, or unwilling, to speak, the actress remained silent for a time, but presently asked what form of faith he had embraced, and when told "the faith of the Catholic Church," she exclaimed:

"Then I am not afraid that I shall lose you, for that is the only brand of religion I've ever come across which isn't too nice to reckon with human nature as it really is. It can save sinners, just because it knows how to make saints—and it has made them out of jolly unpromising material at times, there's the comfort of it."

For Poppy herself, the way of duty opens out, and resolutely turning her steps towards it she follows it bravely to the heights of sacrifice, even while protesting that her feet are still "well on the ground." She knows that having erred, she must pay the penalty exacted of the woman, while to the man the past is merely an incident. There is no barrier to keep Alaric Barking from the new life on which he enters with an innocent, fair young wife. "Every woman has to take her chance," asserts Lord Fallowfield, in answer to his sister's enquiries about her daughter's future husband, "and every man, too, for that matter."

There are many beautiful passages in this remarkable book—fervent outpourings of a heart that has found rest in the great refuge of humanity,—the Church,—and yet the reader will pause frequently for a minute or two of puzzled questioning as to the purpose to be served by some of the scenes and conversations that the author insists on introducing. They do not add to the wholesome tone of the book as a whole, and they create doubt as to the wisdom of recommending it without reserve.

The characters are strongly drawn, with the firmness of touch and the marked individuality characteristic of Dickens. Note, for instance, the caretaker in the house on Holland street,—ill, poor, and old—looking with mild ecstasy on the coins that Dominic pressed into his hand. His words of thanks are happily spoken: "Your generosity happens to be of great assistance to me—not that I wish it repeated. I am not grasping, sir, but I am grateful. I have a taste in literature which my reduced circumstances do not permit me to gratify. I see the prospect of many happy hours before me. I thank you."

De Courcey Smyth, a wretched creature; the staunch Lovegroves; the absurd Serena; the pompous banker; the boarders at Mrs. Porcher's; and the Anglican vicar, are depicted with a realism worthy of the master-novelist of England.

Meditations on Christian Dogma. By the Rt. Rev. James Bellord. Third edition. 1906. For sale at convent of Sisters of Mercy, Callan, County Kilkenny, Ireland.

The third edition of Dr. Bellord's admirable work has called forth many earnest expressions of approval from prelates who welcomed the appearance of the first volume. Among others, Cardinal Moran, archbishop of Sydney, commends the "Meditations." Writing to the reverend Superior of the Sisters of Mercy at Callan, he says:

"I congratulate you very sincerely on

your Community being made the custodians and beneficiaries of the singularly valuable work, 'Meditations on Christian Dogma,' compiled by the late Bishop Bellord. It is an admirable manual for daily meditation, presenting, as it does, in simple language, a plain, methodical and exhaustive summary of the doctrines of Divine Faith with a lucidity which the Angel of the Schools could not surpass. The arrangement of the subjects, the measured limit of each meditation, and the whole get-up of the work, are excellent. I heartily wish it all that fruitfulness of success which it so justly deserves."

The work is practically a translation into English of "La Theologie Affective," by Louis Bail. The original consisted of five volumes, but Dr. Bellord, in translating, reduced it to two, judiciously adapting it to the needs of the present time. The first volume contains thirty-five meditations on the nature and attributes of God, twenty on the Blessed Trinity, twenty-five on the Angels, twenty-seven on the world and man, fifty-one on the life of the Divine Redeemer, and twenty-one on the Blessed Virgin. The subjects treated in the second volume are: Beatitude, Laws, Grace, the Theological Virtues, the Cardinal Virtues, Perfection, the Sacraments, and the Four Last Things. Two compact pages are given to each meditation, and into each is compressed a great deal of solid matter. The bishop, for many years before his death, took a deep interest in the Missionary School which the Sisters of Mercy, Callan, conduct, and which the deplorable events in France will henceforth render more necessary for the supply of religious for foreign missions. As a final token of his regard, he bequeathed, for the benefit of the school, the valuable work noted here.

The Moores of Glynn. By Rev. J. Guinan. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907. $1.00.

In this story the reverend author depicts another series of delightful pictures of Irish life. Roger Moore is a splendid type of the sturdy, God-fearing, self-respecting Irish farmer, with large ambitions for his children, and a prudent regard for acquiring material prosperity. The homestead is the scene of happy family gatherings, and large-hearted hospitality is dispensed to the stranger and to the poor, making the name of Moore blessed throughout the country. The fortunes of the family, their triumphs, losses, griefs, and compensations, make up a story of deep and tender interest. If any fault could be found it might be said that in some instances the language used in describing the Glynn and its people is not in keeping with the simplicity of the subject.

All who have read Father Guinan's former books—"Priest and People in Doon," and "Soggarth Aroon,"—will extend a cordial welcome to his latest work.

Progress in the Household. By Lucy M. Salmon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. $1.10 net.

Miss Salmon is one of the best known writers and speakers on all matters connected with domestic service. She is professor of history at Vassar College, and is the author of a successful book on the statistics of domestic service. The present volume is written in a popular vein, and begins with a full account of the recent progress in the study of domestic science. Then follows a keen and illuminating chapter on Education in the Household. The author also has much that is worth while to say on the relation of college women to domestic service. It is an illuminating discussion of live questions for women by a woman.

Earth to Heaven. By Rt. Rev. Monsignor Canon John S. Vaughan. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Company. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

A new edition of "Earth to Heaven" has recently appeared, and it is quite up-to-date in the art of bookmaking. A critic does not require the keen vision of a seer in order to detect a correspondence between the material get-up of the book and its contents. The paper is strong and substantial, yet the volume, as a whole, is remarkably light and portable. So with regard to the contents. The thought is strong and vigorous, yet the graces of style and the wealth of illustration make the book light and readable. There is no need of turning to romance for an hour of enjoyable reading while we have such books as Mgr. Vaughan can write.

A Garland of Everlasting Flowers. By Mrs. Innes Browne. 1906. $1.00.
Round the World Series. Vol. II. 1907. 85 cents.
Josephine's Troubles. By Percy Fitzgerald. $1.35.
Daddy Dan. By Mary T. Waggaman. 1907. 45 cents.
In God's Good Time. By Henry Ross. 1907. 45 cents.

These books are among the late additions to the home library published by Benziger Brothers, New York. They cover a variety of subjects, and it is needless to say that all are wholesome in tone. The author of the "Garland" explains in the preface that she has employed a better form of language than that used by the class she depicts, so we are prepared for the elegance that marks the conversation of the two waifs, Walter and Maggie, two brave, loving and lovable children.

In "Josephine's Troubles" Mr. Fitzgerald

describes from memory the scenes in the city of Paris, on the eve of the war of 1870.

"Daddy Dan" is a pleasant story of a city child, who, through a "fresh-air" outing, becomes acquainted with a senator, and later on renews his acquaintance in the most satisfactory manner. But Neddy deserves all the good things that come to him as the reward of his honesty and loyalty and devotion to his pretty young mother.

"In God's Good Time" takes its title from the words uttered by one of the characters, who lives to acknowledge that wrongdoing never goes unpunished, and that justice must triumph in the end. There are several dramatic situations, worked out effectively, and the conclusion is all that can be desired.

Our Little King. By Katherine Frances Mullany. The Sunday Companion Publishing Company. New York. 1906.

The author of this story of the childhood of Christ has already earned the gratitude of the public through her "Miriam of Magdala." In the present book she takes up the angels' visit, the baby John, the Christ-Child, the Wise Men, Simeon, the Flight into Egypt, Jesus and the Doctors, and the Boy of Nazareth.

This holy little book will please and instruct every young reader who has the privilege of seeing it.

Jack. By a Religious of the Holy Child. Benziger Bros. New York. 45 cents.

Jack is good company for the children; he is a real boy, mischievous, active, loving, and lovable, and through all his scrapes displays an honorable, truthful spirit. His many adventures make interesting reading.

The Master Touch. By W. Q. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1906. Forty cents.

The story of John — the beautiful youth who carved in stone and dreamed of heavenly visions — might well be an Easter offering, so fragrant is it of lilies, and so filled with the lesson of the Resurrection. The Divine Hand itself gave the master touch to the stone on which the young artisan wrought so patiently, and at the same time pointed the way to his vocation.

The monks, rejoicing in the depth and delicacy of the tracery, predicted a bright future for the boy, and despite his avowal that it was the Lord's doing were convinced that earthly skill had chiseled the exquisite sprays.

"The Master Touch" is replete with spiritual thought, and through the pages are woven legends of lilies and of Our Lady gathering blossoms in the meadows, and singing the Magnificat as she went upon her way.

The Incubator Baby. By Ellis Parker Butler. Funk & Wagnalls. New York. 1906.

The gentle satire in this little story appeals to the reader, no less than the undercurrent of pathos which surrounds little Marjorie's attempts to grasp the meaning of what is taking place in this big, foolish world. She has no sympathy with the scientific methods that are being employed in her training, and asserts her right to creep, stand, and talk when she feels like it, even though the nurse and committee try to keep her to schedule time. She finds an ally and deliverer in the doctor, who frees her from the tyranny of system.

The Garden of Roses of Our Lady. By Fr. M. Meschler, S.J. Authorized Translation. New York. Benziger Bros. 1907.

With the deep, accurate knowledge of a theologian and in the choice language of a poet, Father Meschler unfolds the spiritual treasures of the Rosary. So well has he succeeded in making known the excellence of this popular devotion that we cannot help beseeching him to treat in similar fashion the other devotions so dear to the hearts of devout Catholics.

Four In Hand. By Frank J. McCormick. United Brethren Publishing Company. Dayton, Ohio.

Four bright short stories, cleverly written, and characteristic of the author's best style form this addition to the list of entertaining collections of short stories.

Miracles. Westminster Lectures. By Gideon W. R. Marsh. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

The value of this series of lectures upon timely topics in the theological world grows apace. No defender of orthodox Christianity should be without them. The present lecture is a lucid and comprehensive statement of this fundamental credential of the Christian religion.

Toralladdy. By Julia C. Walsh. Benziger Brothers. New York.

A pleasing story of home-life with many children to provide an abundance of adventures, fun, and serious thought. It is to be hoped that the writer will send out another account of her interesting young people, at a later period in their lives.

101 Mexican Dishes. Compiled by May E. Southworth. Paul Elder and Company. New York. 1906.

This collection of culinary recipes will commend itself to the housekeepers, particularly to those who like highly seasoned food, and take pride in evolving new dishes for the table.

QUESTION BOX.

What do we understand by servile work on Sunday?

In reply to this question we cannot do better than quote Father Zulueta, S.J., who in "Letters on Christian Doctrine" thus explains the meaning of servile work and also of other kinds of work. He says:

"What, then, is servile work? First of all, not necessarily *paid* work, or work done to gain a living or for personal profit of some kind. For the fact that work is done freely or disinterestedly will not deprive it of its servile character, nor, on the contrary, does receipt of payment render servile an occupation that is not so otherwise. It is the *nature* of the work, and not its motive, that determines the question. *Servile* work (from *servus*, a servant) is work of a kind usually allotted to servants, or working-people—which more directly ministers to the needs and well-being of the body—and in which bodily powers are chiefly exercised. It is only work of this sort that falls under the forbiddance.

"There are, however, other kinds of work: 1. That called *liberal* occupation, in which the *mind* takes a leading part—which benefits or develops the mind—and is commonly, if not exclusively, performed by masters and mistresses, rather than by their dependents. 2. What is termed *mixed* occupation, *i.e.*, which shares in some degree the character of both *servile* and *liberal* work, being common alike to those of higher and of lower degree.

"To give some examples of each of these three classes of work: *Servile*—breaking stones, digging, mechanical arts, such as carpentering, ordinary sewing, tailoring, dressmaking, etc. These are not allowed. *Liberal*—study, drawing, artistic painting, singing, playing musical instruments. These are lawful. So, too, highly artistic embroidery—say, of figures, or other designs calling for *mental* effort—would be permissible, whereas ordinary plain sewing, knitting or crochet-work would not, as being chiefly mechanical. *Mixed*—traveling, walking, fishing, and the like. These are lawful, and hence the servile labor of others which is necessary for supplying the means for these pursuits is also lawful, *e.g.*, railway servants, stable-men, coachmen, chauffeurs, etc.

"Kinds of work which would otherwise be allowable become unlawful and servile when the *conditions under which they are performed* invest them with a servile character. Thus, although painting or photography are allowable as liberal occupations, yet if performed on a large scale, entailing great preparations, labor and mess, they become notably *servile*. One can see the difference, for instance, between working quietly at a small water-color painting, and executing a fresco on a wall or ceiling with considerable bodily fatigue, mixing of colors, and working costume."

What decision has been reached by the Biblical Commission, appointed by Leo XIII., with regard to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch?

A decree of the 27th of June, 1906, declares, by authority of the Roman Pontiff, that,

I. The arguments brought against the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch are insufficient to dislodge the evidence of the traditional teaching of the Jewish and Christian churches, which assigns that authorship historically and as an inspired document to Moses the Hebrew prophet.

II. In maintaining the traditional authorship of the Mosaic Code it is not necessary to assume a literal transmission of a text written or dictated by Moses. The Mosaic authorship simply implies that we have substantially in the Pentateuch the teaching of Moses, as he was inspired to commit it to writing for the benefit of his people and of posterity through trustworthy instruments.

III. It does not exclude the idea that Moses availed himself of a previous revelation and of historical traditions (written or oral, in exact words or according to their meaning, in a condensed or amplified form), which in him received a sanction as being true so far as their truth was required to illustrate and confirm the revealed facts made known to him for the guidance of God's people.

IV. The integrity of the Mosaic authorship does not exclude subsequent revisions in the sense and spirit of the original authorship and modifications (*e.g.*, additions after the death of Moses, glosses and interpretations introduced in the text, change of antiquated words and expressions, mistakes to be ascribed to copyists) by other men divinely guided to maintain intact the revelations conveyed through the writings of Moses, yet with such adaptations and alterations as would make that revelation better understood by others for whom it was secondly, but not less positively, intended as a source of truth and right living.

These decisions cover the various points raised by the so-called "Higher Criticism."

CHRIST AND ST. PETER.

The days o' the Spring do lightly pass,
Hey, for the Summer and the red roses!
With opening bud and freshening grass
The days o' the Spring do lightly pass

For every lad and every lass,
And every bird in the orchard closes.
The days o' the Spring do lightly pass,
Hey, for the Summer and the red roses!

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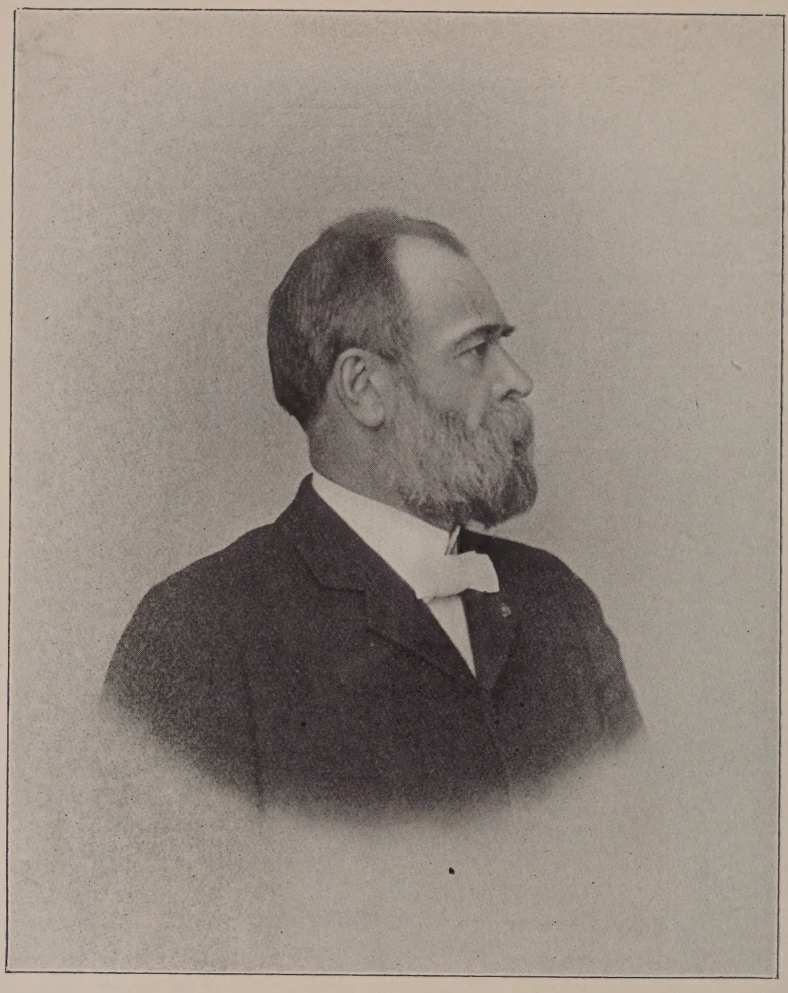
Summer, Hail and Farewell!

By Mary West.

Summer, hail and farewell!
A flash of wings in the air,
A glow of light and a trill of song,
With fragrance everywhere;
Summer fades like a dream,
Yet dreams o'er the heart hold sway,
And pass they never with life's swift stream,
But linger there for aye.

Summer flung me a rose,
As on her way she went,
It held the kiss of the dawn and plaint
Of evening's voice bespent;
Echoed the drone of the bee,
The robin's roundelay,
But oh, like a dream it was to see
Fair Summer on her way.

Only the dream remains,
For dreams to the heart belong,
They wake at touch of the rose's breath,
And at the sigh of song;
Hail rose and roundelay!
With Summer's witching spell,
Dear dreams that dwell in the heart for aye—
Hail Summer and — farewell!



GENERAL NEWTON MARTIN CURTIS.

FROM BULL RUN TO CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY FRANCIS W. BURKE.

On the forty-first anniversary of his last battle Gen. Newton Martin Curtis wrote the closing paragraph of his story of the Sixteenth New York Infantry, recently published, under the title, "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." * It was the author's intention to relate only the experiences of his own regiment, but as the work progressed, so much interesting data on the other military organizations of northern New York were brought out, that he decided to include those that formed part of the army of the Potomac during any part of the two years that the Sixteenth served. Hence mention is made of the Eighteenth, the Thirty-fourth, the Sixteenth, the Ninety-second, the Ninety-sixth, and Ninety-eighth Infantry regiments; of Capt.

*W. B. Clarke & Company, Boston, Mass. Autograph copies, General N. M. Curtis, 20 Irving Place, New York. $2.15, by mail.

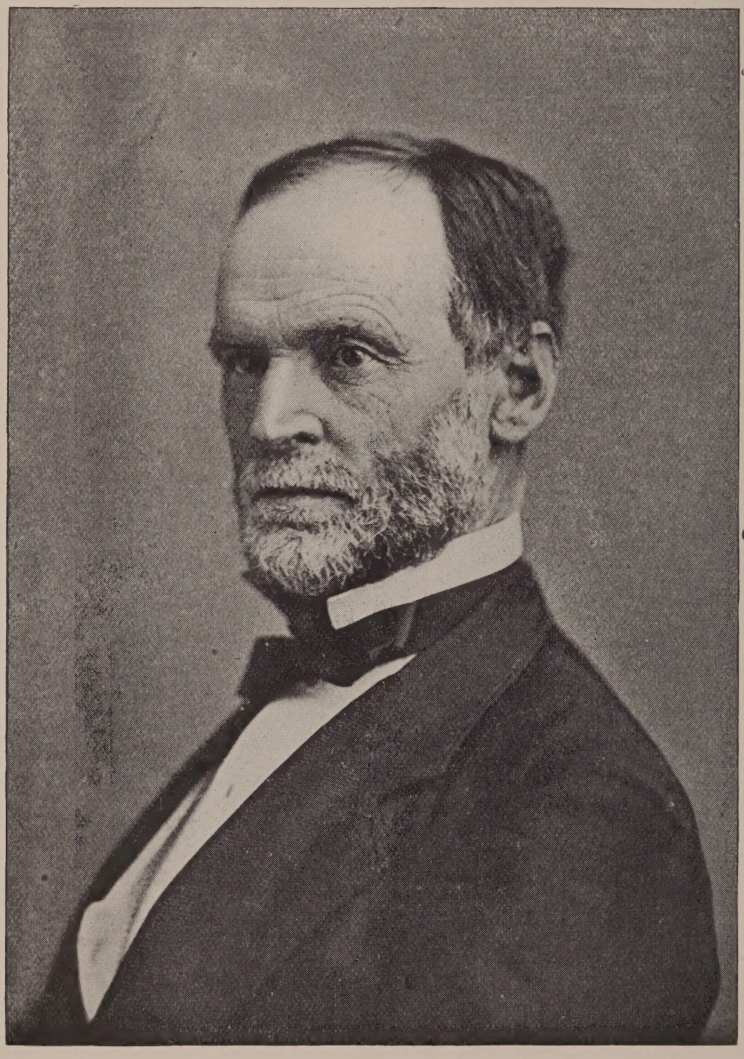
Riley Johnson's Company K, Sixth New York Cavalry, and of Capt. Thomas W. Osborn's Battery D, First New York Light Artillery, together with some account of the battles of Bull Run, West Point, Fair Oaks, Gaines' Mill, Savage's Station, Glendale, Crampton's Pass, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Salem Heights, in which one or more of these commands participated.

GENERAL MARTIN T. McMAHON.

The narrative is based on personal reminiscences, official reports, and correspondence of officers and prominent participators from both sides. The result is a record of the Army of the Potomac for the two years, with the operations of its various corps and subdivisions. Woven into the narrative of marching and battle is many a good story of men and events. The reader is invited, as it were, to a "camp-fire," where tales of privation and suffering, of heroic deeds and unselfish devotion to duty and to friendship, are told by a veteran who was through the campaign, serving from the time of the organization of the company until hostilities had ceased throughout the borders of the Republic.

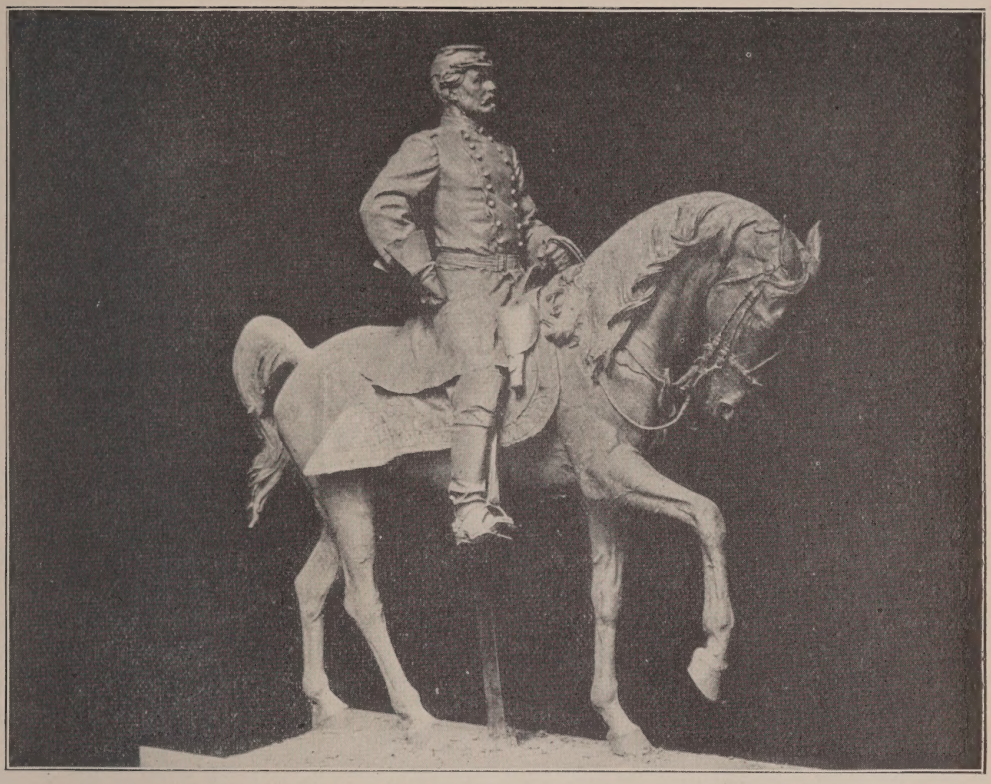
As soon as the telegraphic dispatches announced the fall of Fort Sumter, and that the President had issued a call for troops, the people of northern New York began to organize companies for the nation's defense. The first meeting was held in Ogdensburg, when Henry R. James, editor of the Ogdensburg *Journal,* mounted on a dry-goods box, at the corner of Ford and Isabella streets, read the dispatch announcing the capitulation of Fort Sumter. The news

spread rapidly, and Mr. James, giving notice that enrolling papers were being printed at his office, called on all who wished to volunteer for six months to sign their names to the roll. A number



GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

of men signed, but when it was found that the period of service would extend over two years, instead of six months, some of the signers, including Mr. James, withdrew, as they could not abandon their families and business for that length of time. On the day that this decision was reached, David A. Nevin, the son of a well-known resident of Ogdensburg, returned from the Indian Territory, where he had been employed in the office of an army quartermaster, and his enthusiasm gave fresh impetus to the work of enlistment. He offered to go in command of the company, and



THE McCLELLAN STATUE.

he was unanimously elected captain. On April 24 the company left for Albany, and arriving on the following day, was immediately accepted.

Some Depeyster farmers, who were in Ogdensburg when Henry R. James addressed the people, spread the news at home, and a meeting was held in the Methodist church; the presiding officer was Capt. Benjamin Eastman, an old-line Whig, and Mr. James was the principal speaker, the only speaker, it would seem, for "several prominent citizens were called upon by the chairman, but none responded." Mistaking the cause of the silence, the fiery captain vehemently expressed his regret that his townspeople should remain silent at such a time. "They were good contributors, but not talkers," General Curtis remarks, as he recalls the embarrassing situation in which the chairman found himself. He then said he should like to hear from a young man who had the courage of his convictions, "though his political convictions were all bad," and Newton Martin Curtis was asked to give his opinion as to what action should be taken. The young man, while deploring the reference to party politics when the preservation of the Union was the great issue, advised the organization of a regiment in St. Lawrence's County, and predicted that more than one regiment would be filled from that section, a prediction that came true, as the county furnished more than enough men to fill eight regiments.

"I gave notice," continues the general, "that a meeting of those who were willing to aid in raising a company in Depeyster would be held in Mason's Tavern after the adjournment." At a later meeting Mr. Curtis was chosen captain, and soon after sunrise, on May 2, the company proceeded to the village of

Ogdensburg, where it formed at the Baldwin House. Before being marched to the railroad station, the men were halted in front of Norman's hat store, where James C. Spencer, United States attorney for the district, presented each man with a checked gingham cap. These caps were worn until the volunteers were clothed by the state. A mark of confidence, gratefully remembered after more than forty years, was the action taken by the Hon. David C. Judson, who came out of the Judson bank, as the company marched by, and gave Captain Curtis a handful of blank checks, "with the request that I would fill them up if money should be needed for myself or for the company, with the assurance that they would be taken care of at the bank." At one time this promise was tested to the amount of more than $30,000, caused by the failure of a paymaster to accept the money paid to the members of the Sixteenth for their services, for which checks on the Judson bank had been given. "It was two weeks after the giving of the checks," says the general, "before I was able to exchange the money at Fort Monroe for drafts on the subtreasury of New York City, with which to reimburse Mr. Judson for the payment he had made on the checks presented to the bank."

Meanwhile the same patriotic impulse had roused the citizens of Malone, Plattsburgh, and other centres, and they had organized companies that gave a warm reception to the volunteers on their way to Albany. At Albany the company met with a repulse in the form of a cool reception from the adjutant-general of the state, to whom the captain applied for quarters. He demanded authorization papers, and told Captain Curtis that failing such papers his company could not be accepted. The interview ended by General Read taking Captain Curtis to Governor Morgan, who advised him to return home, as companies were arriving faster than suitable quarters could be provided. "I assured him," says the general, "that the company would not return home; if not accepted by the state, it would go on to Washington, and that until the question was settled they ought to be provided with quarters and provisions." The friendly interest of the mayor, together with the efforts of two prominent public men, both from St. Lawrence County, aided much in procuring an authorization, and on May 7 the company was accepted.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

In addition to these difficulties, the men had to endure the mortification of being made the target of amusing comments as they marched through the streets of Albany. The proprietor of the Delevan House, who had the contract for feeding the volunteers, called the attention of a friend to the fact that the company had a half dozen men over six feet, and that the captain was half a foot taller, thin as a shingle, straight as an arrow, and would make a good billiard cue if his head were chalked. The average height of the members of the Sixteenth was about one inch above that of the regiments organized under the first call, and the Depeyster company was three-quarters of an inch taller than the average height of the regiment.

Potsdam, Gouverneur, Chazy, and Stockholm held meetings at which the patriotism of the people was expressed in no uncertain manner. At Gouverneur, Peter Horr, a veteran of the war of 1812, contributed a purse of a hundred dimes, the result of the sale of bounty land, that he had saved for his funeral expenses. "It shall go to help those who fight for my country, though my bones bleach upon the sand," he declared.

While the recruiting was going on, the women busied themselves in scraping lint, making havelocks, knitting socks, and otherwise providing for the needs of their soldiers.

The companies arriving first from northern New York were invited to join in making a third regiment, to be commanded by Colonel Townsend, but they declined, expressing their wish to wait until ten companies should come from the north. On the evening of May 7 representatives of the ten companies met and agreed to form a regiment. At a subsequent meeting of the officers of the companies, Thomas A. Davies was elected colonel, Samuel Marsh, lieutenant-colonel, and Buel Palmer, major. Thus was the Sixteenth finally organized and made ready to be mustered into service.

An interesting reminiscence in regard to church-going in the army is recalled by General Curtis. On Sunday morning, May 12, notice was given that enlisted men could attend church in Albany, if accompanied by a commissioned officer, and that passes would be furnished on application. "No one in my company desired to attend church," comments General Curtis, "except five or six Roman Catholics, and every officer was physically or spiritually indisposed." A request from the captain that his men might be permitted to go in charge of a non-commissioned officer was refused, but a second request, for a pass for one man, was granted, and he carried from the camp a note addressed to "A Roman Catholic Priest." The note read as follows:

> Captain Curtis, quartered in the Industrial School Barracks, respectfully requests a Roman Catholic priest to call at his quarters and minister to the members of his company who are unable to leave the camp.

In a short time a young priest responded to the call, and going among the men, sought those of his own faith for special attention, while encouraging all in the faithful performance of their new duties. The captain did not then learn the name of the priest, but met him again many years later, as the Rt. Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams, the first Catholic bishop of Ogdensburg.

The Sixteenth Regiment was mustered into service of the United States on May 15, 1861, for two years. Drill, discipline, and active duty left little time to indulge in homesickness. Preliminary instruction in the art of war was marked by many blunders, embarrassing at the time, but mirth-provoking when viewed through the vista of years. The officers

were as ignorant as the men in the ranks. They studied hard at night to learn the commands and their proper execution, and often carried a copy of Hardee's "Tactics" to help them out. Yet very ludicrous movements were executed, among the almost insurmountable difficulties being keeping step and learning to advance the left foot first. Fortunately neither instructor nor learner was conscious of his errors, and the time came when the men were so proficient in drill that they executed intricate movements on the field, in face of battalions and batteries in action.

The arrival of the regiment in Washington was attended by circumstances of a depressing nature. The Common, on which the tents were pitched, was the gathering-ground of goats, chickens, ducks, pigs, and pickaninnies, and while putting up the tents the men were exposed to a heavy rainstorm. A similar storm marked their arrival in Alexandria, and various unpleasant experiences befell the volunteers. On July 16, with forty rounds of ammunition and three days' cooked rations, the Sixteenth marched to Annandale and encamped for the night, and on the following day resumed the march, on the old Braddock road, where they met the first Confederate pickets with whom they exchanged shots. No casualties resulted until the main force was encountered, about three miles from Fairfax Court House, where, in a brisk skirmish, Sergt. John S. Allen was mortally wounded. He was the first northern New Yorker to fall in the Civil War.

At the hastily abandoned camp of the Fifth Alabama Rifles the volunteers found a well-prepared dinner, caddies of tea, barrels of sugar, and many articles better suited to a picnic or a party in a summer house than to soldiers in the field. After a night's rest, the march was resumed to Centreville, where the regiment encamped near the Garibaldi Guards, noted for their skill in foraging, in spite of rigid orders from headquarters. Among the spoils captured by the Garibaldi Guards was a beehive stolen from a Virginia farmer. Joseph Mooney of Company C, an experienced woodsman and bee hunter from the Adirondacks, while strolling outside camp, met the party, and noticing that the escaping bees were giving trouble, kindly offered to show the Garibaldians the best way of getting their honey into camp. They accepted his offer, and turned the hive over to him, when he raised it from the base and threw the bees in handsful into the faces of the Guards, who hastily abandoned their booty. Mooney stopped the openings in the hive with clay, and started for the camp of the Sixteenth, to run into Colonel Davies and his staff, who had entered the street from the other end. "Drop that box," commanded the colonel; and Mooney promptly obeyed, throwing the box as far as possible from him, to escape the pursuit of the bees. The bees rose in anger and settled on the colonel, his staff, and the horses, stinging with such fury that the officers who had not dismounted rode hurriedly away, followed speedily by the orderlies on foot. With one eye closed, with swollen lips, and in a state of general demoralization, the colonel reached his tent; but as he had not identified Mooney, and no one helped him to find the man who had brought the box, he could not punish the bee expert. In fact, Mooney came forward, apparently ignorant of the whole transaction, and built a fire of brush, thus disposing of the bees so that the honey could be distributed; but during the night shrieks from the occupants of several beds gave warning that all the bees had not been killed.

Such incidents were soon forgotten, in

the great event which happened five days later, the battle of Bull Run, of which this writer gives a graphic description, followed by an enumeration of the men who gained promotion through their prowess on the field that day.

"It is probable that in no battle of modern times in which 35,000 men were engaged was there so small a number of officers educated in the science and art of war; nor was there a battle which was the nursery of so many who came to great prominence in the profession of arms as those who rose from the mob-like forces which contended at Manassas. Those who became the most prominent were of the field or line, and generally the junior in years, as well as in rank, of those holding higher commands; the men who attained the greatest success were chiefly graduates of the Military Academy."

Col. William T. Sherman gained a place among the world's great generals; Col. Henry M. Slocum, commander of a regiment; Col. Oliver O. Howard and Col. Ambrose E. Burnside, brigade commanders, rose to the command of armies. There were many other promotions for gallantry and exceptional services to which General Curtis refers in detail. An instance of the valor of the Southern woman is quoted from the "Reminiscences" of General Gordon, writing of the first battle of Bull Run. A Virginian girl, sixteen or seventeen years old, caught between the lines of the two armies, galloped up to General Ewell to tell him something that she deemed important. The general listened to her for a few moments, and then called her attention to the Union batteries, getting ready to fire on the Confederate lines.

"Look there, look there, miss," he said sharply, "don't you see those men with blue clothes on, in the edge of the woods? Look at those men loading those big guns; they are going to fire, and to fire quick, and fire right here. You'll get killed; you'll be a dead damsel in less than a minute. *Get away from here;* get away."

But, calmly surveying the blue coats and the big guns, the girl made no reply to his urgent injunction and continued the story of what she had seen. The general, "who was a crusty old bachelor at the time," was astonished at this exhibition of feminine courage, and with a sort of a jerk in his words, said to a member of his staff, "Women—I tell you, sir, women would make a grand brigade, if it were not for snakes and spiders." Then he added, more thoughtfully, "They don't mind bullets; women are not afraid of bullets, but one big black snake would put a whole army to flight." Earlier in the day the same brave girl had questioned Captain Curtis as to why the pioneer corps of Davies' brigade was felling trees. "Why are you obstructing our road?" she demanded. And the captain replied, "To prevent the approach of those whom we are not ready to receive." He afterwards learned that the heroine was Miss Oceola Mason, a descendant of the author of the Bill of Rights of Virginia.

Thanksgiving Day of 1861 is vividly remembered as "the best of all which came in our army days." Nearly every one had received a box of such generous proportions that the few who had none were invited to share the contents. Many of the boxes contained notes reading, "For you and those of your comrades who may not be so well remembered." The remembrances from home included jellies, pastries, confections, and comfortables, which proved worthy of their name when put to use in the company tents. These tents were raised on a framework two or three feet from the ground; they were banked or plastered with clay, and provided with a floor and a fireplace, making a more cosy shelter than many of the home friends imagined.

A notable event in the Sixteenth was

the promotion of Colonel Davies to the rank of brigadier-general of the United States Volunteers. Among the personal reminiscences is one connected with this occurrence. Captain Curtis, having called at the Davies tent to congratulate his superior, happened to overhear him say, "Did you see Captain Curtis, who just left here? I want to tell you that he will be of no use in an active campaign. All the time and money spent on him has been thrown away." And then, in explanation, he continued, "Curtis is well enough as a man and an officer in camp, but for active service he will be utterly useless, and for the reason that he will get killed in the first engagement, and all the instruction given him will be lost. I did not like to tell him, but you remember what I now say. He is too tall, and cannot escape the enemy's bullets; if he does, their firing will not be very creditable."

Later on in the year, when told that Captain Curtis had been wounded at West Point, the general wrote him a kindly letter, but again expressed his fear that he would be killed. "You take two chances to one of a man of average height, and I am afraid that the enemy will get you next time." Happily the fear was not realized, as the general lives to tell the tale, though he had a narrow escape from death at the battle of West Point. Major Seaver, in a letter to the Malone *Palladium,* describing the engagement, made mention of his injuries: "Captain Curtis, while urging on his men, was struck by a ball in his left breast, directly over his heart. The ball struck a rib, glanced around, and came out of his back. Twice he rallied his men after the shock, and by his presence of mind and bravery, doubtless saved many a valuable life."

The author of this story of the war is very diffident about mentioning his own services, and refers in an incidental way to his promotion. General Slocum had sent for him, and thinking that he was invited to attend a celebration in honor of his superior officer's promotion, he went to the general's camp, and was led by him to a large tent, where a number of officers awaited him. Briefly acknowledging their greeting, he said, "Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing Colonel Curtis, who is to command one of the new regiments now being raised in New York under the President's call for 300,000 men."

A remarkable instance of premonition of death is related in connection with the battle of West Point. The evening before, the members of Company F were engaged in conversation, when Edward R. Bishop, light-hearted and fun-loving, interrupted the conversation by saying, "Boys, if I should fall in the next battle, as I now believe I shall, I wish you would bury me under this tree, where I indicate by these lines." He then proceeded to mark the outlines of a grave with a spade. Immediately Corp. J. Love, a very sedate man, rose and, picking up the spade which Bishop had used, said, "I would like you to dig my grave beside Bishop's, but please dig with more regularity than his crooked lines indicate; I am the son of a sexton, and have helped to dig many." He then dropped the spade and sat down. Peter G. Ploof, a lad of twenty, much loved for his boyish ways, picked up the spade, saying, "If I fall, dig my grave here beside Love's, and do it as we dig graves at home. Please follow the lines I make for you." He drew the lines of the coffin used in those days, wide at the shoulders, and tapering towards the head and foot. All three were found among the dead after the engagement, and their comrades gave them the resting-places they had selected on the night before the battle.

Among the halting-places of the Army of the Potomac was White House, the property of Mrs. Robert E. Lee, which had a colonial and revolutionary record. Here Washington courted and married Mrs. Martha Custis. From a letter written by Mrs. Howland, and embodied in the work at hand, we take this interesting description of the historic mansion.

"Half a mile above us is the White House naming the place, a modern cottage (if ever 'white' now drabbed over), standing where the early home of Mrs. Washington stood. We went ashore this morning, and, with General Franklin and his aides, strolled about the grounds—an unpretending place, with old trees shading the cottage, a green lawn sloping to the river, and an old-time garden full of roses. The house has been emptied, but there are some pieces of quaint furniture, brass fire-dogs, and just inside the door this notice is posted: 'Northern soldiers, who profess to reverence the name of Washington, forbear to desecrate the home of his early married life, the property of his wife, and now the home of her descendants. A granddaughter of Mrs. Washington.'

"Some one has written underneath in pencil, 'Lady, a Northern officer has protected this property, within sight of the enemy and at the request of your overseer.' It is government property now and the flag waves from the top, and sentinels pace the piazza."

Many scenes of unselfish devotion, of unsurpassed valor, and of heroic fortitude are depicted in the account of the battle at Gaines' Mill, of which a foreign officer in the Confederate ranks said, "In bygone days I had been on many a battle-field in Italy and Hungary, but I confess that I never witnessed so hideous a picture of human slaughter and horrible suffering."

The gallant act of the late Gen. Martin T. McMahon at White Oak Swamp, where he rescued a valuable train, under the guns of the enemy, is described in the chapter, "Chickahominy to the James." This act was recognized by Congress years after, when a medal of honor was sent to the officer who had destroyed the pontoon train and saved the engineer's wagon. The inscription on the medal reads:

For voluntarily rescuing a valuable train that had been abandoned and was covered by the enemy's fire. White Oak Swamp, Virginia, June 30, 1862.

Though not fully recovered from his wounds, Captain Curtis rejoined his regiment on July 5, and, against the advice of General Franklin, reëntered active service, insisting that his wound would heal as fast on the James as on the St. Lawrence. "But I found out my error in less than a month," he says, "and the almost hourly reminder of my military life is largely due to the fact that I rejoined the army before I had completely recovered from the wounds received at West Point."

A paragraph of special interest at this time — when the monument to General McClellan has demonstrated the trend of public sentiment towards him, after many years—is that recalling the visit of President Lincoln to the army on July 8, when General McClellan and his staff escorted him through the camps, "receiving most enthusiastic cheers from the soldiers, who had lost none of their confidence in or affection for their general and the commander-in-chief. It was here that General McClellan handed to the President his 'Harrison Bar Letter,' probably the most unwise and unfortunate communication written by him in his military life." Up to that time the President had been McClellan's best friend in the administration, where he was supported by the secretaries of state and of the navy, but was bitterly opposed by the secretaries of war and of the treasury. "Suggestions as to policy of administration are seldom well received from subordinates, unless directly requested, and later this letter was effectively used by the opposing secretaries

and by their civilian friends in obtaining the order for General McClellan's removal from the command of the Army of the Potomac."

At Williamsburg many thoughts were awakened by historic features, landmarks of Colonial and Revolutionary times. Here was founded, in 1692, the College of William and Mary, and the city was the seat of government from 1669 to 1779. The Raleigh Tavern was the most important of the unofficial institutions of the city, and in this famous hostelry Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Dabney Carr, and Thomas Jefferson met for consultation as to the best means to procure unity of action among the colonies.

At this tavern, too, at different dates, two young men were quartered when they came to Williamsburg to pay court to the objects of their early affection. The first was a young surveyor, who asked permission to address the beautiful and rich Miss Mary Cary. "If that is your business here, sir," said her father, "I wish you'd leave the house, for my daughter has been accustomed to ride in her own coach." Thirty years later General Washington, marching through Williamsburg at the head of his army, on his way to capture Cornwallis at Yorktown, is said to have turned from Duke of Gloucester Street into Woodpecker Street, that he might march by the house which he had left as the rejected lover of Mary Cary. The young lawyer who wrote the Declaration of Independence returned to his room in the Raleigh after a similar rebuff from Miss Rebecca Burwell. These two ladies were afterwards led to the altar by the brothers Amber. Like Washington, Jefferson, in good time, found consolation in the charms of a widow. He married Mrs. Skelton of Virginia.

The exploits of reckless Gen. Phil Kearney, the Maryland campaign, and the battle of Antietam furnish a series of exciting events well known to readers of history, but none the less fascinating as retold here. It is impossible, however, to refer to them but briefly in a review.

In the chapter, "On the Battle-field at Night," the general pays tribute to the zeal of a Catholic chaplain, whose work among the wounded broadened the officer's views:

"Born and reared under the rigid rules of New England Protestanism, never too tolerant, though growing more so as generations come and go, I did not expect to see kindly attention paid to an outsider by the representative of a sect which I had been taught to believe were for their church first and last, recognizing no other. I saw a man kneeling beside a wounded soldier, whose feeble moans indicated that he was near the end. 'What,' said the kneeling man, 'can I do for you?' 'Nothing, I fear, I am dying.' The visitor said, 'Are you prepared to die, have you faith in Him who alone can save you?' The dying soldier gave an affirmative reply, and named an evangelical church of which he had been a member from his youth. 'I hope it is well with you, I am a clergyman and will gladly pray for you.' 'Please do,' whispered the soldier. The clergyman prayed for the man who had given his life for his country."

Later, and still nearer the enemy's line, he came again upon this priest, as he was striving to bring back to the Church one of her children who had fallen away:

"I asked the name of the man who had gone forth on this battle field in the late watches of the night, regardless of imminent danger, to minister to those passing beyond human aid and was told that he was Francis McAtee, chaplain of the Thirty-First, New York. From that night he held a warm place in my heart."

Farther on we find proof that the officer did not forget the chaplain. In the absence of Chaplain Miller, Colonel Curtis requested Lieutenant-Colonel Seaver to invite Father McAtee to preach to

the regiment. This he was at first disinclined to do, but "when I told him of the priest's labors on the battle-field of Antietam, he relented so far as to permit me to invite him in his name, but stipulated that I should superintend the services, as he would not be there." The invitation was extended on behalf of the colonel, and the priest came one Sunday afternoon, when the sun was pouring down the heat of a midsummer day. Father McAtee had recently suffered from a partial sunstroke, and, though fearing prostration if he stood in the sunlight, he conducted the service while the officer, a Protestant, sheltered him from the sun's rays by holding an umbrella over his head.

In the regiment there was a man who found great delight in attending what he called "preaching by a spiritually minded man, powerful in prayer and earnest in exhortation," and yet, so bigoted was he, that he thought that only the members of his church were of the elect. Captain Curtis persuaded him to attend the service, and he sat through it in rapt attention. Afterwards he came to the officer and said: "Captain, that minister you held the umbrella over today is one of the elect. He is filled with the grace of God. If we could get him to stay with us, I am sure he would bring every sinner to repentance." When asked to name the church to which this preacher belonged, he answered, "Methodist, of course; that's plain to any one," and could hardly believe that the preacher belonged to the church which he thought contained no good.

Passing in review the engagements at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Marye's Heights, and Salem Church, General Curtis notes many an occurrence that could be expanded into a story of more than passing interest, but not even the scope of a book could do full justice to a period of such stirring activity. We must therefore pass on to the closing chapters, pausing a moment to read the answer to the question, "How did you feel when going into battle and while under fire?"

The general answers it in a chapter bearing the title, "Under the Enemy's Fire." He declares that one of the greatest blessings to a soldier is the fact that vivid impressions preceding action are soon effaced in the progress of battle, and that the fear of death is, at best, but momentary. The severest test begins at loading, in proximity to the enemy, and sometimes fear disturbs, for a time, the mental and physical state of the soldier. Brave men have not been exempt from this fear, but silently controlled their emotions until the paroxysm passed off. An instance is recorded of a youth who, on the eve of battle, had flinched, and in an agony of fear begged to be allowed to go home. When told by the general in command that he was acting like a baby, he sobbed out, "I wish I was a baby, and a girl baby, too." But forced into the ranks, he rose to the needs of the occasion and proved to have the spirit and fibre of a soldier.

"I had no fear of death in battle," says General Curtis, "for before I was mustered into service I had a presentiment that I would not be killed in the army, but would have my eyesight injured. In my last battle I lost the sight of my left eye by the fragment of a shell. Although in two battles I was advised by surgeons on the field that I was mortally wounded, I was nevertheless at no time shaken in my belief that I should survive the war."

The care given to the soldiers in the hospitals would have been entirely inadequate had it not been for the work of the volunteer nurses, to whom General Curtis gives warm praise for their hu-

manity and skill. In many cases their intervention saved the limbs of injured soldiers, as on numerous occasions amputation would have been resorted to if opposition had not been raised by the devoted attendants.

On Friday, May 22, 1863, the members of the Sixteenth received their discharges, and, being paid off, proceeded to their northern homes. Of those who had marched from the north two years before, a goodly number had fallen on the battle-field, others had died of disease in camps and hospitals, and a number greater than that of the dead had been invalided by wounds and disease and sent to recuperate or die among their kindred. The roster attached to the book tells how many of each class. This roster will perhaps be of most interest to soldiers and their friends, but the recapitulatory tables are of value to students of vital statistics, to legislators, and to those interested in recruiting military organizations.

During its term of service the Sixteenth had fought against great odds, and once only did it sleep on the ground it had fought over. The regiment had never hesitated to advance against the enemy, had never retired from the firing line until ordered, and had never lost a flag or a single gun of any battery it had been directed to support. Within sixty days after the muster out of the Sixteenth, six hundred and forty of its members were enrolled in eighty-three organizations, and each one was mustered "to serve three years or during the war."

THE GRAY PATH.

BY RICHARD AUMERLE.

Saint Hyacinthe's is not a good place to be lonely in, altogether, it is prettily but not fitly named; or maybe it has withered away from its name. At least, the only fulfilment of the name's flowery promise is a withering one. For the only flowers there are dying ones, sacrificed in the full romp of their beauty, and left on nameless graves to die out their own pitiful martyrdom for the sake of a memory. These graves, themselves, are only memories; mere hints and suggestions of graves, wilful hillocks of tousled, long grass, lying as they may in the license of neglect. Even the head-stones here do not fall as they ought, but merely lie down and recline comfortably, and smooth their coverlets of grass over them, knowing that they will not be disturbed. No one is buried in Saint Hyacinthe's ground. There is no room.

Yet, if one would observe the proprieties in these things, here is the very rightest place to be sad in. For here is the rectory, gray, moss-ridden, eloquent, if you will, of the past, but saying little of the present, nothing of the future. The church, too, faces the past. The world has moved away, but the church will stay. It has its congregation at hand, not inside, to be sure; but near enough. They will not go away. They are secure. So, though the light burns ever within, from the outside the church grows smaller and more distant from the time. And one must rather look to see it vanish into the past than for any misguided hand to attempt its renovation. And here is a stone walk,

twelve smoothed flags, from rectory to church, where one may pace the day out, and the night, too, if need be, with his sorrow. He may bury his sorrow here, but he must lie with it. And it is so easy to give up the fight. One has only to lift his foot over the little box hedge and be with the dead. Here and there is a gap, too, where even a blind man might shuffle through and be at rest. But then —there is no room.

It is twenty paces of a tall man from rectory to church, and a turn on one's heel, and twenty paces back. Father Marvin knew this well. He had measured it to a swing; not in the interests of science, but that he might not bruise his foot on the church step. The sun was glorious this morning, even for this sun-fondled place. Father Marvin had not seen it yet—he never would. He had known that this day must come. With a sort of helpless, bound strength, he had been waiting through the months for it. One by one, he had taken leave of the duties of his daily round. One by one, he had looked his last on the things he had loved to look upon, with something of the shudder with which one touches the hand of the dead. He had seen the spring, the autumn would never come. Every morning, for weeks, he had crept from a feverish bed, to sit by the open window in the cool damp of the dawn and wait for the shimmering gray streak that stood him for daylight. Would it come? He had grown to watch for it as for the breath of life, seeing it every day grow feebler. It was not hope. That was long gone. It was merely the lingering, last grasp on the things that were known. This morning he had waited by the window, fingering the bare hands of his watch till they told of eight o'clock. And the gray streak had not come—it never would. And, curiously enough, the first note was a sort of dumb relief. He could lie abed now. Then he dressed himself, accurately as ever, and went down to measure those flags. The dark, itself, was not so bad. One can see much in the dark, if only he can open the eyes of his soul to it. But the loneliness! Not the lack of human company; he had been always somewhat of a solitaire; but the drowning sense of isolation, of being nowhere, of having no surroundings, of unutterable distance, of no bearings! Yes! There were the flags—twenty paces.

Eight years before, Father Marvin had been ordained, and, even in a society of priests which lays a heavy discount on youth and precocity, he had been welcomed as promising. Then came the years of Roman study, for his degree, filled, as it seemed, with graspings at the very roots of truth; then two years of real work at the odds of human life in a hard city parish. Many things may be unlearned in two years. Then, out of the wreck, came a new, compelling, conquering notion, of work to be done, of a book that the world must have. Two small books had appeared as preliminaries, hardly more than pamphlets, crude, strong things, showing power, with a need of poise and judgment. Now he was ready to consecrate himself, body and life, to his real work; the book that was to be of him. Two years of feverish, hammering probing at his own soul, and the book was ready to be begun. At this, came orders from his superior to drop the work, out of hand. It was, according to the wisest and most stubborn of doctors, a simple question; whether he would live six months or maybe forty years, hinging merely on whether he should stop work or persist. The plainest sort of question, it seemed. But it was not quite so plain to the man himself. If he con-

tinued the work, and died, the work might be finished first. If he dropped the work now, he was sure he would lose his hold upon it. I am not smiling at the little need which the world felt for his book. That was another matter. It was his all to give, and he was ready. The question, however, was purely academic; his orders were imperative.

He had dropped the work from his hands, but not from his head or heart, and had gone off grudgingly for a winter in the South,—to fret and worry himself back into that second-growth youth, which sanguine men take for a return of real youth's power.

Back in a six-month, and buried in his work, through feverish, fasting hours, until little black spots began to appear—tantalizing little things, with a nasty habit of smirching the clean paper just where one was going to write a chosen word. Maybe he knew what they meant, but tradition, anyhow, brought him to an oculist. This man was fully as wise as the physicians had been, and even more stubborn. He might have light a year or two, if he husbanded it—a few months, if he would be profligate. For three months he had raced the shadow night and day, feeling the cold slant of it creeping closer, yet never wasting a look backward upon it; counting every page as it slipped away under the pen. One midnight the shadow had fallen. Silently, almost with deference, and with no word, he laid down the pen. Then, with a queer turn of economy, he groped for the button to shut off the foolish light. The race was lost. But he had taken the conditions, and he had been bred to lose quietly. So he had merely sat by the window, not thinking, there was nothing more to be thought out, just waiting for the gray streak.

Now there was not even the streak to wait for, and the keen, steady grip of mind that had been numb in the months of waiting was quickened and was coming back to wrestle again. An assistant had taken up the parish work where he had left it, so he had nothing to do now — except live. As he measured the twenty paces of his walk, he was whimsically counting over to himself the wonderful stories he had heard of the skill and acuteness of touch acquired by the blind. But the most that he seemed to remember was that they had made patchwork quilts, telling the colors by touch. Maybe he would do that. He would not begin to-day; but a little quiver ran over him at the thought of a day when he might be forced to it to escape worse.

At this point comes a patter of hurrying feet from where Father Marvin knows the corner of the house used to be; straight at him, across a grave or two, and stops suddenly a few feet away. He, too, halts with a jerk of nervous caution. Follows—a situation—

"Well, little man," Father Marvin makes a venture, to relieve the tension, "how are you this morning?"

"I isn't a little man."

"Oh!" then, recovering a little, "and who is you?"

"I'm Elsie, and I've lost my butterfly. Oh, such a pretty one, with big brown ears! Did you see it?"

"I—I'm afraid I wasn't looking."

"And what did you think I was a boy for? You're funny."

"Why, I must have been joking, Elsie; of course I didn't mean it. But come over the hedge; won't you?"

A little scramble, and—pause—he can almost feel two big eyes, wondering up at him.

"Is you Father Marbin? If you is, I isn't to bother you." (Ain't is only one more of the good things of life denied the children of careful mammas.)

"Yes, I'm Father Marvin; but why mustn't you bother me?"

"Oh, I mustn't bother anybody, only the bishop, when he takes me on his knee. But then he's fat."

"And may you always bother fat people?"

"No—I guess it's only when they's bishops."

"Ah, I see. But you haven't told me your other name yet, and how is it you never called on me before?"

"Oh, I didn't come to call to-day; I just run'd. But I'm Ellen Cecilia Gallagher, and I'm going to stay here all summer because I've got 'nerves,' and I'm six years and three-quarters of a year old, and I'm staying at that farmhouse down there. You can see it, because you're high up."

"Yes, I see it, Elsie."

"But you don't look the right way; it's over there."

"Oh, yes." And, brought to attention, he managed to strike approximately the direction. "I see it now. I thought it was the other house," he prevaricated.

Another pause, and again that pair of big eyes, wondering up into his consciousness. Was it possible that there was already something about him that this child could notice? He had not dared to move, for he had lost the run of the flags and would surely betray himself; and his infirmity was not yet old enough to be worn with comfort. Nothing came of the study.

"Do you like doctors, Father?"

"Well, I'm afraid I don't, Elsie; at least, not very well."

"Neither do I. They won't let me go to the seashore. And"— *crescendo* — "they ought to be all shipwrecked."

A rustle of skirts coming around the corner was just in time for Elsie's pronouncement.

"Why, Elsie, how did you come here? I'm afraid she has been worrying you, Dr. Marvin."

"No indeed, Mrs. Gallagher—it is she, isn't it—in fact, we were just forming a league, defensive and offensive, aga"—

"Is you a doctor?" Such a world of blasted hopes and sorrowful reproach as these words carried. Here was one, whom she had been ready to take to the broad bosom of her confidence, and he was turning out no better than a doctor!

"Oh, no, Elsie." The D.D. hastened to exonerate himself. "I'm not your kind of a doctor; I never give pills or powders or bitter things."

"Do you send folks to the country for 'nerves'?"

"I never did that in my life."

"Come now, Elsie," interposed the mother, "you've bothered the Father enough."

"But you'll come again soon, won't you, Elsie?"

"Well, if you isn't that kind of a doctor, I'll come to call on you when I'm dressed up."

And it was dark again. The priest had lost the count of the paces, but, with only a little stumble, he managed the steps and sank somewhat wearily into the waiting armchair. And a certain tired maiden would not consent to the afternoon nap until she had heard many times in full the distinction between a Doctor of Divinity and a medical man, which, if not entirely clear, was at least reassuring.

The "call" after lunch began in a triumph of formality and stiff muslin, but ended in a romp with the Irish setter, Pat, to the utter demoralization of ruffles and calling etiquette. In its course, however, many things had been discussed. The question of doctorship being, of course, paramount, was gone into at great length, and was finally shelved by the sentence of Elsie.

"Then the's two kinds of doctors: doctors that's doctors and doctors that hasn't got whiskers." The whiskers being settled upon as the last badge of opprobrium.

Several times during the afternoon Elsie had seemed on the brink of a discovery; not by what she had said, but by a puzzled, cautious silence, which, even in one so young, proved the eternal tact of her sex, where a boy would have bludgeoned out a raw question. Once, when Father Marvin had compromised himself by calling the pea-blossoms, which she had brought him, pansies, Elsie had, indeed, made some rather pointed remarks as to his deficiency in the matter of *flora*. But, when later the talk had come to the color of Elsie's hair, and he had rashly committed himself to yellow, whereas it was almost crimpy black, she felt the presence of mystery and took it to her soul, not to be studied on or found out,—she knew that would spoil all,—but to be cherished and nourished with true feminine love of the hidden. She had seen blind men; probably she had played at being blind, but that would not do. Such a crude, palpable explanation she indignantly put down to the dullness of the unenlightened.

Elsie's comings took no more the nature of calls, but were mere runnings, a half-dozen to the day. Whether with her dolls, or just waking from her nap, or even in the middle of lunch, she would start, as if beckoned by some sprite of her own world, and before any one could stop her, would be pattering up the lane. Her mother, a woman of fine perceptions, really felt the child slipping away from her in mind, as she so often did in body, but grudged it not if the little one brought something of cheer to the lonely man in the dark. Between him and Elsie there grew the intimacy of fullest understanding. It was not that he condescended to the child's view,—in fact, it was oftener the child who condescended,—but rather, that both came to a knowledge of things unseen: he, groping from under the wreck of things, to find new bearings; she, revelling in mysteries of her own making; each drawn to the other by the bond of common isolation; she, separated from her kind by "nerves" and things; he, separated from his kind by nerves and other things. Hers was the only companionship that he could have tolerated at all in those earliest days. She had come scrambling into his life through that break in the hedge where the *gray path* was to run, on the very morning when the light of earth had left him.

She belonged not to the old, for he had never seen her. She seemed to have been born that very day, the first being of his new world. To the sense, she was a voice, a patter of restless feet, no more. To the lonely, broken soul of the man, she was light, grace, and a promise. That first morning he had been trying to nerve himself to open the eyes of his thought for a look down the darkening vista of days, that would be nights, of hours, crawling into years. One glance he had taken, full into the face of it, and he had quailed. That night, when Elsie had gone, after her "call," he had looked again, long and steadily, and had seen that it would be given him to bear it to the end. But the end; how long! Since then he had not looked again. Elsie's comings, as it seemed, out of spirit land, to him, were giving a light in that new world, which he was trying to create for himself. In the months since the shadow had fallen, he had learned that a blind man trying to live in, and be of, the world visible, is but a silly, doddering thing, after all. Therefore, the world where he would live must be a new

world, fashioned out of his own soul. Elsie brought with her nothing of the world visible. She, then, was eligible; and around the light of her spirit presence, he was learning to group the new thoughts, the furnishings of the new world. The problem now was, not to fumble backwards after the things of sight, but to walk, straight and free, in the way of his own vision.

This lesson Elsie daily taught him, in her disregard of the body of things, and even in her utter ignoring of the fact that lay between them. With knowledge too tenderly shrewd for a healthy-minded child, she saw that she must not bring up the things which she could see, but which were hidden to him. What then? There must be things that he could see. She knew that he did see things, for even as she sat on the lower step, her elbow resting on the next, peering up into his face, she saw the grave, tired face suddenly lighten into a smile of greeting, gentle and far away, to some being in another world. What was it? She had once seen a little baby that the angels had just brought from heaven, and it had smiled in its sleep, and her mamma told her that the angels were whispering to it. She wondered. No, she did not think that angels would just do.

The problem was too much for the open; the spring-house, with its damp silences, seemed the fitting arena for the struggle. But even here there seemed no help. The "really, really" things were the only ones that would come, and these she did not want. Dreams would not do; they were such rambling things, where nothing ever ended. It could not be dreams. In that week when the mystery came upon her in its full weight, the spring-house became her refuge between her "runnings." It did not help much, but still it seemed the only place to wrestle with such heavy things. And, besides, it was cooling to the feverish "nerves" that these deep worries were heating. The week was a hurry of tiring days and more tiring, restless nights, so that it was a very wearied, sober-eyed little lady who walked up the middle aisle to High Mass on Sunday.

The priest had given out the announcements and read the Epistle and Gospel and had gone with the two boys to the chairs at the side. Just the slightest breath of expectation rustled among the demure congregation, as it was apparent that some stranger was to preach. But the breath was hushed into wonder, when Father Marvin, appearing in the sacristy door, walked straight to the very middle of the chancel, genuflected to the altar, turned half around, and bowed to the priest sitting, then walked to the little pulpit, and ascended, with steady, measured tread. Again Father Marvin had been measuring paces, and again, not in the interest of science. His appearance was a surprise to all, for, in the months past, they had seen him only a dim, bowed figure, kneeling in the shadow toward the back of the altar. To Elsie, the question leaped, flashing: Could he see things in church?

The text was about seeing through a glass darkly, and then, face to face. It did not seem to help much, for she knew he had never worn glasses, and it did not come near her point, anyway; for what she must have was to see with him the things which he saw. She was settled, however, in a conviction that, before he finished, he would let her see what those things were. He was talking now about some man, "Saul," that the Lord made blind, and she thought surely he must be coming to it. But "Saul" was true blind, and they had to lead him, and he did not see anything until some man with a very long name gave him his eyes again. "Saul" would not do.

Still her faith persevered, and it seemed that the very strength of her wish reached the man in the pulpit, for he turned now to talk about another man, named Paul. She did not know whether it was Paul or Father Marvin that said it, but the words were plain as could be: "If we would see God and the things of God, we must die to the things around us, to every thing of earth."

To Elsie nothing could be more explicit; Father Marvin was dead. He was dead to the pretty flowers she had brought him. He was dead to the clouds that she had one day, in the period of ignorance, tried to show him were like snow-banks. He was dead to the little bird that had alighted one day right on her arm, and which she had not dared show him. He was dead to Dinah, too, for, on one or two occasions, when Elsie had brought her, he had not noticed her at all. These were the things of earth. He saw God and the things of God; he lived in heaven with God.

The rest of the sermon was, of course, irrevelant. While Elsie knelt and rose with the rest, she was praying always to know the things that she must die to: there were the birds and the flowers and chasing butterflies and Maria Dolores, her lovely new nun doll, and, most dear, black Dinah, the smudge of rags that had shared her pillow since before she could remember. Dinah did not seem very "earthy," but conscience said she must go. As Elsie came down the aisle, her way was plain before her; but her feet seemed to lag a little, for she knew that, outside, the trial would begin. When she came out, the sunshine, which always made her feel better, was there. It seemed that *it* ought to be a "thing of God," but she knew that Father Marvin did not see it, so it must be a "thing of earth."

Passing down the lane, by the rectory, she saw Father Marvin sitting on the side porch. She wanted to go, just for a minute, and sit on the steps at his feet, but somehow, just now, she did not seem to dare. The quiet, lined face told her that he was seeing the things of heaven. She passed so close that it seemed he must almost feel the jumping of the "nerves" in her little, fevered body. But he did not notice her, and now a frightening thought came hurling itself upon her. Maybe she was a "thing of earth"; what if he were dead to *her!* That could not be, though, for she had seen his face light up when she would come stealing up on him, just as it did when he looked at the far-away things. But what if he should make up his mind that he would have to die to her, just as she was having to put away Dinah! The thought sent her down the lane in a panic—to begin the real work of dying to things. Not a minute was to be lost, for at any time he might, if she hesitated, come to realize that she was a "thing of earth." She had never thought of herself before, but now conviction was strong upon her, and the taunt, "thing of earth! thing of earth!" was dinning into ears that were already ringing with something more real than the aroused consciousness of depravity.

The spring-house that afternoon was the scene of sacrifice. The place had been chosen with the eye of a general and a seer. In the very darkest corner, where the water bubbled up so mysteriously, right there the drain opened its big, black mouth to carry things away forever. On happier days Elsie had dropped sticks into the spring to see the black mouth close down on them and swallow them away. To-day she must put its possibilities to use, for, with the cunning of her worried little soul, she knew the propensity of our race to take back its offerings. And once she had

dropped the "things of earth" into the spring, the mouth would take them, and it would be all over.

With the scapegoats hugged up in her arms, suspiciously close to her heart, but walking as one who goes calm to desperate conflict, Elsie came to the scene and opened the ceremonies by rubric. The fluffy lamb went first; he seemed the most "earthy." She just gave him one squeeze, to hear him bleat for the last time, and then he was flung away into the very mouth, and went, bobbing his stub tail to the last. Her pink sandals were next; she knew them the source of much vanity. And, defiantly, their pink heels riding high, they tripped away into the black. Three silk hair-ribbons followed, more decorously. Two side-combs—she had made a disgraceful scene for them with her mother in the store, and, only last week, in her blindness, she had prayed for hair enough to wear them with—glided away. It was not so awfully hard; but as she knelt, looking into the great mouth, it seemed to be growing bigger and blacker, and —it took so much to satisfy it, and— there was a lump coming up from somewhere into her throat. It was Maria Dolores' turn now. With the gravity of a priestess, Elsie gave the doll a reclining posture in her arms, so that the eyes would decently close. One of them would not shut, but stood wide open, staring and accusing. She had always stood a little in awe of Maria Dolores, with her wonderful starched bib; but here was no place to hesitate. With an apologetic kiss, Elsie closed the blaming eye, and Maria Dolores was laid reverently on the water, to float away serenely into the dark. The black mouth was gaping horribly for Dinah, — Dinah, whose painted ears had heard the secrets of the soul, who, as her sticky mouth showed, had been fed from Elsie's own spoon! The lump was getting awfully big now.

"Dinah, I'm going to do it now. You don't know why, and I'm not going to tell you, 'cause you wouldn't 'preciate. And I isn't sorry. Oh, yes; I'm sorry for you, Dinah, 'cause you have to be swallowed up, but I isn't sorry for me at all. No, I tell you I isn't sorry for me, not one bit." She was anxious not to be misunderstood on this point. "Please, Dinah, don't look at me that way. Couldn't you shut your eyes like Maria Dolores? You know I loves you, Dinah. But I don't, Dinah, 'cause I mustn't; 'cause that's the trouble, 'cause you're a 'thing of earth' " (she quoted to strengthen her position), " 'and we must put you away.' I can't, Dinah, I can't. Couldn't you fall in yourself, please? But I mustn' 'tesitate, 'cause I'se got to put you away. I'll just put one foot in first. Is it awful cold, Dinah? Now the other one, and I'll just put you in slow an' 'twon't hurt so much. Don't cry, please,"—Dinah was now down to the waist—" 'cause if you cry, I'll cry, and I'll be a cast-out." Then came the revulsion, and Dinah was snatched back dripping, to the heaving little breast. "But I must, Dinah, I must." And Dinah was sunk again, this time to the region of the arm-pits. Again a convulsive struggle, as Dinah is hugged for the last time, the icy water flooding down Elsie's front, and Dinah is almost hurled away into the depths. The great maw opens wide—wide, and Dinah is gone!

The torn, hunted spirit breaks now, and the little body lies moaning on the very brink of the pool.

Father Marvin, sitting on the porch through the dreamy Sunday afternoon, listening to the footfalls and the subdued murmur of people as they passed in and out among the graves of friends, began to be nervously conscious that something

was missing. He could not in his abstraction, at first, tell just what it was, but it came to him that it was Elsie. She had not "run'd" all day. His vague worry was almost turning to fretfulness, when the hurrying swish of skirts came past the corner, and Mrs. Gallagher was anxiously asking if Elsie had been with him. "No," she had not come all day, and he was beginning to miss her keenly. But Mrs. Gallagher was already gone to the Goodnows, where Elsie never visited, except in state.

The suspense in the dark was too much. Before he remembered, he was down the steps, across the lawn, and fumbling for the latch of the gate into the lane. The feeling, heavy on his spirit, that Elsie was calling to him, led him, erect and sure-footed, down the lane and, all unconscious, into the path that branched off to the spring-house. He could not quite place the path in his mind, or where it led, but, as he drew near, the fresh, old, familiar air told him of the spring, and, even as he began to shuffle for the steps, he heard the moaning of the child. The steps did not matter now. They came to his feet by the very strength of his need, and the sobs of Elsie brought him safe to his knees at her side. With her, dripping and struggling piteously in his arms, he was out again in the sunshine. The impetus, though, was gone, and he could not now find the return path or fix his directions. Helpless, wandering a few steps this way and that, he was seen by Mrs. Gallagher, and led, still clinging to Elsie, to their house.

For three days the frail little body battled with the fever of "nerves," always too strong for it, wrought now to the breaking point, of exposure and of exhaustion. And around it was grouped the tableau of sorrow; at the side, the mother; in the shadows, a figure of grim, frozen grief, the father; leaning by the head-post, rigid in the chilling fear that gripped him, the priest, listening to Elsie's broken moans: "Yes, Dinah, I'se got to put you away, 'cause you're a 'thing of earth.' Please don't look at me that way, Dinah; it burns my eyes; it burns! Please close that eye, Maria Dolores; I'll kiss it shut. Only, don't look at me."

On the evening of the third day, as the long, yellow bars of the departing sun lingered to meet the gathering shadows of the room, the fever rested, content with its work, and Elsie turned steady eyes upon the bent figure at her side. "Father Marbin, I died to the 'things of earth.' I put away Dinah and all, and now I can see the 'things of God'; can't I?"

Words had no place in the choking sobs of the man; the wearied little head nestled to the mother arms; the Angel, touching the silken cord, gave answer for him.

They found room for Elsie in the quiet congregation—a nook left vacant among the hillocks of another generation. And there the Gray Path runs, through the graves, through the years—from the doorstep, fourteen paces, to the break in the hedge, where Elsie had first scrambled through, and then, ten paces, to the little mound—a line of gray gravel, turning hard with the tread of the man, as he measures; seeing, indeed, but a gray path through the "things of earth," but heeding only the presence from the spirit world, that steals whispering at his side, bringing to his eyes the sight of the "things of God."

A FIRST COMMUNION DAY IN BRITTANY.

FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Through the hurrying throng at the transfer station, in a great city, a little white-clad figure tripped along, and as it passed many a kindly glance marked its progress, and to more than one mind came memories of First Communion Day, that day which stands apart from all others, replete

"With love so sweet and joy so strange."

Artists have drawn from it some of their loftiest conceptions, and men and women in all ranks of life treasure mental pictures of the scenes attending their own First Communion, though all cannot reproduce them on canvas or describe them in words.

Mrs. Craven, in "The Sister's Story," gives us a beautiful, touching picture of one First Communion Day in Rome. It would be difficult to find a more spiritual and simple description of this great event:

Olga made her First Communion on the 23d of September, and I will transcribe from my journal two or three passages I wrote on that occasion. "It was a rare privilege for Olga to make her First Communion at Rome, but never did God's graces descend on a soul more worthy to receive them. Religion expands her mind and governs her imagination. Her most habitual thoughts are spiritual ones, yet she is young, and childlike for her age. And is not this precisely what God loves? After Benediction, on the eve of the great day, one of the nuns fetched us from the church, and we went and kissed our dear little sister, who was looking as calm and fair as an angel. We passed through the beautiful cloisters, which were illuminated by the most brilliant moonlight, and at home that evening we prepared Olga's white veil and dress, and her crown of white roses. It was a sweet employment, and on the morrow of that day, the angels our darling loves and invokes so often will have looked with pleasure on the fair child; for it was for God alone she was adorned, and her beauty was holy as her young heart. She and Albertine were to be confirmed before Mass, and as I was Olga's god-mother I knelt by her side all the time, which I felt to be a great privilege. Cardinal Lambruschini officiated. Nobody could have witnessed, without emotion, the scene in that chapel, and I hope God will give me grace to be always faithful to the resolution I made that day at the foot of the altar, and to bear in mind the touching words addressed to us, and the moment when, with Olga, we all received Communion. The complete union which existed between us, the quiet, silent thanksgiving after Mass, and the peaceful, intense joy with which our little sister embraced us as we came out of the church, must ever live in my remembrance.

"At three o'clock we went again to the church. Olga renewed her baptismal vows, with her hand on the Gospels, and afterwards, in a clear, distinct, and calm voice, recited an act of consecration in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. At half-past five solemn Benediction was given, with the most melodious singing, and all the accompaniments which help to raise our weak souls to the highest pitch of devotion. A Catholic may well challenge the world to produce sights equal in beauty to those his religion affords, or anything that surpasses the feelings it inspires. Oh, how I blessed God that day that I was born in His Church! Thus ended this happy day."

The journal of Eugénie De Guérin abounds in exquisite passages, telling of the way in which each day is spent, and of the events that vary the ordinary routine. In even her most trivial occupation there seems to be a spiritual intention; while working in the kitchen she strives to induce one of her servants to go to confession for Christmas; again in the quiet of her little room she meditates on spiritual books; her walks through snow-bordered paths make her wish to gather the frost flowers into a bouquet for the Blessed Sacrament; teaching little children she puts before them the model of the Divine Child; and presently she speaks of her delight on being present at a First Communion cer-

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

emony in a country church, "God bestowing Himself simply on children," she calls it—surely a fitting description. It is a pretty scene that she brings before us, — the little church, the happy children, the Curé, who "preferred innocence to knowledge,"—so pretty that we must not miss any of the delicate touches that her graceful pen gives to the portrayal:

To-morrow is a day of great solemnity at Andillac, a First Communion. Augustine, young as she is, is of the number of happy children. Some time hence she would indeed have been better informed, but M. le Curé prefers innocence to knowledge, and I hold that he is right. The worthy man will have scope for all his good shepherd zeal, all his tender charity, to-morrow. It is a blessed day for him, too.

What a sweet, simple, pious, and touching ceremony! I have only time to say this, and to declare that, of all festivals, the one I delight in most is a First Communion in a country district,—God bestowing Himself simply on children. Miou, the little Franconil de Gaillard, and Augustine, were exquisite, both in innocence and beauty. How pretty they looked under their little white veils, when they returned weeping from the holy table! Divine tears! Children united to God, who can tell what was passing at that moment in their souls? M. le Curé was admirable in his unction and gentleness; it was the Saviour saying to children, "Come unto me." Oh, how lovingly he addressed them! and then how he recommended to their care that white robe, that innocence with which they were clothed!

The children who are preparing for the great day, as well as those older children who look back with tender memories on the time when they, too, made ready to receive their God, will like to read the legend Eleanor C. Donnelly has woven into a poem, "The Children of the Golden Sheaf." It will do us good to pause for a while and watch the little devotees as they drop the golden grains in the box at the chapel door, an act "with pure significance complete." The poem is one of a collection that should be familiar to all Catholics:

A convent-chapel, at whose curtain'd door,
(Half in the light, and half in shadow hid),
Is hung a little box, seal'd evermore,
But, with a tiny cross pierc'd in its lid;

The lamp before its altar, ceaseless, burns,
And scent of flow'rs and incense haunts the place;
And there, when happy children steal, by turns,
To worship, at His shrine, the Lord of grace,—

They drop within the box, a grain of wheat,—
A little off'ring worldlings might despise,
But one with pure significance replete,
Which Jesus and His Mother richly prize;

For ev'ry one of those small golden grains
Denotes some act of faith, of hope, of love;
Some childish passion quench'd, some childish pains
Endur'd to please Christ's loving Heart above.

Gladdest of gleaners,—yea, in meadows sweet,
Where springs the grain from fadeless flow'r and leaf,
The guileless souls which, there, exultant, meet,
Are called the Children of the Golden Sheaf.

And all their touching acts of self-control,
Of love, of purity, of patience blest,
Are practiced to prepare each little soul
For the first visit of its Heavenly Guest.

The angels smile, when thro' the corridor,
They catch the patter of the children's feet;
They softly sing, when, at the chapel-door,
They hear the dropping of the golden wheat;

And, hearkening, the tender Heart of Christ
Is thrilled with rapture on His altar-throne,
For well He knows each joy is sacrific'd,
Each penance practiced for His sake alone.

At last,—at last,—sweet Zeal the measure fills!—
By virgin hands the grain is harvested;—
The snowy meal, from out the convent-mills,
Is deftly fashioned into altar-bread.

And, at the Mass, on First Communion Day,
Those precious Hosts are to the children given;
And Jesus comes with joy, as well He may,
To find in each pure heart, His little heaven!

FIRST COMMUNICANTS IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

O blessèd usage! linking myriad lives
To purest practices of cloistered years!
O memory of Peace, whence Pain derives
A rainbow glory gilding gloomiest tears!

O dream of deeds, as pearls beyond all price!
The hour—the Host—the First Communion shrine,
Where all the sweets of childish sacrifice
Were mingled first with Sacrifice Divine!

Swift run the reapers of those sinless days,—
But ere they store the harvest, rich and broad,
The gleaners, in a thousand charming ways,
Have bound apace the Golden Sheaf of God.

And well for those young toilers, one and all,
If, in life's aftermath (come joy, come grief),
The heav'nly Harvest-Home they oft recall,
And bind, once more, afar, their Golden Sheaf!

Among the poems written by Father Faber is one in which the service rendered by the flowers, lights, and pyx is contrasted with the privilege of the soul on "Communion Day":

O happy Flowers! O happy Flowers!
How quietly for hours and hours,
In dead of night, in cheerful day,
Close to my own dear Lord you stay,
Until you gently fade away!
O happy Flowers, what would I give
In your sweet place all day to live,
And then to die, my service o'er,
Softly as you do, at His door.

O happy Lights! O happy Lights!
Watching by Jesus livelong nights,
How close you cluster round His throne,
Dying so meekly one by one,
As each its faithful watch has done.
Could I with you but take my turn,
And burn with love of Him, and burn
Till love had wasted me, like you—
Sweet Lights! what better could I do?

O happy Pyx! O happy Pyx!
Where Jesus doth His dwelling fix;
O little palace, dear and bright,
Where He, who is the world's true light
Spends all the day, and stays all night!
Ah! if my heart could only be
A little home for Him like thee,
Such fires my happy soul would move,
I could not help but die of love!

O Pyx, and Lights, and Flowers! but I
Through envy of you will not die;
Nay, happy things! what will you do?
For I am better off than you,
The whole day long, the whole night through
For Jesus gives Himself to me,
So sweetly and so utterly,
By right long since I should have died
For love of Jesus Crucified.

My happy Soul! my happy Soul!
How shall I then my love control?
O sweet Communion! Feast of bliss!
When the dear Host my tongue doth kiss
What happiness is like to this?
O heaven, I think, must be alway
Quite like a First Communion Day;
With love so sweet and joy so strange—
Only that heaven will never change.

At greater length the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., in "The Children's First Communion," recalls the fair, bright morning, the groups of children hurrying churchward, their devout attention as the Mass proceeds, and the fatherly discourse addressed to the communicants:

There are rich, vivid moments in life's day—
Chiefly to young and guileless spirits given—
Keen, exquisite joy that will not, must not stay,
For this is earth around us, and not heaven.
This fullest rapture, without taint or leaven
Of sin or sadness, can be felt by none
More perfectly than by the child that, shriven
From its least trace of evil, thought or done,
Sees in clear morning sky the First Communion sun.

The sun shines brightly out, as if it knew
How many hearts are glad to see it shine;
For all the dresses white and ribbons blue
Borrow a brighter glow, O sun! from thine.
Whole months of sunshine would these maids resign
(What matters hay-crop or the ripening corn?)
To be secured until this day's decline
From drenching downpour and from mist forlorn—
All sunshine bright as now, this First Communion morn.

Yes, till the day's decline; for not till then
These snowy garments shall be doffed. In bands,
Through lanes and hamlets, and then home again,
They'll shyly march, with interwoven hands,

A FIRST COMMUNION BAND IN SWITZERLAND.

Less gay but happier than their wont. Thy sands,
O Time! should glide less rapidly to-day.
But now 'tis early morning, yet there stands
A little knot at stages on the way,
Eager to shine among the churchward-bound array.

. . . . . .

The Mass begins. They kneel, and e'en the priest
Kneels where he's wont to stand, and strikes his breast
At *their* Confiteor; and when they've ceased,
He speaks out slowly, solemnly the rest.
O First Communicants! pray, pray your best,
For time is passing, and the moment nears
For which so many prayers have been addressed—
So many longing sighs and heart-wrung tears—
Pray now with tears to Him who falling teardrop hears.

The Gospel o'er, the servers seat them round
Upon the altar steps: the rest sit, too,
And nought is heard save the impressive sound
Of many silent hearts. "My children, you
Who are my joy and pride, my treasure true"—
So doth the Bishop his discourse begin
Which I in vain might strive to preach anew,
For (more than words) his looks, tones, gestures win
Their way to innocent hearts undimmed by care or sin.

"Happy, my children, happy, happy ye!
The Lord is with you. He who said of old
'Suffer the little ones to come to Me,
The tender, snow-white lambkins of my fold'—
He cometh now within your breasts to hold
Sweet converse, and His gracious gifts to shower.
Ah! not by man's tongue can the tale be told
Of all the works of grace and love and power
That He, the hidden God, works in Communion-hour.

"List to His prayer: *'My child, give me thy heart!'*
From this entreaty turn not cold away,
But beg Him of His bounty to impart
All gifts and graces of this blessed day,
And seal your hearts as all His own for aye.
So when the years, many or few, have fled,
Through which God willeth you on earth to stay,
He who shall month by month your souls have fed
Will at the last come thus to bless your dying bed.

"Oh! in the days or years 'twixt now and then
May God be with you all, my children dear!
May you grow up good women and good men.
If God should spare you long to labor here,
May you live happy in His love and fear!
Most precious earnest of that love is given
To you this morn. Pray! for the moment's near
For which to fit your spirits ye have striven—
He comes into your hearts whose smile is heaven of heaven.

"Pray then, my dear ones! Bow each heart and head
Before the awful Deity that deigns
To stoop so low our wretched souls to wed.
On high, in glory, love, and light He reigns;
Yet on our altars hidden He remains,
To come into our hearts. Your hearts to-day
Will first receive Him. Children, still take pains
To welcome Him as sweetly as ye may;
Pray on, then, in your hearts; pray, dearest children, pray!"

The solemn rites proceed. The Sanctus bell
Is followed by the double chime that bends
Each head in worship. Wrong it were to tell,
In such rude rhyme, of Him who now descends
'Mid these His dearest and most cherished friends—
The young, the poor, the simple. Let us pray
That these fresh hearts for ours may make amends,
And that our icy chill may melt away
In these warm memories of First Communion Day!

Theophane Venard, "The Modern Martyr," the account of whose life has been made so interesting by the Rev. James A. Walsh in a recent revised edition, in writing to his parents, thus expresses his joy:

"The day is almost come, that day which I have so earnestly desired! the most beautiful day in my whole life! Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for me, that I may receive her Son worthily, for I feel I can

FIRST COMMUNION IN THE CONVENT.

never prepare myself sufficiently for so solemn an occasion. I beg you, therefore, to forgive me any faults I may have committed against you, and to give me your blessing."

"I remember him perfectly on that day," wrote one of his tutors. "He seemed not able to contain himself for happiness."

A Dominican nun, the daughter of Denis Florence McCarthy, addressed to one of her pupils the following lines, written in simple style, to suit her little charge:

O wonder! the Almighty God
  Comes down to pay
A visit to your childish heart,
  This happy day.
Heaven, earth, and hell in trembling awe
  Bow 'neath His sway,
Yet, oh! how gentle, meek, and kind
  He comes to-day.
He comes to give you strength to tread
  Life's thorny way,
That you may reach His Home above,
  Some happy day.
Oh! tell Him that within your heart
  He now must stay—
Tell Him you ne'er will let Him go,
  After to-day.
Tell Him that every wish of His
  You will obey,
If He will only keep the heart
  He takes to-day.

"A Child's Wish," before an altar, by Father Ryan, is intended for every Communion day:

I wish I were the little key,
  That locks Love's Captive in,
And lets him out to go and free
  A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell
  That tinkles for the Host,
When God comes down each day to dwell
  With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair,
  That holds the Blood of Love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
  Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
  So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
  Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
  As on His mother's breast,
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
  In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh! my God, I wish the most
  That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
  That comes in love to me.

Fr. Ryan.

So far we have dwelt on First Communion days for the children, but there are other children of the Church who entered in long after the years of childhood had passed. Their impressions of First Communion Day denote deep, abiding peace, gratitude, and reverence. Charles Warren Stoddard, in "A Troubled Heart," thus depicts the morning when he received his First Communion:

"In the gray light of the morning. I stole noiselessly out of the house and hastened to the cathedral. The great sanctuary was already filled with the multitude of the faithful, who were humbling themselves in the presence of the Divine One. I felt myself the humblest and the least worthy of them all, as I made again and again the acts of faith, contrition, and divine love. I hid myself away, absorbed in devotion, and a priest soon entered to begin the Mass. With what reverence I followed it! yet thinking always upon the moment when I should be summoned to the altar to receive from those hands the Bread of Eternal Life. A bell tinkled; my heart leaped within me; the next moment I was filled with intense emotion; I saw the linen spread upon the altar railing and the communicants clustering there. No sooner had one retired than another filled his place; and presently I found myself—I know not how—kneeling there, and the priest approaching, with the ciborium borne before him.

"I could not take my eyes from the sacred Victim; I felt the tears gathering; I heard the voice of him who was about to offer me the divine particle quivering as he said: 'Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam.' A delicious perfume seemed to distill upon my lips, where was deposited, with inexpressible tenderness, the Blessed Sacrament. Invisible choirs chanted, 'Holy, holy, holy!' and the love which casteth out all fear filled me to overflowing with unspeakable peace."

Another convert to the Church, the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, in "By What Authority," attributes to Anthony and

CONFIRMATION AFTER FIRST COMMUNION IN ITALY.

Isabel reflections that probably had place in his own mind and heart on the day of his First Communion. He makes Easter Sunday the occasion when the brother and sister kneel side by side at the altar, and we can render no better service to our readers than to bring the picture before them in its sixteenth-century setting:

"Then at last the morning came, and Christ was risen beyond a doubt.

Just before the sun came up, when all the sky was luminous to meet him, the two again passed up and round the corner, and into the little door in the angle. There was the same shaded candle or two, for the house was yet dark within; and they passed up and on together through the sitting-room into the chapel where each had made a first confession the night before, and had together been received into the Catholic Church. Now it was all fragrant with flowers and herbs; a pair of tall lilies leaned their delicate heads towards the altar, as if to listen to the soundless Coming in the Name of the Lord; underfoot, all about the altar, lay sprigs of sweet herbs, rosemary, thyme, lavender, bay-leaves; with white blossoms scattered over them—a soft carpet for the Pierced Feet; not like those rustling palm-swords over which He rode to death last week. The black oak chest that supported the altar-stone was glorious in its vesture of cloth-of-gold; and against the white-hung wall at the back, behind the silver candlesticks, leaned the gold plate of the house, to do honor to the King. And presently there stood there the radiant rustling figure of the priest, his personality sheathed and obliterated beneath the splendid symbolism of his vestments, stiff and chinking with jewels as he moved.

The glorious Mass of Easter Day began.

"Immolatus est Christus. Itaque epulemur," Saint Paul cried from the south corner of the altar to the two converts. "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast, but not with the old leaven."

"Quis revolvet nobis lapidem?" wailed the women. "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

"And when they looked," cried the triumphant Evangelist, "they saw that the stone was rolled away, for it was very great"—*"erat quippe magnus valde."*"

Here then they knelt at last, these two come home together, these who had followed their several paths so resolutely in the dark, not knowing that the other was near, yet each seeking a hidden Lord, and finding both Him and one another now in the full and visible glory of His Face—*orto jam sole*—for the Sun of Righteousness had dawned, and there was healing for all sorrows in His Wings.

"Et credo in unam sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam"—their hearts cried all together. "I believe at last in a Catholic Church; one, for it is built on one and its faith is one; holy, for it is the Daughter of God and the Mother of Saints; Apostolic, for it is guided by the Prince of the Apostles and very Vicar of Christ."

"Et exspecto vitam venturi saeculi." "I look for the life of the world to come; and I count all things but loss,—houses and brethren and sisters and father and mother and wife and children and lands,—when I look to that everlasting life, and Him Who is the Way to it. *Amen."*

So from step to step the liturgy moved on with its sonorous and exultant tramp, and the crowding thoughts forgot themselves, and watched as the splendid heralds went by; the triumphant trumpets of *Gloria in excelsis* had long died away; the proclamation of the names and titles

of the Prince had been made. *Unum Dominum Jesum Christum; Filium Dei Unigenitum; Ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula; Deum de Deo; Lumen de Lumine; Deum Verum de Deo Vero; Genitum non factum; Consubstantialem Patri.*

Then His first achievement had been declared; *"Per quem omnia facta sunt."*

Then His great and later triumphs; how He had ridden out alone from the Palace and come down the steep of heaven in quest of His Love; how He had disguised Himself for her sake; and by the crowning miracle of love, the mightiest work that Almighty God has ever wrought, He was made man; and the herald hushed his voice in awe as he declared it, and the people threw themselves prostrate in honor of this high and lowly Prince; then was recounted the tale of those victories that looked so bitterly like failures, and the people held their breath and whispered it too; then in rising step after step His last conquests were told; how the Black Knight was overthrown, his castle stormed and his prison burst; and the story of the triumph of the return and of the Coronation and the Enthronement at the Father's Right Hand on high.

The heralds passed on; and mysterious figures came next, bearing Melchisedech's gifts; shadowing the tremendous event that follows on behind.

After a space or two came the first lines of the bodyguard, the heavenly creatures dimly seen moving through clouds of glory,—Angels, Dominations, Powers, Heavens, Virtues and blessed Seraphim, all crying out together to heaven and earth to welcome Him Who comes after in the bright shadow of the Name of the Lord; and the trumpets peal out for the last time, "Hosanna in the highest."

Then a hush fell, and presently in the stillness came riding the great Personages who stand in heaven about the Throne; first, the Queen Mother herself, glorious within and without, moving in clothing of wrought gold, high above all others; then, the great Princes of the Blood Royal, who are admitted to drink of the King's own Cup, and sit beside Him on their thrones, Peter and Paul and the rest, with rugged faces and scarred hands; and with them great mitred figures, Linus, Cletus and Clement, with their companions.

And then another space and a tingling silence; the crowds bow down like corn before the wind, the far-off trumpets are silent; and He comes—He comes!

On He moves, treading under foot the laws He has made, yet borne up by them as on the Sea of Galilee; He Who inhabits eternity at an instant is made present; He Who transcends space is immanent in material kind; He Who never leaves the Father's side rests on His white linen carpet, held yet unconfined; in the midst of the little gold things and embroidery and candle-flames and lilies, while the fragrance of the herbs rises about Him. There rests the gracious King, before this bending group; the rest of the pageant dies into silence and nothingness outside the radiant circle of His Presence. There is His immediate priest-herald, who has marked out this halting-place for the Prince, bowing before Him, striving by gestures to interpret and fulfill the silence that words must always leave empty; here behind are the adoring human hearts, each looking with closed eyes into the Face of the Fairest of the children of men, each crying silently words of adoration, welcome, and utter love.

The moments pass; the court ceremonies are performed. The Virgins that follow the Lamb,—Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha and the rest—step forward smil-

ing, and take their part; the Eternal Father is invoked again in the Son's own words; and at length the King, descending yet one further step of infinite humility, flings back the last vesture of His outward Royalty and casts Himself, in a passion of haste and desire, into the still and invisible depths of these two quivering hearts, made in His own Image, that lift themselves in an agony of love to meet Him. . . .

Meanwhile the Easter morning is deepening outside; the sun is rising above the yew hedge, and the dew flashes drop by drop into a diamond and vanishes; the thrush that stirred and murmured last night is pouring out his song; and the larks that rose into the moonlight are running to and fro in the long meadow grass. The tall slender lilies that have not been chosen to grace the sacramental Presence-Chamber, are at least in the King's own garden, where He walks morning and evening in the cool of the day; and waiting for those who will have seen Him face to face. . . .

And presently they come, the tall lad and his sister, silent and together, out into the radiant sunlight; and the joy of the morning and the singing thrush and the jewels of dew and the sweet swaying lilies are shamed and put to silence by the joy upon their faces and in their hearts."

THE FLIGHT OF INNOCENCE.

BY SR. M. R., O.S.D.

She came to me, a dainty miss,
From out the sea,
Rose-petaled face and lips to kiss,
You'd tempted be.

The great, round sun so often did—
In soft, brown hair,
The wealth of all his treasures hid
And nestled there.

I was her senior by two years,
Her neighbor dear;
She told me so, through smiles and tears,
My maid sincere!

And while we played upon the beach,
The waves were wild,
The unknown world I tried to teach
This elfin child.

Contented I to watch the while
Her chubby hands
Build houses high, with playful smile,
Upon the sands.

We were so happy, she and I,
We did not mind
The roaring sea. I wonder why
I was so blind.

Alone to seek in distant lands
The fleeting thing
That men call Fame. My empty hands
To phantoms cling!

For Glory is the silv'ry foam
That melts away,
And Honor often makes its home
Where shadows play.

From dizzy heights of Fortune's hall,
With soul opprest,
I slowly turned (lest I should fall)
To Isle of Rest.

I sought the girl and boy as seen
In memories dear,
Forgetting all the years between
Their parting drear.

My lily maid was long since dead,
The sea-waves moan.
Bright Innocence with Youth had fled.
I am alone!

THE MEANING.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Robbed of all your fairy gold,
Dandelion, gray and old,
Seer and sage;
Can you tell me, wise old man,
What the meaning of the span—
Youth and age?

"Read the lesson on Life's page,"
Quoth the hoary-headed sage,
"Read it clear;
Give unto each man his due;
To thyself be ever true—
Youth or seer.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself,
Be he poor, or blessed with pelf,
King or page.
Thus the meaning of the span
Shall be clear to ev'ry man,
Youth or sage."

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XII.

It was of this cramped life that Sarah thought as she sat by the window that October day, looking upon the stunted ailanthus. Like the tree, she had not had an equal chance with the others; but unlike the tree, she rebelled, while it struggled to fulfill its destiny in spite of adverse conditions.

When she had flung herself in despair upon the breast of Mrs. Tarleton on that terrible morning, the wise woman only said, "It is the best thing that could have happened, Sarah. Now you are free."

"Free!"

Yes, it had come at last, the freedom for which she had longed, although had the choice been hers she would have gone to it by a less painful path. But whither should she go? Mrs. Tarleton decided for her.

"You could go back to Kentucky," she said, "and more than anything in the world, I should want you to stay here with me. But neither here nor there will you be happy. In some large city your work is waiting for you, and only in such work will you be happy."

"Work?" said Sarah, getting red to the roots of her hair.

"Yes, the work you have been doing for these many years — writing," said Mrs. Tarleton, not noticing the girl's embarrassment. "When your stepmother was leaving the house she packed your things and sent them to me. They were badly packed, too," said the lady, with a smile, "and several of the packages came apart on the way down. There were innumerable pieces of brown paper numbered and closely written upon—oh, Sarah, if you had only confided in me, you could at least have had writing pads! — and in gathering them together I could not but read some of the lines. I thought at first it was a copy you had made of some of my husband's books. When I found they were stories, I turned back to the beginning; as I progressed, I knew they had been written by you. They are excellent, Sarah, and because I know you have talent you must go where you will have an opportunity to develop it."

Sarah had fallen on her knees and buried her face in Mrs. Tarleton's lap. Tenderly and dreamily the elder woman smoothed the brown hair, as she told of the success that would be hers in the new world to which she must go. Buoyed up by her belief in her talents, Sarah had set forth bravely, and at the close of one day found herself struggling, bewildered, through the crowds, to the boarding-house which Mrs. Tarleton's lawyer recommended. But after the first sense of newness wore off, Sarah felt like one who after many days had come at last into her own. These men and women were bound to her by closer kinship than those of her own blood, struggling here against the forces of commercialism. Her friends and relatives lived and worked with Nature, and Nature has a vast heart for her children, while the thing with which these strangers lived and labored was a monster greedily devouring them. Some time, by some one, deliverance must come, thought the girl, looking upon them in compassion. In the period of waiting they must have hope to feed upon, and hers must be one of the voices to give it.

Dreamer as she was, those long years on the farm had made her practical, and her leisure time was spent in carefully copying the stories which Mrs. Tarleton had found so good, and sending them to the editors of various outside magazines. But she soon found that Mrs. Tarleton's opinion was not shared by those gentlemen, and the persistence with which her manuscripts came back at length caused doubt to creep into her mind. Suppose her friend had been mistaken? Suppose she should fail? The narrow hall bedroom knew black hours, the long, white pillow grew accustomed to tears; but after such storms came great calm, in which Sarah felt she eventually would succeed.

The Girl had come upon her the evening previous in such an hour of despair, for her last story, her best, had been returned. It was a worse hour than any yet experienced, for accompanying the disappointment was the knowledge that her money was rapidly diminishing. Unable to understand the disappointment, but quite capable of comprehending the knowledge of a depleting purse, the Girl tried to comfort her room-mate, for whom she entertained an honest liking.

"Read me your story, Miss Kenny," she said, after the storm had passed.

Sarah obeyed. When the last word was reached, the author lifted her eyes to her companion, sitting on the edge of the bed, the long hair which she had been combing falling around her face and shoulders like a veil. A moment's embarrassing silence followed, and then the Girl said slowly:

"Maybe you will think me unable to appreciate a good thing, but really, Miss Kenny, if I were to find that in a magazine, I'd"—she hesitated, seeking a word that would not hurt too much.

"What is there about it you don't like?" Sarah asked.

"Oh, I don't know! I am no critic."

"Still, you don't like it," persisted Sarah.

"Well, it sounds so hollow and artificial to me."

"I don't believe I quite understand," said Sarah.

"I suppose not," said the girl, dryly, as she began to gather her shining hair into a knot. "If you had worked nine hours a day in a shoe factory for five years, as I have done, my meaning might be clear to you."

She rose and began to make ready to go out with the young man who was then probably waiting for her in the parlor. In the silence that followed Sarah gathered up the pages of her story, her heart sore under the second condemnation it had received. Then she opened her book, and in silence the girl finished dressing and passed out. When the door closed behind her Sarah reviewed the conversation. At first she was inclined to call her room-mate rude, but she soon realized that the word would not fit this descendant of an old French family, who for nine hours a day worked in a shoe factory because the high wages paid there would enable her to provide liberally for the comfort of her parents, living on a poor farm a short distance from the city. Learned she might not be, but a lady she was, and Sarah felt swift shame for her ungenerous thought. She decided that the Girl was merely incapable of appreciating her work, and resumed her reading.

The following morning brought bitter reflections, and as Sarah's eyes came back from the stunted ailanthus tree they fell upon the story lying on the table. The words of the Girl repeated themselves in her brain. Again she took up

the envelope, again she read the pages they contained; then she said:

"She was right!" and tore them into fine pieces. Taking her hat, she went out into the busy streets.

It was late that night when she returned. The Girl was reading by the light of the little lamp, and Sarah remembered the oil she should have procured.

"I forgot to get the oil again," she said penitently, "for what you said last night about my story bothered me. I wrote another to-day at the library; may I read it to you?"

"I should like to hear it," said the girl simply.

When Sarah looked up this time she met a pair of shining eyes.

"That is a good story," she said, gently. "If you would send it to the *News*, I am sure they would accept it."

"The *News!*" said Sarah, blankly, for it was an afternoon paper, selling for a penny.

"Yes, the *News*," said the girl, stoutly. "More people will read it in the *News* than elsewhere, and the people who read the penny paper need such stories as that."

Sarah looked at her for a long silent moment, then she said:

"You are right again, I shall send it in the morning."

As she was addressing the envelope the next day a maid thrust in her head at the door, to say there was a gentleman in the parlor to see her. Surprise and curiosity sent Sarah in haste downstairs, where a tall, dark man waited for her.

"Miss Kenny, I presume?" he said. "I am Mr. Rice. I believe you advertised for a position at clerical work. They gave me your name and address. Have you had any experience?"

"No," said Sarah, wondering if he would engage her, wondering if he were to offer to do so, would she accept.

"Of course the position doesn't require experience," he said, studying his prospective clerk attentively, "but it is a qualification an employer likes to find his assistants possessing."

"And yet there was a time when the most experienced clerk was in my condition," said Sarah. She foresaw he would not engage her, and she was not sorry, although the salary would stop that drain on her last hundred dollars.

"True enough," he admitted, "but one doesn't willingly become the victim of inexperience if one can help it. I must have a clerk by to-morrow morning. I will pay you three dollars a week to begin with. I shall expect you five minutes before eight o'clock. Here is my address."

He handed her his business card, wished her good morning, and was gone.

"Three dollars a week, and he sells patent churns!" exclaimed Sarah. "I wonder if they told him at the Association that I am from the country, and that is the reason he selected me in preference to the others. It may be that I shall have to live by some such work, and I ought to gain the experience while I am able to work for three dollars a week. In the meantime I'll post my story."

At the time appointed Sarah found herself in a small bare office, which loudly called for the broom and duster. In the corner were a number of mechanical contrivances, which she concluded were samples of the patent churn, or churn dishes, she thought they should be called, while her thoughts flew back to Nettie and the cedar churn she used to ply in the shadow of the old milk house.

The opening of the door interrupted

her reminiscences, and she found herself confronted by a hungry-faced young man.

"Is this the place that advertised for agents?" he inquired.

"Yes," hazarded Sarah. "The manager will be in presently," and she busied herself with a pamphlet lying on the table. It proved to be a description of the churn which was destined to revolutionize that department of work, and the farther Sarah read the greater was her regret that this discovery had not been made fifteen years sooner, so that Nettie might have been benefited. Another man came in, and another, until the little office was pretty well filled, and Sarah put down the pamphlet to study the crowd around her. The clothes of all were shabby, but neatly brushed, and their linen looked clean. The faces, however, told only too plainly what the dress attempted to hide, and for once in her life Sarah knew she was in the presence of human beings who had seen the gray wolf of hunger crouched on their threshold or standing gaunt and fearful by their hearthstone.

"Are you all here in answer to Mr. Rice's advertisement for agents?" she asked gently.

"Yes," said some of the men, while others merely nodded.

"Is it," she asked, "good-paying work—an agent's?"

A sneering laugh from the oldest of the men followed her question, while another one, who was younger, feeling her sympathy, hastened to say:

"There's scarcely a living in it, even at the best."

"Then why"—she began, but stopped abruptly.

"Why?" repeated the one who had replied to her former question. "Because we are out of work—and—well, a man must live, whether he has work or hasn't."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Rice. He spoke pleasantly to Sarah, laid aside his hat and overcoat, and began to interview the men awaiting him. Had they any experience? Could they go into the country? were the two questions put to each candidate, and a negative reply to the latter meant dismissal. As they filed out, Sarah's heart grew bitter against her employer. Why, she asked herself, could not he have stated in his advertisement what he wanted and save these men the trouble and loss of time their coming had entailed. Three of the crowd proved satisfactory, and then Mr. Rice took up one of the mechanical appliances and proceeded to explain its use to the agents. As she listened Sarah knew the article was a fraud pure and simple. By no known law could it produce butter in the time stated, and its fragile mechanism would scarcely survive the first operation. As it was to sell at fifty cents, twenty per cent of which constituted the agent's salary, and as farmhouses are far apart, Sarah marveled that even two of the men should accept the proposition.

When the agents had been started upon their mission Mr. Rice instructed Sarah in her new duties, which consisted entirely of addressing envelopes and folding and enclosing in them the circular describing the wonderful invention. When she was launched on her work Mr. Rice left the office, and she saw nothing more of him that day.

Four days passed, and toward noon on the fifth Sarah was roused from her monotonous labor by the opening of the door. She turned her head, expecting a belated agent, and saw instead a well-dressed man, who, in a voice with the hint of a foreign accent, inquired for Mr. Rice. He was out? That was unfortunate. Did she think he would be in soon? Sarah could not say, and he

decided to wait a little while. He took the chair on the other side of the table, and then silence followed, during which the girl industriously folded the circulars. Several times the man tried to fix his attention elsewhere, but always his eyes returned to the swift fingers and the old young face bent over them. His own face wore the mark of recent sorrow, but a sorrow different from any he had ever seen was this branded on the girl. What had caused it? Her absolute unconsciousness of his presence fixed his thoughts the more upon her, and finally he broke the silence, to compel her attention.

"Does Mr. Rice often absent himself so long from the office?" he asked.

"He does not spend much time here," she said, returning to her work.

"He has too many other irons in the fire," he observed, and continued: "Some time Rice is going to run up against the authorities in his pursuit of fortune by short cuts. This is not the first time he has engaged in such business."

Sarah made no comment. She might not approve of her employer's business, but she would not discuss it with a stranger.

"Isn't it strange," he began after a little pause, "how the promoters of illegitimate business like this prosper and get rich, while the man who tries to woo fortune by fair means so often fails? Have you ever thought about it?"

"Yes," said Sarah, lifting her blue eyes, troubled now, "and I have never found a satisfactory answer; have you?"

"Never," he said. "But some people will tell you it's because the devil takes care of his own."

"There may be something in that," she said, a gleam of merriment lighting the shadows of the eyes. "It accords with Emerson's law of compensation, doesn't it?"

"I don't like your Emerson," he said, with a shrug.

"Probably because you are not thoroughly acquainted with him," she said, hesitatingly. "I could not understand him at first, but when I was leaving Arkansas a friend gave me his essays, and told me to keep Emerson for my companion in the city. I have done so."

"Because he speaks of Arkansas?" he half made the assertion, half asked the question.

"Oh, no!" said Sarah, quickly, and divining her feeling, he exclaimed:

"Hateful place, Arkansas. Are you a native?"

"I am from Kentucky," said Sarah, coldly, resenting his personal question.

"Ah! Kentucky!" he said, and lapsed into a momentary silence. "My wife was a Kentuckian," he then said. "Her one request of me in dying was to be buried in the blue grass country."

Sarah lifted her eyes moist and questioning.

"Yes," he said, "I took her home."

"As I did my father," she said.

It was a mistake for her to speak. She recognized it instantly and knew without being rude she could not close the door she had opened. Devoutly she wished for the return of Mr. Rice, but as he did not come, and the man talked on, she had to accept the situation. The charm of his personality grew upon her, and often, as her thought went out to meet his, it came to her that this mind was not a stranger to her. Yet she knew she had never before met the man. Several times her hands fell from the work of folding circulars as he told her of places he had visited, or books he had read, for the impressions they had made on him were, she perceived, what she, too, would have felt viewing these scenes, listening to those authors.

Like lightning flashes on a darkened

world, an occasional word revealed glimpses of his life. He had studied art in Italy and France and had been drawn to Russia by a passionate love for liberty. That he had been mixed up with the revolutionists she was left to infer, and America offered a place of refuge. In New York he had met his wife, who was an actor. She left the stage for him, and he abandoned his art for her, since the demand for his work was not great. He became a repairer of stage scenes, and a painter of them when the order came along. There had been enough money to bring his dead wife back to Kentucky, but not enough to take him all the way to New York. Hence he was in this city.

Thus in snatches the story was told, the teller scarcely conscious he had given her this insight into his life, so completely had the sympathetic atmosphere which surrounded the girl enfolded him.

Then the whistles blew, the bells began to ring, and both man and woman started in surprise. It was twelve o'clock; two hours had elapsed since they had become acquainted, and they had not marked the passage of the time. He rose reluctantly.

"I suppose I must be going," he said. "Will you please give my card to Mr. Rice and tell him I shall call again in the morning? I shall see you also then."

But he did not, for that evening Mr. Rice, in paying Sarah her three dollars, said the business was not prospering, although his anxious face made her wonder if the stranger's prophecy had been fulfilled, and Mr. Rice found it expedient to retire.

The loss of the position did not cause Sarah any grave concern, and was forgotten when, on reaching her boarding-house, she found a letter from the editor of the *News* requesting her to call upon him at her earliest convenience. This was at an hour when the next day was young. The home of the newspaper was an old building in a narrow street, and Sarah had to make a way for herself through the crowd of newsboys fighting and playing about the doors. Within the great presses groaned under the work of turning out the papers for which the boys were eagerly waiting. Following the direction of a youth whose attention she had succeeded in gaining long enough to answer her query for the editorial department, she climbed two flights of rude wooden stairs, and, opening the door, found herself in a long, bare room, and in the presence of several young men. Seeing her pause in embarrassment, the one who was sitting on the table, drawing heavily on a cigar, sprang to his feet and came forward.

"The literary editor?" he repeated. "That is his office," and he pointed to a closed door.

"Another of Phil's budding geniuses," he commented, as the door closed behind her, but not, however, until her country-quickened ears had caught the remark. It made the same shapely ears tingle and left her like one stricken dumb before the man who, at her entrance, lifted his eyes from the manuscript he held in his hand. She saw, as through a mist, that the eyes were deeply, tenderly brown, and that his linen was immaculate. She smiled when once more alone to think all she remembered of him was the comprehending dark eyes and the spotless collar and cuffs.

"Miss Sarah Kenny?" he repeated. "Ah, yes! I remember the author of 'The Portion'! Did you write that story, Miss Kenny?"

"Of course!" she exclaimed, the light coming into her eyes.

"You must not mind the question," he said, with a low laugh. "Very often we get stories written by other than the

sender. We find it out after they were published—and paid for."

"I never heard of such a thing," said the candid Sarah. "How could any one be so dishonest?"

"Thieves abound everywhere," he observed; and then he began to question her about her writing, and indirectly learned much of her history, the while the fathomless eyes seemed to read what the hesitating words did not reveal.

"And so," he said, out of a silence that followed Sarah's answer to his last question, "you think you can write?" As he spoke he drew out a manuscript, which she recognized as her own.

"I hope to do so some day," said Sarah.

"And I shouldn't be surprised if you realize your hopes—some day," he said, his eyes on the neatly written words. "But have you thought of the labor, the sacrifice that success entails?"

"No," she said slowly. "I have not, because it is my work."

Then she felt his eyes upon her, and when she met them she knew she had made a friend. He said nothing in reply, but quietly informed her that her story had been accepted, and invited her to send in others, although he would not be able to use as many of hers as he would like because of the number of contributors he already had.

Sarah left the office like one walking on air, not seeing the group of reporters who had witnessed many another young author leaving the editor's sanctum in a similarly exalted state of mind, but who, after several other visits, ceased to come.

"I wonder if she's the one?" said one of the young men.

"Maybe she's from the country," answered another. "And you have to go to the country to find 'em. Fool! why didn't she stop there. Why do they think the grime and noise of the city are necessary parts of their work. There ought to be a law against letting any one under forty into the city."

"Soon then the city would cease to be," said his friend.

"So much the better," he rejoined, savagely, picking up his hat, and starting for the street he hated.

But the narrow dirty street was destined to become very dear to Sarah, for, after a few more visits, the editor knew he was not again to be disappointed, and the firm hand of friendship was extended to the young stranger. One after another the other editors and the reporters, who were all his friends, were introduced to the girl, and the heart of Sarah, so long stifled in the atmosphere of uncongeniality, began to breathe freely, having at length gained its native element.

But the end came to the friendly chats with the sunny-hearted reporters in the long, bare room, the earnest conversation in the little office where the editor, always tranquil and immaculately clad, sat in the midst of dust and confusion.

"How are you getting on?" he asked one day.

"All right," said Sarah, without the quiver of an eyelash.

"How much money have you?" he asked, now turning around in his chair and facing her like a judge. An attempt at evasion would be futile, she knew.

"Twenty dollars."

"Food and shelter for three weeks with strict economy—then what?"

Gray despair crept into her face, and he wondered that she had laughed and chatted so gaily with the boys a little while ago, with that horror stealing up behind her.

"I don't know—just yet," she said, lifting a thin, nervous hand to brush back a lock of hair that had fallen from its place. "There is a girl where I board

who thinks she may be able to get me some sewing. That failing—I may get work elsewhere."

"Where?" he demanded.

"A factory—a shoe factory," she said, without hesitation. "They pay good wages, and I could write at night."

"And be in your grave in a year," he added. "What good then?"

"Why, this good: that you had tried," she said.

"Ah, little girl," he sighed, "small comfort your fine philosophy is when you find yourself looking into the face of death and realize that you have missed life, for life is not the mere fact of existing, but also the attaining. You would have attained nothing, though you might have prolonged your life one twelvemonth by going into a factory, or taking in sewing."

He rose, and walking to the window, stood for some time looking down on the street below. Presently he returned, and taking his chair, looked thoughtfully into Sarah's face.

"I have something to offer you," he began. "And yet I hesitate because of the secret your face has told me."

"What is that?" asked Sarah, wearily leaning an elbow on his desk, and resting her cheek against her hand.

"The loss of something we should not have to journey through life without—especially if we are alone—faith."

"I do not refer to the religious significance of the word as held by the orthodox," he said quickly. "What I mean is the faith which holds to the hidden good, no matter what appearances may be, which unalterably declares, though all the theories of man should fail or be proved false, truth exists and will be found some time, some where. The one who is thus sustained is safe anywhere."

"Safe?" she repeated.

"Yes, safe," he said, with more fire than she had ever seen him show. "Safe from the scorn and cynicism and pride which holds one back from evil, while denying the existence of the good. I should rather have for my friend the most wayward creature alive who possessed still one germ of this belief than your cynic, though his soul were white as snow."

"There is where we differ," said Sarah.

"Yes, we do," he admitted, "and because we do I hate to let you go there. But I must do it. I have waited, hoping for an opening here, but there is none, will be none. But there is in that new morning paper. It is an experiment, an attempt to force the other two to the wall by lowering the price. It will last while the money holds out, probably two or three years, and by that time you will have won your spurs. They want a special writer, and asked me to send them one; I told them I would try to do so, for I knew you were coming to the wall. If it were not so, if there were anything else to be done, I'd tell them to find their specialist themselves."

Sarah's hand had dropped from her thin cheek, and she leaned forward in her chair, her eyes shining.

"Oh, but you are good!" she said, softly.

"Would you call a man good who directed a hungry child to a tiger's den for the loaf of bread he knew was there?" he asked bitterly. "And that is what I am doing to-day."

"I have met worse tigers," she said.

"And bear the marks of the encounter," he interrupted. "Why did fate have such a grudge against you?"

"I long since ceased to bother myself with such questions," she replied. "A foolish person would try to cheat fate; being wise, I ignore her." And the smile that came into her face made it look so old that the man quickly turned away his eyes.

But none of the misgivings of the literary editor of the *News* disturbed the peace of Sarah Kenny, and with joy she entered on her new duties in the office of the morning paper. She found a certain prestige was hers, because of the recommendation given her, and shrewdly accepting it, she threw all her energies into its maintenance. She brought to her work the freshness of a mind developed in the bosom of Nature, yet through which gazed a soul experienced in the knowledge that belongs to those who have lived much and deeply. Though the setting might be new, as presented by a city's streets, the human picture was the same with which she had grown familiar in the Arkansas desert, remembered among the Kentucky fields, as beheld in her own heart. There can come no surprises to the one who has suffered, and though Sarah threw over her stories the glamor of her talent, at no time did they show the inaccuracies of the inexperienced.

From her earliest moment she had learned to expect nothing from others. What she had not been able to secure herself, must be forever missed. Thus it was in her uncle's home, thus in Arkansas, and the rule still obtained in the world upon which her feet now had set. Because she accepted it, and never uttered a protest, never made a demand on them, her new friends and associates were disposed to regard her with special favor, the more so since everything pointed to a successful future. The girl who had learned their code earlier than they, rated their affection at its exact worth, and the curl of the lips that had now gotten back their color, grew more pronounced as time passed.

Among the new acquaintances was the society reporter, a much bepainted woman, who was generally avoided by the self-respecting members of the staff, and familiarly accepted by the less particular. Sarah counted herself in neither group, and treated the reporter with tolerance. The pitiful effort made by the woman to regain the faded charms of youth were as pathetic as her endeavors to win the favor of members of society by her fulsome praises. With the shrewdness of the serpent, she studied the latest addition to the staff, and owned after long intercourse that the girl was beyond her line of comprehension. That she was not religious was evident, and yet the greatest stickler to doctrine that she had ever known fell short of the principles that guided the new writer's conduct. But for all this, Mrs. Hanton felt there might be a secret spring, which, if once touched, would prove that the girl who held herself so proudly aloof from much that the weaker woman deemed essential, was but little different from the world in which she lived; and ultimately fate brought her fingers to that spring.

Sarah thought her less desirable for a companion than usual that young June day, when, gorgeous in a purple gown, she swept into the reporters' room from a social function which she had attended. Disposing of her plume-decorated hat, and placing the flowers she wore in her corsage in the tall vase, she proceeded to write her account of the event. Sarah, who was having one of her frequent battles with the stubborn sentences, watched Mrs. Hanton's pencil as it ran back and forth across the pages, and vaguely wondered why the words that seemed to shun her sprang so readily to the call of the society reporter. It was then Mrs. Hanton lifted her eyes, and meeting Sarah's, she said, in her high-pitched voice:

"Oh, Miss Kenny, I forgot to tell you that I met a friend of yours this afternoon, Dr. Godfrey Hayward. He said he knew you when you were a little girl. Do you remember him?"

(To be continued.)

CUCHULAIN COMING TO THE FORD.

(From the Cuchulain Saga.)

BY THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Then spoke the driver, Ri-angabhra Laeg:
"The steeds stand ready, and the chariot yoked":
And quick the glorious son of Sualtim
Leaped to his seat, while round him shouted ther
The *Bocanachs*—fell witches of the hills—
For thus the *Sidhe* spread terror round his way,
That all his foes might tremble as he came.

Now Ferdiah's driver in the distance heard
The creaking of the chariot and the ring
Of shield on armor, and the tramp of steeds,
The coming of Cuchulain to the Ford!
And straight he went and roused bold Ferdiah;
"Good master," quoth he, "wake! Cuchulain comes;
I hear the straining of his chariot.
Far has it come o'er Breg Ross—over Braine
And 'thwart the highway under Baile-in-Bile.
He is a mighty Hound that urges it,
A hawk of freedom he that hurries south;
Swift in the fight is he that comes to-day!
My grief for you that stand upon the height
Waiting the Hound of Valour,—Ulster's pride—
Star of Emania!—woe to us that wait
The Conquering Hound of war!" Then Ferdiah
"Wherefore, good servant, dost thou vaunt so loud
Murthemme's chieftain? Likely thou art paid

To do him service, such thy fulsome praise.—
Forget not that wise Ailell, and Queen Maeve
Have both foretold his fall and death by me,
And soon shall I come back to my reward—
Riches and lands, and peerless Findabair!"

But once again the charioteer:—"He comes
Not slowly, but more quick than driven wind!
Swifter than water from a towering cliff!—
Like sudden thunder upon Cnoc-in-Ar!"

Then Ferdiah complained: "False servant thou,
For shameful wages thus to praise my foe!
This day thou art not with me, but against—
A craven heart upon the brink of fight!"

Thus ceased their wordy strife; and Ferdiah
With wonder watched renowned Cuchulain come,
His horses surging like two raiding hawks
From a high cliff upon a windy day,
Or like the March wind over a smooth plain,
Or a young stag first started by the hounds
O'er his first field. As if on flags of fire
He spurned the earth that trembled to their tread—
So came Cuchulain to the Bloody Ford,
On the North side,—and Ferdiah on the South
Shouted a welcome to his former friend.

THE MAKING OF A "MEMBER."

BY T. M. KETTLE, M.P.

The haunt and headquarters of the Irish bar is at the Four Courts. Its entrance gate, loaded with symbolic keys, helmets, sacrificial linen fillets, balances, and swords of retribution, looks down at the discouraged and far from crystal waters of the Liffey. (It should be intercalated here that within the last year we have set in operation a great drainage artery, which liberates the river from the dingy uses formerly made of it. In a little while the Liffey will rival the boating reaches of the Thames, or the Seine, and the American visitor will sip his afternoon tea in a floating café anchored to O'Connell Bridge.) But the Four Courts will take longer to grow clean. It, too, has associations, a certain moral frowsiness to shake off. Some day a less poignant wonder will awaken in the soul of the junior barrister of Nationalist tendencies as he crosses beneath the great dome of the entrance hall and observes that the statue of justice still stands on its pedestal without even changing countenance. This, however, is all conjecture. The scent of the Tories still clung about the portals when, after the manner of my tribe, I climbed the library stairs at twenty minutes to eleven on the morning of June 25, 1906.

Our courts sit at eleven, and the first duty of the stuff-gowned novitiate is to be on the spot some few minutes earlier. Some leader of the bar may have gone to the races, or sickened and died over night, or otherwise disqualified himself from appearing in court. It is possible that his advising solicitor, wandering up and down the library vestibule with a wildness as of some Trojan burning in his eye, may in the illumination of his frenzy discern your great merits and call upon you to fill the place. Then there are urgent motions which must be made in priority to all the other business, or else stand over, and the early "junior" has an occasional worm of this kind. And at least there is the flourishing friendly attorney, contemporary sometimes of your own, sometimes of your father's schooldays, who thrusts a brief for some formal motion or other into your hand, with the sweetly bitter comment, "Glad to give you a leg up, old man! I don't think you can possibly muff *this.*"

Some sort of mental panorama such as this must have been moving before me as I turned into the robing-room, rustled on my alpaca court coat, sank into the winged, angelic gown which the attendant held for me, made a neat catch of the wig which he tossed over from its black tin case, drew round my collar the bands which remind us of the sacredness of our calling, and hurried to the library. Should anybody be in search of you, he comes thither, takes into his confidence the crier, for that purpose appointed, and your name goes reverberating through the building in a sort of Gregorian chant, gone to the bad.

I was expecting nothing that morning, but when one goes to the front door for the milk he sometimes finds the Destinies camped on the steps. I was but a few minutes installed at a borrowed desk, discussing either the weather or the Education Bill, when my name went ringing through the medley. With that grave alacrity which characterizes the briefless one on his way to be briefed, I hurried to the vestibule. My friend and colleague at the bar, Mr. John Muldoon, a wise, sedate humorist, who reads only the literature of the few, and knows

more about Irish land law then the authors of the various acts, was standing in conversation with a gentleman who looked legal, and spoke with just a shadow of that delightful and savorous tang which belongs to the North. "Mr. Harbison of Cookstown," said Mr. Muldoon. "Mr. Kettle, they want to make you a present of East Tyrone." Then I remembered that the stout old veteran who fought the constituency at the general election, amid the sleet and snow of January, had been stricken so ill by his exertions that he had not been able to take his seat in parliament. For nearly six months he had lain in the hospital, and the papers of a few days previous had announced his death. At his election he had scrambled home by a short head—thirty-one on a poll of more than six thousand.

We sat down at a table in the dining-room, where the junior hopefully eats his sixpenny lunch. A few words revealed the situation. There was no local Nationalist of prominence who wanted the nomination. But it would be a fierce fight, nearly a forlorn hope. Death had been showing decided Orange prejudices since January, and the voters' list, on which the struggle would be made, disclosed a majority against us of from eighty to a hundred. There were large issues at stake. It was the first bye-election since the Tory *débacle*. A Nationalist defeat would be trumpeted on the winds of morning and of evening as a renewal by Ulster of the war against Home Rule of 1886 and 1893.

"It will be a big fight," said they, "with every chance of being beaten. Emigration and death have hit us so hard that if I take the nomination I may find myself going around with the label, 'The man who lost East Tyrone.'"

I knew that the proposal came to me not so much *mei juris* as by inheritance. My connection with politics went back to my student days, but my membership of the United Irish League had been obscure and all but anonymous. My father, on the other hand, had a record that ran back to a time before even Isaac Butt in his timid, stately way had pushed Home Rule and Land Reform up into the field of British consciousness. He had been an intimate friend of Parnell, and had fought two losing fights for him: Cork in 1881 and Carlow in 1891. The thing seemed to be in the logic of the family. On the other hand, I recalled and realized for the first time in its full sourness the epigram of a poet of my acquaintance, "What is a member of parliament but a delegate to notoriety." Irish politics was a flinty and wounding path, strewn with defeated hopes and broken fortunes. One brushed every day against men,—plain, human, unhaloed men, who had staked their all on the triumph of justice and had lost. Then, too, politics belonged only to the purlieus of life. Real life—the empire of the spirit, literature, art, religion—began only where politics ended. "The greatest sacrifice an Irish patriot makes is when he goes into politics," another friend had said, a lazy, subtle, idealistic barrister. To be defeated seemed only less calamitous than to be elected.

In cases like this it is the blood that decides, the submerged, subconscious devil or angel born in each of us out of incalculable traditions and fed by the thoughts, that we do not publish. The devil or angel said, "Yes."

The nomination was easy. Mr. Harbison had come in a representative capacity. The convention that would assemble in a few days, founded on a basis of representation so wide that it cannot be matched in the history of parties, would consist mainly of members of the United Irish League and of that great

Nationalist organization of the North of Ireland, the Ancient Order of Hibernians. I belonged to both.

So it was settled. Two days later the convention met at Cookstown. It is a town of about three thousand inhabitants, and one street, laid out with trees, boulevard fashion. It is well kept. A tramp passing through one summer morning at three o'clock attracted the enmity of the house dogs. He sought frantically about the smooth macadam esters' Hall, on June 27, to decide on "a fit and proper person" to succeed to the representation of East Tyrone. There was no contest. I was permitted to blush and shiver in an ante-room, stocked with drums and fifes, while the assembly deliberated. At last a messenger summoned me forth; Richard McGhee, the Presbyterian apostle of Henry George, presented the party pledge for signature; I scurried through a speech of thanks as coherently as is expected of a quiver-

GOING TO THE POLLS.

for a missile of defense, but found none. At the end of a hasty and not immune passage he met an early resident, and shaking his grimed fist back at Cookstown, he exclaimed, "Hang Cookstown! where they chain up the stones, and let the dogs run loose."

There was no demand for stones when the priests, and solicitors, and strong farmers, and doctors, and veterinary surgeons, and shop-keepers, and clerks, and laborers came trooping up to the Foring candidate, and left for Dublin by the night train, six inches taller and totally incapable of wearing my usual hat.

Tyrone is, by the song, located "among the bushes." It is a country of little hills and little clustered bushes. Sometimes the hills grow bigger, and with rare melody and romanticism of phrase, an old song celebrates how a Tyrone girl

> "Loved her love, an outlawed man
> In the mountains of Pomeroy."

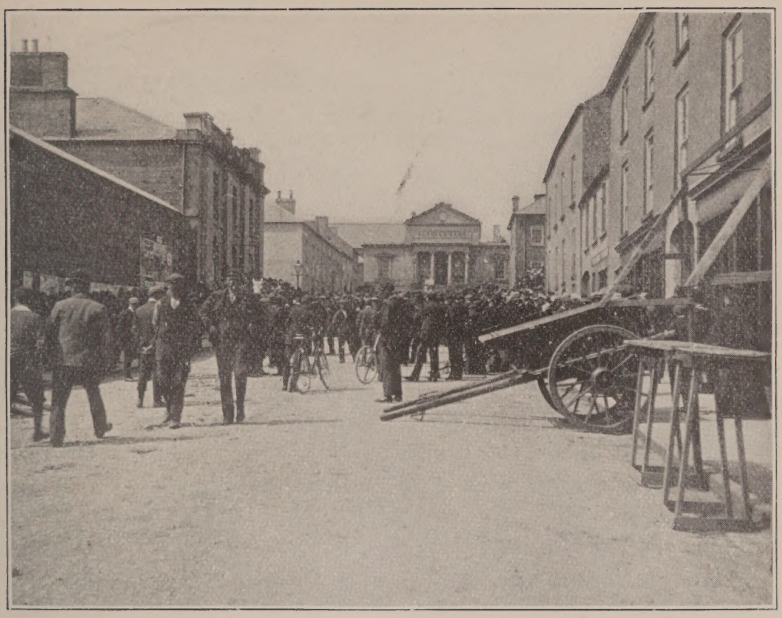
Hardly a sod of the country but is

steeped in history. Tir-Eoin, the land of Owen, the land of O'Neill—what a panorama of the past unrolls before the mind at the mere words! North of Cookstown to the Broughderg hills came Hugh O'Neill after Kinsale had fallen in the blood of a sinister sunrise. Overtopping Dungannon is the site of that castle of his which needed for its roofing such an unconscionable quantity of lead that Elizabeth's officials were alarmed, and, as they found at Blackwater, not without reason. It is one of the finest military positions in Ireland. It rises in gradual terraces to a height dominant beyond expectation, and on clear days one looks southwest at least as far as Armagh. The hill is pierced by subterranean passages of clean and solid masonry. They were used for purposes of defense, and one is said to run as far as Blackwater. Lower down in Scotch Street is the old Presbyterian church where Grattan and his Volunteers met in 1781, "the cradle of independence," as Davis called it. Eastward lies Lough Neagh, of the romances. Surely it was a country worth fighting for.

A day in Dublin arranging affairs, and receiving condolences and congratulations, and I was back in Tyrone with a month's campaign ahead. A candidate in Ireland—at least, a Nationalist candidate,—is not called upon at all for the same display of poodle-politeness as in England. Friendly he is expected to be, but it is entirely unnecessary for him to kick off the ball at football games, or to kiss the baby. Principle dominates. What voters ask of you is that your speeches shall explain and justify their cause, and make it intellectually respectable. Do that and add the little spark of *diablerie,* and they forgive everything else.

Our committee was as strong as could be, mostly representative Tyrone names, —Quinn, Mullan, Malone, Corr, Harbison, Hoy, Davis, — all men who knew their districts as a shepherd knows his

A DISABLED ELECTOR.



AN ELECTION RALLY.

sheep. They had the subterranean, I the spectacular, part of the campaign. An electoral fight is pretty much like itself the world over. I was a carpet-bagger, confessed and unashamed. The Orange candidate, though his business interests belonged in Ceylon, came of an old Tyrone family. He knew the voters, and the voters knew him. It was a decided advantage; I could only reply that they knew him much too well to vote for him, a poor theft of a retort, but people are kind at election times. I resolved that before the day of the poll I would visit every town and village, every hill and valley in the voting area, and the committee saw to it that the resolution was kept. We had hall meetings and hillside meetings, public orations and private talks; in fact, wherever two or three were gathered together the Nationalist candidate was visited upon them. Sometimes they were disappointed, and I shall never forget the pained disillusionment with which that old man of ninety-seven inspected me and shook his white head with the judgment, "Why, it's a boy we have!" Poor, heroic, old man, he was under orders for the world in which there is neither age nor youth. He left his bed to vote on Thursday, and on the following Tuesday he was buried.

In our committee-rooms pale men blinked over voters' lists, vainly recasting their figures. It helped nothing: assume that the straight party-ticket would be voted, and we were lost. Out in the streets optimism was at a discount. The circumstance which saved us, which in its fullness of time will save Ulster and Ireland, has not yet established itself in the general mind. A miracle has happened. The young Orangeman has begun to think for himself. Cloudy, obscure, ill-defined, save in the brain of a man or two of the stamp of Lindsay Crawford, it is none the less stealing throughout Ulster, obliterating old party landmarks. Patriotism, economic interest, the original inclination to good which none of us can suppress, are calling the Orange workers to an alliance with the Nationalists,

who have always been a party of the workers. Democracy and labor are the key-words of the future in Ulster.

We had, therefore, two duties before us: first, to poll every Nationalist vote; secondly, to break down the party barrier in an anti-Nationalist mind here and there, and lay it open to the tide of ideas. The first was easy; the people were at white-heat. They had known the acerbity of the old Orange domination and realized that defeat at the polls would make life almost unbearable. The Catholic mill girls of Cookstown, who work loom by loom with Protestant Unionists, clubbed a little of their savings together and had Mass said day by day for our success. The priests took off their coats to the work. The United Irish League, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Foresters organized meetings and marshalled them under the lead of their bands and banners. Envoys went hither and thither meeting the people after Mass and drilling them in the proper method of marking their ballots. And the pale men sat in the committee-rooms still adding up their depressing statistics. Things looked very dubious. The party machine withstands for a long time the impact of ideas, and the Orange party machine we knew to be very strong. Its system of lodges sprinkled over the countryside enabled it to exercise a pressure on individual voters closely resembling terrorism. We discovered that five of our voters were in America. Our election laws forbade us to pay for transportation, but we cabled our appeal to Secretary O'Callaghan of the United Irish League, and every man of the five recrossed the Atlantic. Father Toner traveled from Pittsburg to Pomeroy, made his cross on the ballot, waited twenty minutes for the train, and returned to America, without even having seen the candidate for whom he was voting. Two days before the polling there was just one elector on our side unaccounted for. We appealed to him by an advertisement in the Nationalist paper, and he came.

The average vote of elections in Ireland and Britain is about 65 per cent of the electorate. Of our effective strength we polled 99.85 per cent. The Orangemen reached only the contemptible figure of 99 per cent. They deserved their beating. In our total was included the ballot of a deaf and dumb illiterate. My readers will figure out for themselves just how it was done. All I will say is that the vote was recorded in a fashion absolutely legal, both in form and in substance.

The details of an election fight are like champagne; they foam and sparkle in a glory that belongs less to the eye than to the imagination, and then are dead, unutterably dead. How we chuckled, and snapped, and argued, and gloomed, and gloated, and prayed for a suspension of the laws of mathematics as we told over those statistics! And how stale all these things are in the memory! As far as the platform work went, there was the customary parry and thrust. "Ireland cannot exist at all," said the Orange candidate, "in a business point of view unless fortified by English public credit." "In other words," replied the Nationalist candidate, "you cannot conduct a business concern profitably unless you have a shopman who is robbing the till." "Remember who saved us from brass money and wooden shoes," said the Orange candidate. "Remember how many of your children have to thank Toryism for having no shoes and no money at all," retorted we. Once at least the stage-setting was really dramatic. Through some confusion, wilful or accidental, we

held simultaneous meetings in the Square of Dungannon. There could be no more striking token of the Great Change than the fact that these two hostile crowds stood placidly there, the fringe of one merging into that of the other, while on their heads descended a rain of oratorical missiles. There were no other missiles; we talked daggers, but used none. Twenty-five years ago lives would have been lost; ten years ago, the stones would have had blood on them; to-day the appeal is not to the demic functions. Into a mass of truth they wove up one untruth, and as the machinery of the law did not compel us to show the faces of our cards in applying for the injunction, the assaulting guns were effectively spiked. And the spectacle of a renegade Nationalist judge restraining "loyal" orators from telling the truth about the "dangerous agitator" opposed to them was not without a shade of humor. The last shot fired was another circular. "It has been rumored about the constituency, for ob-

MR. KETTLE ADDRESSING ELECTORS.

stick but to the judgment and conscience, and that is the end of Unionism.

I feel the patience of my readers swaying under my story like thin ice, and hasten to its end. Of course, there were "incidents." The most amusing, perhaps, was our securing of an injunction to restrain our opponents from issuing a circular dealing with a demonstration of the Nationalist students of the Royal University against the playing of the English National Anthem at acavious reasons, that Mr. Kettle is a Presbyterian. As a matter of fact he is a Roman Catholic." That was all, and that was thought to be conclusive. But the crude appeal to religious bigotry went as wide of the mark as the no less crude appeal to that brand of loyalty which consists in betraying the many to the few. "I do not know," wrote John Mitchell, "whether the Pope of Rome is or is not the Scarlet Woman that sitteth on Seven Hills. But I do

know that he does not issue any ejectment processes in Ulster." It has taken Ulster a long time to see the point of that observation and to draw the practical inference, but she has learned her lesson at least.

It was on a market day that the counting of votes took place. Nobody remembers having seen so many people in Dungannon before. They huddled and swayed about the courthouse; hardly a word was spoken, for neither side wished to make itself ridiculous in case of defeat. Inside one walked about from table to table, to the rustle of unfolded ballots and the incessant counterchange from the callers of "McCaw," "Kettle," "Kettle," "McCaw." The air seemed to palpitate. I remember with what a fine sweeping nonchalance I strolled about, smoking, as it were, uproariously; and I remember also how after the cigar went out excited fingers wasted many matches in re-lighting it. The same phenomena were observable in Mr. McCaw. The count jumped up and down in a dazing zig-zag, and then it all came to a sudden end, and people were shaking your two hands at the same time, patting your back, beaming with delight, and you knew that the poll had closed—Kettle 3,019; McCaw 3,000.

Somebody had dashed out the door with the news; the silent crowd found its tongue, a foam of green favors broke out above its surges, and a shout went up that one remembers, the shout of strong men who have fought for an idea and have won. The play was over. In a few weeks all this hot and glowing endeavor would have faded to a dim memory.

TAKING A SICK VOTER TO THE POLLS.

But for a few weeks it made life worth living. And for my part I had secured admission to the liveliest constitutional "circus" with which England has been confronted since she decapitated Charles I, and a vote on the side of Ireland, in a situation that promises to set her feet at last in fair places.

THE BARD.

SOME WOMEN OF A MEDIEVAL CENTURY.

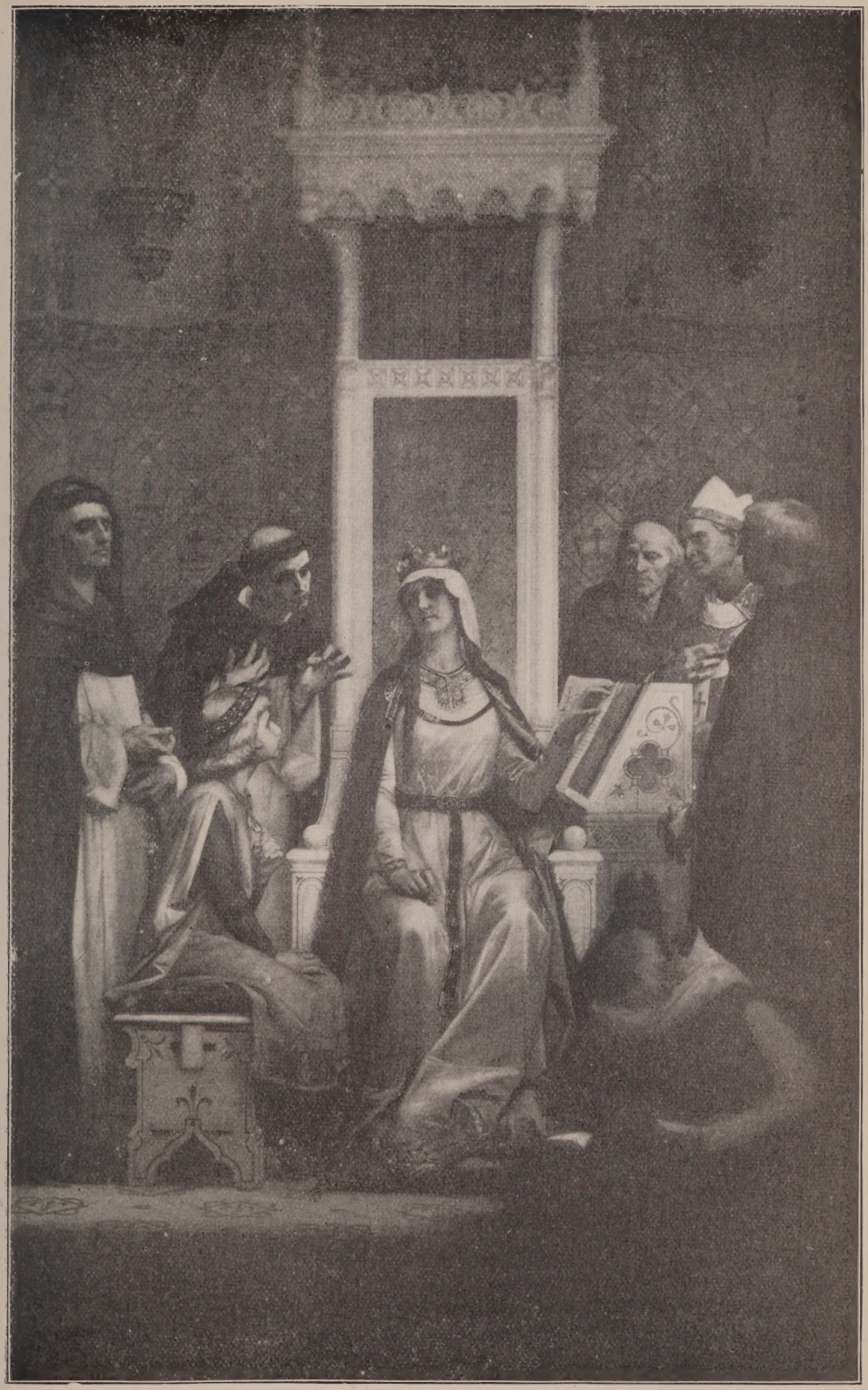
BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., LL.D.

It is usually considered an almost self-evident proposition that it is only in our times, that women have come to exert anything like the influence that they should have in life even outside of their domestic circle. It is thought a foregone conclusion that the women of long-distant centuries had no weight to speak of in worldly affairs, and, devoted as they were to the management of their households, certainly did not modify the progress of human events in any important way. While this is only a typical expression of the usual self-complacent attitude of each succeeding generation to its own achievements, it has a special significance in this matter of women's influence, because there are so many examples, in most of the centuries of human history, of women who accomplished results the influence of which probably will never die. As evidence of how much women can and did achieve quite apart from any feministic movement, I have been tempted to bring together some of the details of the lives of a series of women who lived during one century of the later Middle Ages. This century is of course one of the most wonderful of human history, the thirteenth, but one of the most striking characteristics is that the women of the time were not behind the men in achievement.

There are a number of women, who lived during the years from 1200 to 1300, whose names the world will not let die. While if the ordinary person were asked to enumerate the great women of the thirteenth century, it would be rare to find one able properly to place them; as soon as their names are mentioned, it will be recognized that they succeeded in accomplishing work of such a kind that the world will never let the reputation of it perish. Some of these names are household words. The bearers of them have been written of at length in quite recent years in England as well as in other countries. Their work was of the kind that ordinarily stands quite apart from the course of history and so dates are usually not attached to it. It is thought of as a portion of the precious heritage of mankind rather than as belonging to any particular period. Three names occur at once. They are St. Clare of Assisi, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and Queen Blanche of Castile, the mother of St. Louis. To these should be added Queen Berengaria, the sister of Blanche and the mother of Ferdinand of Castile; Mable Rich, the London tradesman's wife, the mother of St. Edmund of Canterbury; and Isabella, the famous Countess of Arundel.

The present-day interest in St. Francis of Assisi has brought St. Clare under the lime-light of publicity. There is no doubt at all that her name is well worthy to be mentioned along with his, and that she, like him, must be considered one of the strongest and most beautiful characters of all time. She was the daughter of a noble family at Assisi, who, having heard St. Francis preach, was inspired with the idea that she too should have the opportunity to live the simple life that St. Francis pictured. Of

NOTE.—The material for this article is taken from one of the chapters of a book—"The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries"—which is shortly to be issued by the Catholic Summer School Press. The data were originally gathered for a series of lectures delivered at the Catholic Club of New York City in the Catholic Summer School Extension Lectures.



BLANCHE OF CASTILE AND HER SON LOUIS.

course her family opposed her in any such notion. That a daughter of theirs should take up with a wandering preacher, who at that time was looked on not a little askance by the regular religious authorities, and whose rags and poverty made him anything but a proper associate for a young lady, was inevitable. Accordingly Clare ran away from home and told Francis that she would never go back, and that he must help her to live her life in poverty and simplicity just as he was doing himself. He sent her to a neighboring convent to be cared for, and also very probably to be assured of her vocation.

After a time a special convent for some young women and herself was established, and to this her sister Agnes came as a postulant. By this time apparently the family had become reconciled to Clare's absence from home, but they would not stand for another sister following such a foolish example. Accordingly Agnes was removed from the convent by force, and after a scene which caused the greatest excitement in the little town. It was not long, however, before Agnes returned to the convent and within a few years their mother followed them, and became one of the most fervent members of the little community. The peace and happiness that came with this life of absolute poverty soon attracted many other women, and Clare was asked to establish houses at a distance. Gradually the order of Poor Clares, the second order of St. Francis, thus came into existence. When it was necessary to draw up constitutions for the order, Clare showed not only the breadth of her intelligence, but the depth of her knowledge of human nature, and her appreciation of what was absolutely necessary to keep her order from degeneration. Against the counsels of all the ecclesiastics of her time, including many cardinals and even a Pope, she insisted on the most absolute poverty as the only basis for the preservation of the spirit of her second order of St. Francis. Her strength of character was well manifested in this contest from which she came out victorious.

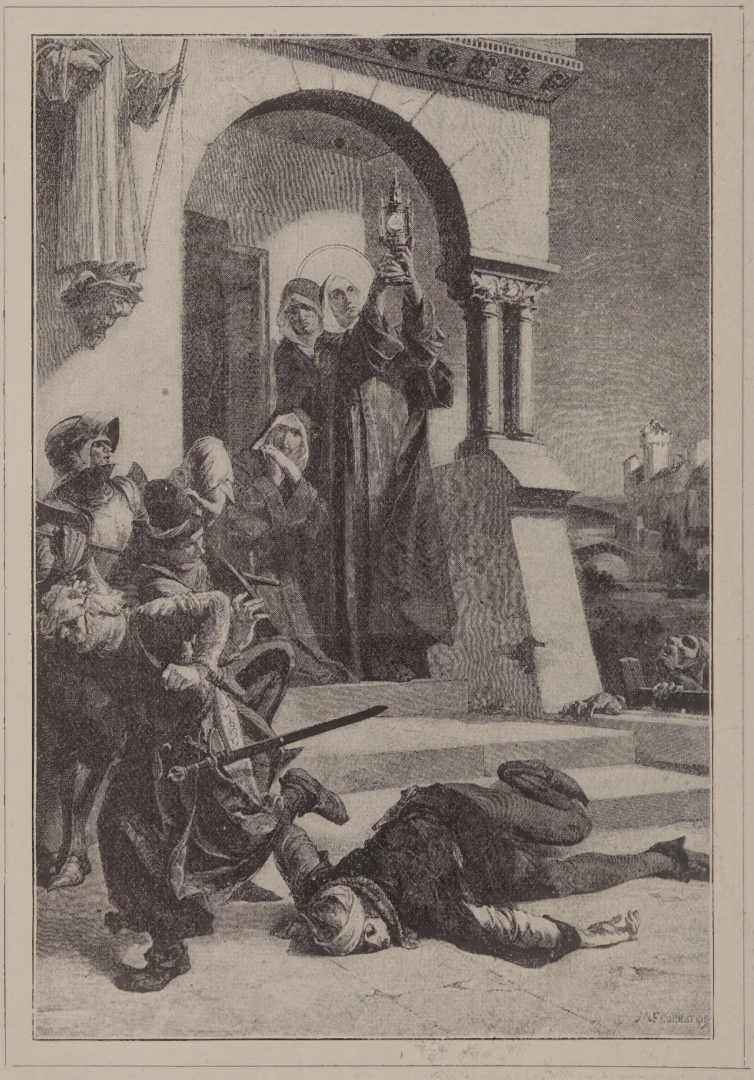
Her body has been miraculously preserved and may still be seen at Assisi. Any one who has noted the strongly set lips and full, firm chin of the saint's face, in the crypt of San Damiano, can easily understand the strength of purpose and firmness of character of this young woman who moulded a generation to her will. The story is told of her, that once when the Saracens invaded Italy and attacked the convent, she mounted the walls with a monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament in her hands, and the marauders turned away in consternation from the vision, and bothered the nuns no more. After St. Francis' death, she, more than any one else, succeeded in maintaining the spirit of the Franciscan order in the way in which St. Francis would have it go. Long after her death, a copy of the original rules was found in the folds of her garments and did much to restore the Franciscan order to its primitive simplicity and purpose, so that even after life was past, she was still the guardian and promoter of St. Francis' work.

If one wants to know how much of happiness there came to her in life, one should read the famous passage which describes her visit to St. Francis, and how she and he, with sisters and brothers around them, broke bread together, with a sweetness that was beyond human. The passage is to be found in the little "Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi," which was written within a century after the occurrence described. It recalls nothing so much as the story of the disciples

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

at Emmaus, and is worthy of a place in memory beside the scripture incident.

St. Francis let make ready the table on the bare ground as he was wont to do. And the hour of breaking bread being come, they



ST. CLARE OF ASSISI DEFENDING HER CONVENT AGAINST THE SARACENS.

set themselves down together, St. Francis and St. Clare and one of the companions of St. Francis with the companion of St. Clare, and all the other companions took each his place at the table with all humility. And at the first dish, St. Francis began to speak of God so sweetly, so sublimely, and so wondrously that the fullness of divine grace came down on them, and they were all rapt in God. And as they were thus rapt, with eyes and hands uplift to Heaven, the folk of Assisi and Bettona and the country round about, saw that St. Mary of the Angels, and all the house, and the wood that was just hard by the house, were burning brightly, and it seemed that a great fire that filled the church and the house and the whole wood together: for the which cause the folk of Assisi ran thither in great haste for to quench the flames, believing of a truth that the whole place was all on fire. But

coming close up to the house and finding no fire at all, they entered within and found St. Francis, and St. Clare, and all their company, in contemplation rapt in God and sitting around that humble board. Whereby of a truth they understood that this had been a heavenly flame and no earthly one at all, which God had let appear miraculously, for to show and signify the fire of love divine where with the souls of those holy brothers and holy nuns were all aflame; wherefore they gat them gone with great consolation in their hearts and with holy edifying. Then after some long space, St. Francis and St. Clare, together with all the others, returning to themselves again and feeling of good comfort from the spiritual food, took little heed of the food of the body.

What St. Clare accomplished as her life work was the making of a new vocation for women. There are always a certain number of women who look for peace and quiet rather than the struggle for existence. For those the older monasteries did not supply a place unless they were of the wealthier class as a rule. Among the Poor Clares, women of all classes were received. In this way a great practical lesson in equality was taught. Women did not have to marry perhaps unsuitable, often even objectionable, men simply in order to have a mode in life. They could join one of these communities, and, though in absolute poverty, with many hours each day devoted to meditation and prayers, had time to give to beautiful needlework, to painting and book illumination, and to other feminine occupations, and might thus pass long happy lives, apart from the bustle of the strenuous time. Italy at this time was a seething cauldron of political and military strife. Wars were waged and struggles of all kinds engaged in for precedence and power. These women got away from this unfortunate state of affairs. Occasionally, in times of pestilence, when they were specially needed, as happened at least once in St. Clare's life, they took care of the ailing and lent their convent as a hospital. Above all, they stood in the eyes of their generation for chosen people who saw things differently from others.

They taught the great lesson of not caring too much for the things of this world, and of not living one's life in order to get admiration though usually envy comes, nor idle praise for qualities they either do not possess or that are not worthy of notice. They showed people the real value of this life by its reflection upon the other. Many a man turned aside from ambitious schemes that would have injured others, because of the kindly influence of these unselfish women and because of the memory of a sister, or an aunt, whose sacrificing life was thus a rebuke to his foolish selfishness. Other women realized something of the vanity of human things, by learning to value the character of these Poor Clares and appreciating how much of happiness came to them from the accomplishment of their simple duties. Professor Osler said of these self-forgetting ones in his Harvard lecture on Science and Immortality: "The serene faith of Socrates with the cup of hemlock at his lips, the heroic devotion of a St. Francis or a St. Teresa, but more often for each one of us the beautiful life of some good woman whose

> Eyes are homes of silent prayer,
> . . . . . .
> Whose loves in higher love endure,

do more to keep alive among the Laodiceans (the lukewarm of faith) a belief in immortality than all the preaching in the land." This is what St. Clare accomplished in her own generation, and her influence is still a great living force in the world.

What especially should attract the attention of the modern time is the perfect basis of equality on which the Franciscan and Dominican orders of men and of women were organized. Each community had the opportunity to elect its

own superiors. The rules were practically the same for the first (for men) and the second (for women) order of St. Francis, except that while the first order were supposed to live on alms collected by begging from door to door, this menial obligation was not imposed upon the women, who were expected to be supported by alms brought to their convents by the faithful and by the labor of their own hands. This equality of men and women in the monastic establishments became widespread after the thirteenth century, and made itself felt in the social order of the time as a factor for feminine uplift. Undoubtedly St. Clare's work in the second order of St. Francis must be held responsible to no small degree for this. Before her death there were half a dozen members of royal families in various parts of Europe who had become members of her order and literally hundreds of the daughters of the nobility, many of them of high rank, had put off their dignity and position in the world, to become the poor daughters of St. Clare for the sake of the peace and the happiness of the vocation and the opportunity to save their souls and live their lives in their own quiet way, which her convents afforded them.

After St. Clare, the best-known woman of the thirteenth century, is undoubtedly St. Elizabeth of Hungary, of whom the world knows some pretty legends, while the serious historian recognizes that she was the first settlement worker of history. As a child she wandered down from the castle walls in which she lived, and saw the poor in their suffering. She felt so much for them that she stript herself of most of her garments and finally even of her shoes in order to clothe them. When she was taken to task for this, she said that she had suffered whatever inconvenience there was in it only for a few minutes while the poor had suffered all their lives. She became the wife of the Duke of Thuringia, and there were years of ideal happiness in her wifely duties and the care of the poor. When her husband went away on the Crusade the poor became her consolation. When he died, at a distance, though she was only twenty, and, according to tradition, one of the handsomest women of her time, Elizabeth devoted herself still more to her poor, and even went to live among them.

Here she taught them, as does the settlement worker of the modern time, something of the true significance of life, and made them realize that so many of the things they vainly desired were not worth thinking about, but that happiness consisted in lopping off one's desires rather than trying to satisfy them. It is no wonder that throughout all Germany she came to be called "the dear St. Elizabeth." Literally, thousands of women since her time have turned to read this story of her beautiful devotion, and have been inspired by her example to do more and more for the poor around them. All she did was accomplished in such a practical way that the amount of good done was almost incalculable. It would be difficult to estimate the exact amount of influence exerted by lives such as this devoted to the betterment of things social, but one thing is certain, that such women secure the love and esteem of their contemporaries and the admiration and veneration of succeeding generations. St. Elizabeth of Hungary is likely to be remembered more for her private charities and certain beautiful legends connected with them than for her attempts to solve social problems, but this is a very narrow view of her life and its significance. We are much more likely to recall the fact that

the broken bread which she was carrying to the poor, in spite of her husband's declaration that such an occupation was unfitting his queen, was changed into roses when he asked to see what her apron contained, than to realize that after the loss of her husband, her life was entirely devoted to the poor of the town of Marburg, where she did so much for the people, that within a few years after her death they canonized her by popular acclamation and built in her honor the handsome Cathedral of St. Elizabeth—on of the most striking of the German Gothic cathedrals.

Montalembert, the great French historian of the monks of the West, was so taken with the details of the life of Elizabeth, that he spent many years gathering together the materials for his well-known biographical sketch of her. She was to the women of the century and to the northern nations what St. Francis had been to the southern nations and to the men. In the meantime it must not be forgotten that she was very proud to be considered a daughter of St. Francis and a member of the Third Order of Franciscans, and asked to be buried in their habit. How much of injustice she prevented, how much suffering she alleviated, how much happiness her example set going, can only be appreciated by those who have read the story of her life. Where people thought so much of a personality, it was not surprising that exaggeration of reverence should find a place and that legends of various kinds should gather around her name. Quite apart from these, however, there is easily to be discovered beneath all the legends the story of a great individuality that impressed itself deeply upon the generation and left an example of a precious life to act as a leaven for good in the midst of the social fermentations of succeeding generations.

Yet Elizabeth succeeded in accomplishing all this in spite of the fact that she was born a daughter of a king and married the reigning prince of one of the most important ducal houses in Germany. One would expect to find that her life had been long, so many traditions have gathered about her name. She was twenty when her husband died, and she survived him only four years. Literally she accomplished a long space in a short time and created for herself a name that the world will never willingly let die.

The next great woman of the century also belonged to a reigning family and is much better known, perhaps, than her contemporaries. This was Blanche of Castile. Blanche will be remembered as the young woman to whom Constance refers in Shakespeare's "King John" when she asks, "And shall Louis have Blanche, and Blanche these provinces?" Married to Louis VIII of France, she is known principally as the mother of Louis IX. She ruled France for many years while her boy was a minor, and when he came to the age when he might ordinarily assume the reins of government, he voluntarily permitted his mother to continue her regency for some time longer. If any one wants to know how much she did for France, read any historian and learn that France was probably happier under her than under any ruler that the country has ever had, with the possible exception of her son, Louis. She succeeded in suppressing to a great extent the quarrels so common among the nobility; she strengthened and centralized the power of the crown; she began the correction of abuses in the administration of justice, which her son was to complete so well; she organized charity in various

ways, and the court was an example to the kingdom of simple, dignified life, without any abuse of power, or wealth, or passion. No wonder that when Louis went on the Crusade, he left his mother to reign in his stead, confident that all would go well. If one needed a demonstration that women can rule well, there is an excellent example in the life of Blanche.

Personally she seems not only to have had an amiable but a deeply intellectual character. She encouraged education and beautiful book-making and the Gothic architecture which was developing in France so wonderfully during her period. Of course she almost worshiped her boy, Louis; but how much her adoration was tempered with the most beautiful Christian feeling can be understood from the famous expression attributed to her on good authority, that she would rather see her boy dead at her feet than have him commit a mortal offense against his God or his neighbor. One might almost say it is no wonder that Louis became a saint. As a matter of fact, he attributed to his mother whatever of goodness there was in himself.

There is a touch of humanity in the picture, however, a trait that shows that Blanche was a woman, though it is a fault that draws our sympathy to her even more surely than if she were the type of perfection she might have been without it. She did not get on well with her daughter-in-law, and one of the trials of Louis' life, as we have said, was to keep the scales evenly balanced between his mother and his wife, both of whom he loved very dearly. After Blanche's life there could be no doubt that a woman, when given the opportunity, can manage men and administer government quite as well as any masculine member of the race, and that the thirteenth century had given another example of its power to bring out what was best in its fortunate children.

One of the most interesting women of the thirteenth century was neither a saint nor a member of the nobility, but only the wife of a simple London merchant. This was Mabel Rich, the mother of St. Edmund of Canterbury. Edmund is one of the great, good men of the century. He had been a student at Paris, and later a professor at Oxford. Then he became the treasurer of the Cathedral at Salisbury about the time that magnificent edifice was receiving the form which was to make it one of the world's great churches for all time, and his influence counted for much in this accomplishment. Later he was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and while defending the rights of his church and his people, came under the ban of Henry III, and spent most of the later years of his life in exile on the continent. Edmund insisted that he owed more to his mother than to any other single factor in life. With her two boys, aged ten and fourteen, Mabel Rich was left to care for the worldly concerns of the household, as well as for their education. When they were twelve and sixteen, with many misgivings, she sent them off to the University of Paris to get their education. Edmund tells how, besides packing their linen very carefully, she also packed a hair shirt for each of them, which they were to wear occasionally, according to their promise to her, to remind them that they must not look for ease and comfort in life; above all, must not yield to sensual pleasures, but must be ready to suffer many little troubles voluntarily, in order that they might be able to resist temptation when severer trials came. Mable Rich believed in discipline as a factor in education, and thought that character was formed by habits of fortitude in resisting petty annoyances, until finally

even serious trials were easy to bear.

Both of her sons proved worthy of her maternal solicitude. Edmund tells how the poor around her home in London blessed her for her charity. All during his life the thought of his mother was uppermost in his mind, and in the immortality that has been given his name, because of the utter forgetfulness of self which characterized his life, his mother has been associated. Unfortunately details are lacking that would show us something of the manner of living of this strong woman of the people, but we know enough to make us realize that she was a type of the Christian mother, the memory of whose goodness often means more not only for her children, but for all those who come in contact with her, than all the sermons and pious exhortations that they hear; and often, such is the way of human nature, even than the Divine Commandments and the personal conscience of those whom she loves.

There were noble women among the gentle women of England, moreover, and though space will not let us dwell on them, at least one must be mentioned. This is the famous Isabelle, Countess of Arundel, who, with a dignity which Matthew Paris says was more than that of woman, reproached Henry III (1252) when he sought to browbeat her. She made bold to tell the king, "You neither govern us nor yourself well." On this the king, with a sneer and a grin, said with a loud voice, "Ho, ho, my lady countess, have the noblemen of England granted you a charter and struck a bargain with you to become their spokeswoman because of your eloquence?" She answered, "My liege, the nobles have made no charter, but you and your father have made a charter, and you have sworn to observe it inviolably, and yet many times have you extorted money from your subjects and have not kept your word. Where are the liberties of England, often reduced to writing, so often granted, so often again denied?" *

The question of womanly occupations, apart from household duties, will be of great interest to our generation. A hint of one form of woman's occupation has already been given (in other chapters) in discussing the needlework done for the cathedrals, and especially the cope of Ascoli. It must not be forgotten that this was the age not alone of cathedrals, but also of monasteries and convents. In all of these convents every effort was made to have whatever was associated with the religious ceremonial as beautiful as possible. Hence it was that needlework rose to a height of accomplishment such as has never been reached since, according to the best authorities, and many examples of it have come down to us to confirm such an opinion. This needlework was done not only for religious purposes, however, but also as presents for kings and queens and the nobility, and these presents proved to be fine exemplars of artistic beauty, that must have helped to raise the taste of the time. This was essentially woman's work, and in their distant castles the women of the households of the nobility occupied themselves with it to much better effect than their sisters of the modern time with the grievous burden of their so-called social duties.

Miss Bateson, in the book just quoted, has given a pretty yet piquant picture of women at these occupations. She says:

> There are not wanting thirteenth century satires to tell the usual story of female levities, and of female devotion to the needle, to German work and pierced work, Saracen work and combed work, cut-out

* *Mediæval England*, English Feudal Society from the Norman Conquest to the Middle of the Fourteenth Century, by Mary Bateson.

work and wool-work, and a multitude of other "works" to which the clue seems to be now wholly lost. Whilst the women are thus engaged the one who knows most reads to them, the others listen attentively, and do not sleep as they do at Mass, "pur la prise de vanite dont ont grant lessce (joy)." The "opus anglicum" consisted of chain-stitch in circles, with hollows, made by a heated iron rod, to represent shadows. A cope of this work was made by Rose de Burford at Edward II's order, and sent to Rome. One, known as the Syon cope, passed into the possession of the nuns of Syon, Isleworth, and can be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Another form of woman's work that came into prominence during the century was the service in hospitals. While the records of the hospitals of the Holy Ghost, which, under Innocent III's fostering care, spread so widely throughout Europe in this century, are mainly occupied with the institutions of the Brothers of the Holy Ghost, there were many institutions under the care of women, and indeed there was almost an universally accepted idea that women patients and obstetrical cases should be cared for by women rather than men. It is very easy to think little of the hospitals of this time, but any such thought will be the result of ignorance rather than of any serious attempt to know what was actually accomplished. The Sisters' hospitals soon usurped the most prominent place in the life of the time, and during succeeding centuries gradually replaced those which had been originally kept by men. It was recognized that nursing was a much more suitable occupation for the gentler sex, and that there were many less abuses than when men were employed. The success of these hospitals in gradually eradicating leprosy and in keeping down the death-rate from St. Anthony's fire, or erysipelas, shows how capable they were of accomplishing great humanitarian work.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the story of woman's position during the thirteenth century is that, at the Italian universities, at least, coeducation was not only admitted in principle, but also in practice, and many women were in attendance at the universities. In the West of Europe this feature did not exist. It is a startling comment on how comparatively trivial a thing may change the course of history, that the Heloise and Abelard incident at the University of Paris during the twelfth century precluded all subsequent possibility of the admission of women to the University of Paris. All the other western universities took their keynote in this matter from Paris. It would have been too much to expect that university authorities would take the risks which had been so clearly demonstrated even with regard to a distinguished professor, and so coeducation was excluded.

It is not easy to say what proportion of women there were in attendance at the University of Bologna during the thirteenth century. Apparently it should not be difficult to take the lists of the matriculates as far as they have been preserved and by a little calculation obtain rather exact figures. Italy, like most of the Latin countries, differs from the Teutonic regions in not being quite so exact in the distribution of names to the different sexes that the first name inevitably determines whether the individual is male or female. It is not an unusual thing even at the present day for a man to have as a first name in Italy or France or Spain the equivalent of our name Mary. On the other hand, not a few girls were called by men's names and without the feminine determination which is so distinctive among the English-speaking peoples. In the olden times this was still more the case. Until very recently at least, if not now, every child born in Venice was given two names at its baptism, Maria and Gio-

vanni, in honor of the two great patron saints of the city, and then the parents might add further names if they so desired. A matriculation list of the University of Bologna tells very little, then, that is absolute with regard to the sex of the matriculates.

All that we know for sure is that there were women students at the University of Bologna apparently from the beginning of the thirteenth century and that some of them secured the distinction of being made professors. Of one of these there is a pretty legend told, which seems to illustrate the fact that charming young women of profound intellectual qualities did not lose the characteristic modesty and thoughtfulness for others of their sex, because of their elevation even to a university professorship. This young woman, Maria di Novella, when only twenty-five, became the professor of mathematics at the University of Bologna. According to tradition, she was very pretty, and doubtless was not unaware of that happy accident. She feared that her good looks might disturb the thoughts of her students during her lessons, and accordingly she delivered her lectures from behind a curtain. The story may, of course, be only a myth. One of the best woman educators that I know once said to me that if the tradition with regard to her beauty were true, then she doubted the rest of the story; but then women are not always the best judges of the actions of other women, and especially is this true when there is a question of a grave and learned elderly woman passing judgment on a young and handsome professor of mathematics.

The Italians became so much impressed with the advisability of permitting women to study at the universities, that a certain amount of coeducation has existed down all the centuries in Italy, and not a century has passed since the thirteenth which has not chronicled the presence of at least one distinguished woman professor at some Italian university. Indeed, it was doubtless the traditional position of tolerance in this matter that made it seem quite natural for women, when the Renaissance period came around, to take their places beside their brothers and their cousins in the schools where the new learning was being taught.

The real story of woman's position in the century is to be found in its literature. How deep was the general culture of the women of the thirteenth century in Italy at least can be judged from the Sonnets of Dante and his friends to their loved ones at the end of this century. Some of the most beautiful poetry that was ever written was inspired by these women, and, like the law of hydrostatics, it is one of the rules of the history of poetry, that inspiration rises never higher than its source, and that poetry addressed to women is always the best index of the estimation in which they are held, the reflection of the highest qualities of the objects to which it is addressed. Any one who reads certain of the "Sonnets" of Dante or of his friend, Guido Cavalcanti, or of Gino da Pistoia, or of Dante da Maiano, will find ready assurance of the high state of culture and of intellectual refinement that must have existed among the women to whom they were dedicated. This same form of reasoning will apply also with regard to the women of the South of France, to whom the Troubadours addressed their poetry; to those of the North of France, who were greeted by the Trouveres, and those of the South of Germany, for whom the Minnesingers tuned their lyres to praise them properly.

It would seem sometimes to be forgotten that poetry generally is written much more for women than for men

Every one realizes that for one man who has read Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," there are probably ten women to whom they have been a source of delight. When we think of the thirteenth century as not affording opportunities of intellectual culture for its women, we should ask ourselves where, then, did the Meistersingers and the authors of the Arthur Legends, the Nibelungen, and the Cid, all thirteenth-century poets, find an audience, if it were not among the women? The subjects chosen by the Meistersingers are just those which proved so popular to feminine readers of Tennyson in the nineteenth century, and the special points of interest in the stories show that men and women have not changed much during the intervening centuries. The literature of any period reflects the interest of the women in it, and as interest is itself an index of intellectual development, thirteenth-century literature must be taken as the vivid reflection of the cultural character of the women of the time, and this is of itself the highest possible tribute to their intelligence and education.

MISS SELINA'S MISTAKE.

BY M. C. KEOGH.

I.

There was no doubt about it — Miss Selina was very much annoyed. On drawing her bedroom curtains aside and looking out upon the narrow strip of grass which was dignified by the name of garden, she beheld one of her neighbor's hens in a corner which was still further dignified by the name of fernery, because a clump of ferns annually made its appearance under the shade of a hawthorn that spread its branches over the wall from the next garden.

Now, Miss Selina was the eldest of three sisters who lived in one of a row of small houses on the outskirts of a little country town. Their father had carried on a successful trade and had laid by a sum that provided his daughters with a sufficient income, so that, with united consent, they had bought this little house and settled down among familiar surroundings. Their stepbrother, many years younger than Miss Annette, the youngest of the trio, still carried on their father's business, and had prospered so well that he had bought for himself a nice country residence about two miles out of town, and it was commonly reported that George Daly must be on the look-out for a wife. Otherwise, what was the use of such a grand place for him?

But George was in no hurry. He looked forward to the day when such a thing might come to pass, and in imagination he pictured little children running down the avenue to meet him on his return after business hours, and a woman, whose face he could not as yet so easily picture, standing on the doorstep to greet the merry group. However, he determined to let things shape their own course, hoping that time would bring the right woman across his path.

But to return to Miss Selina. She was, as we have said, very much annoyed. This was the second time in one week that this truant hen had chosen her garden as a depository for her eggs.

And it really was very trying to see a beautiful fresh egg and to be obliged to send it back to its rightful owner! Truth to tell, Miss Selina's own conscience was not very sensitive on this subject. She thought that if people allowed their hens to stray, they should pay the forfeit; but she was overruled in the family councils, her sisters Lydia and Annette holding that the egg belonged to the owner of the hen, and as they could not keep the hen, neither should they keep the egg. More than once the matter had been submitted to George, and a more than usually energetic debate was held on this particular afternoon as to the advisability of teaching a lesson to Mrs. Tobin, who was observed to be marshalling her fowl with the aid of a sweeping brush, and driving them frantically before her to the place assigned to them on her own premises.

"Why does she not put up wire netting if she wishes to keep her hens in?" said Miss Selina.

"Well," said Miss Lydia, "it would certainly save a deal of time and trouble, but I suppose the expense"—

"Yes," said George, "it would be expensive, perhaps, for a widow with a large family—I don't think you can keep the egg, Selina."

"Then I shall certainly write and request her to confine her hens to her own garden," said Miss Selina wrathfully.

That evening a note was sent to Mrs. Tobin, couched in such terms as left no doubt on the poor woman's mind that her fowl were a nuisance to the neighborhood in general, and to Miss Selina in particular. At first she was so amazed at the sharp words that she stared at the letter as if she could not understand it. Then calling her eldest daughter, she handed it to her in silence, and turned away to hide her mortification. When the children had gone to bed, Mrs. Tobin and her two eldest girls took counsel of each other.

"I wouldn't wish to be a trouble to any one," said the poor woman, "so I'll advertise the fowl and sell them."

"Not the young cock and the two speckled hens, mother?" said Annie, a pretty girl of twenty, looking sadly out towards the garden and fowl-house.

But Mrs. Tobin, not trusting herself to say much on the subject, closed the discussion with a verdict that all must be sold, and, writing out the advertisement, she sent the younger girl to the office of the local paper, which would appear next day.

II.

George Daly sat over his morning paper before going to his place of business. On glancing down the advertisement column he frowned and said to himself irritably, "This is too bad of Selina. She must have written roughly to the poor woman, to cause her to sell her fowl in such a hurry." Then, after a moment's pause, he rang the bell and summoned his general factotum, John, who superintended all outdoor arrangements.

"John, there's an advertisement here. Some fowl for sale. I want you to go to this address and buy them. Be sure to handle them gently, and give the people what they ask for them."

"Yes, sir."

An hour or so afterwards John arrived at Mrs. Tobin's door, with a cart on which a fine bed of straw had been arranged for the fowl. It happened to be Saturday, when Annie would come home early; but Mrs. Tobin was thankful that she was absent when the poor hens, uttering mournful cries, were tied together and conveyed away from the place to which they were accustomed. For Annie was a girl who made a pet

of every living thing that came within her reach, and when, on coming home for dinner that day, she looked into the now silent garden, there was no need to tell her the cause. She ate little and could not restrain her tears. She did not dare to ask who had bought the fowl, and her two special pets—the speckled hens! But her mother told her, by way of comfort, that Mr. George Daly had sent for them, and his man, John, had said they would be well treated.

"I'm glad Mr. Daly has them," said Annie, "for he's a kind-hearted man—not like his sisters."

"Well, indeed," said her mother, "Miss Selina's letter was over-sharp, but maybe I was hasty in selling them all. However, we must try some other way to make a few shillings—grow vegetables, perhaps. *They* can't get over the wall, at any rate!"

Now, Annie was bookkeeper at Mr. Daly's, and had frequent occasion of speaking to him on business. She had always found him courteous and kind, so it was no surprise to her on Monday evening when, on taking the books into his own private office, he said to her, with a smile, "The hens are settling down, Miss Tobin. We'll make them happy yet. I was sorry that your mother thought it necessary to part with them, but there"—seeing her eyes fill with tears—"don't be fretting about them; they are safer with me than with any one else."

"What a tender-hearted little girl!" he said to himself driving home. "What kind brown eyes!" and he sauntered down to the fowl run to see the little creatures before dinner. "Ah," he said, looking at them, so shy and frightened still, "I suppose women have a way of making such small creatures love them. And that poor little girl misses them and actually cries for them."

He was testy and disagreeable, his sisters said, on his next visit, and he wondered what charm they could find in a place so silent and dull.

"Now, I like to hear sounds of life about a place," said he. "I like to hear the hens cackling, and the pigeons cooing, and the canaries singing. It's a welcome home in the evening."

Decidedly he was in a disagreeable mood!

He began to take more notice of Annie every day, and he would say, before leaving the office, "We are getting great friends, Miss Tobin, the fowl and I; and they are looking well and quite happy. You must come to see them. Bring your mother on Sunday. John will be pleased to show how clever he is in looking after them."

III.

So on Sunday they went, thinking that only John would do the honors of the farmyard. But while Annie was stooping down to feed her former pets from her hand, she was startled to hear a kind, familiar voice say, "Well, I hope you find them happy, Miss Annie, and you see they have not forgotten you."

She stood up, blushing, to answer, "Yes indeed, sir; I am quite content now."

The word "sir" some way hurt him. He had called her "Miss Annie" in all friendliness, and this cold reminder of their different positions displeased him.

"We'll come back to them again," he said, hastily. "I want to show you the pigeons and the birds."

So they went all round the place and saw the birds and the flowers. John followed with Mrs. Tobin, having been directed to gather a bouquet for her. When they were about to thank Mr. Daly and take their departure, he would not hear of it. They must have tea, and

Eliza had prepared it in the summer-house, it was such a lovely evening. George looked into the brown eyes, now so full of content and pleasure, and thought how much better this setting of leaf and flowers suited the refined face beside him than a high office stool.

"I think you were made for country life, Miss Annie," he said.

"I love it," she answered simply.

From that day, however, something shy and strange entered into their relations towards each other. When George passed into his private office, close to Annie's high desk, she was generally particularly engaged over her books, and it was not easy to get any speech with her before leaving.

One Saturday afternoon, however, some weeks later, when depositing her books as usual on his table, George bade her remain a moment, as he had a word to say.

"Miss Annie," he began slowly, and looking very uncomfortable, "I have had very bad luck, and I am greatly distressed and annoyed. But the worst of it is that I am afraid I must pain you, too. You have such a kind little heart that I know you will be sorry to hear that one of my poor little canaries died yesterday. That careless Eliza left it without water, and I found it last night"—

"Oh," said Annie, looking him full in the face, thinking only of the poor bird, "I am so sorry."

"That's not the worst, Annie," he continued, laying his hand gently on her arm, "one of your hens" (he did not dare to say it was one of the speckled hens) "hurt its throat some way in the wire, and this morning — we found it dead."

Two tears that could not be kept back rolled down her cheeks.

"You see, Annie, how badly I need some one to look after the live-stock. John's interest is not such as yours would be, and Eliza is careless. What do you say to giving up the books here and coming to take care of them all—and of me?"

"Oh, sir, how could I?"

"Don't say that; it hurts," he said sharply. Then, taking her hands in his, and looking into the soft, brown eyes, "Annie, dear, don't you understand that I want you to be my wife, and mistress of everything in your own right? The garden has seemed empty since you were there. The whole place is lonely and calls for you. No, I won't let you go. I love you, dear, and I want you, and no other."

It seemed a long time before her answer came. Then she said, "Mother would be angry with me, and people would say"—

"Never mind people, and we'll go now and settle it with your mother. Only tell me you can love me, even a little."

Her eyes answered for her, and they went happily to tell Mrs. Tobin.

. . . . . .

Of course there was talk, and Miss Lydia said she was a sly thing, but Miss Selina pressed her lips together and was silent. She felt that her unlucky letter had caused the whole thing!

KITTY'S LETTER.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

Before a table, set by the window of the farmhouse kitchen, Kitty O'Neill sat sewing industriously at a long white seam. The homely apartment looked the quintessence of comfort and tidiness, with its big brown dresser covered with a sparkling array of delf and old-fashioned china and glass, its whitewashed walls hung with bright pictures, its red-tiled floor shining spotless and immaculate. A ruddy fire glowed in the grate; the kettle sang on the hob; from the hot oven came the crisp fragrance of cream cakes and currant bread which Kitty had been making for the evening meal. By her elbow on the table stood a bowlful of freshly gathered primroses, the first of the year, filling the kitchen with their delicate, faint perfume. The days were lengthening into spring, and out of the western sky, from a gray green, golden and amber sea, the setting sun shone through the windows of the little farmhouse, like a messenger of gladness and bright days to come.

Kitty's brows were puckered in a little frown of anxiety as every now and again her eyes wandered restlessly from her sewing to the old-fashioned "wall-wagger" clock, and back again to the window, with its view of the white sandstone road sweeping up from the base of the hill.

"Tick-tick! tick-tick!" the clock repeated with a dull and incessant monotony. Half-past five! Was there ever such a weary and leaden time-piece? Was it not hours, almost days, since she had looked at it last, and the bright brass hands stood then at five o'clock!

Would the time go always as slowly? Would the rest of her life be always like this, lonely and empty, save of heartache and regrets? And did it matter nothing that she had tried to be good, that she had put her pride in her pocket and written that letter? And now three days had gone by, three lonely, disappointing evenings, when she had sat like this, nervous and almost ill with expectation and suspense, while time went by with leaden feet, and never a light young footstep or cheery greeting came to the door.

Why had she written at all? It hurt her pride now to think of it, and yet she was glad, *really* glad. Whatever came, she would know she had done her best, done all that she could do. She must only try to be patient, and by-and-by the heartache and pain would grow less. She would be always lonely, but she would have her father, thank God—a big tear rolled slowly down her cheek and splashed like a shower of dewdrops on the needle in her hand.

Choking back a little sob, she stitched yet more industriously, though her thoughts were far away. By-and-by the evening Angelus bell rang out its solemn chimes across the meadows from the little church in the village below the hill. A few moments later she heard the heavy tramping of the horses as her father brought them home from their work in the fields. She rose hastily, took the last of the cakes from the oven, buttered them, and set them on a warm corner of the range. She cut some slices from the rich raisin cake which she had set to cool by the open window, then put down to boil a couple of new-laid eggs, and made the tea as soon as she saw her father coming from the stables, where he had just put up the horses for the night. How tired and

old he looked! He came in with heavy steps and threw himself wearily into a chair in the cool green parlor beside the kitchen, where Kitty had made ready the evening meal.

"Well, girleen?" he said to her tenderly, "anything new or strange today?"

"No, father," she answered him. "The egg-man was here, and I sold him twenty-two dozen of eggs; but he took a penny off the price this week and would only give me tenpence a dozen. But he said he'd take the Buff Orpington chickens from me next Thursday and give me half a crown a piece for them."

"You're a great little manager, God bless you!" her father said, with a loving smile, as he put out his great rough hand and closed it tenderly over her own. Kitty wished he did not look so tired. He had aged sadly since her mother died, and the recent news of the death of his scapegrace only son had broken him down still more.

He was grown too feeble for the work of the farm, the heavy spring work, the ploughing and sowing and harrowing that must be done this month if it were to be done at all. He wanted younger and stronger shoulders to lean upon, and she had hoped that Dermot would have been such a help; but that was no longer possible. As though reading her inmost thoughts, he looked at her now with an anxious, pitying gaze that almost hurt her.

"So Dermot Delany is gone to the States," he said at length, breaking the top of his brown-shelled egg and speaking with an assumed air of indifference. "What happened him, I wonder? What came between you, Kitty?"

Kitty's blue eyes filled up, and her lips trembled.

"Nothing, father; at least, nothing worth talking about. It was all a stupid mistake. He was jealous of Con Doherty the night of the Morrisey's dance, and he spoke to me in a way that made me stupidly angry, and then I said something to him which I never really meant—and he believed me—as though I would ever *look* at Con Doherty, much less marry him. But indeed he mightn't have gone away like that; he might at least have come to say good-by—after—after all—all our goodness to him"—But here Kitty's sobs would not be restrained any longer; she let her face fall in her hands and cried like a hurt child.

"There, there, don't cry now, little girl," old Mr. O'Neill said soothingly, stroking her head softly. "I'm half sorry I told you, but I knew you'd hear it sooner or later, and better from your poor old father, that loves you, than from any one else. I'm sorry, Kitty! But young men will be jealous to the end, and I suppose young girls will always say bitter things that they never mean; so let it be a lesson to you, my dear. I'm sorry, Kitty, for Dermot was a nice lad; and he was poor Tom Delany's son, and I thought when I'd be gone he'd be a comfort to you. But now maybe 'tis all for the best. Doubtless he will get sense and come back; and if he doesn't, sure you have your old father to take care of. I don't want to lose you yet, Kitty!"

"And you're not going to lose me, either," Kitty said, with a brave effort to smile through her tears, as she stooped down and kissed the top of his bald head. "You know I'll never leave you, not for all the Dermots in the world. But there now, I've spoilt your tea, and your second egg is grown cold. I must get you another." And with one last effort the sobs and the tears were overcome, and Kitty—at least outwardly—was a brave, smiling Kitty once more.

But for all her bravery and her steady constant efforts to hide her trouble from

the old man's eyes, Kitty had many a sore heartache, spent many a sleepless and tearful night, as the weeks and months sped by, and still there was never a single line of regret or enquiry from her old lover.

Dermot Delany was the orphan son of an old friend of her father, and had been brought up from his boyhood by a married relative with a large family, who lived a couple of miles, across the mountain, from the O'Neill's farm. Kitty had reason to suspect that Dermot's guardian and relative did not half like his marked attentions to herself; and the frequent visits which young Delany made to the farm, by way of inspecting and criticising Mr. O'Neill's land and stock, had come to be a cause of bitterness and resentment to those with whom Dermot lived.

The cause of this was not far to seek. Dermot, who was an only child, would fall into a comfortable fortune on his coming of age next year, and his disinterested relatives not unnaturally were anxious to keep the money in the family by marrying the young heir to one or other of their five more or less portionless daughters. Though Kitty did not know it, it was these girls who had first put dissension between Dermot and herself by relating to the young man a wholly fictitious story of Kitty's "goings-on" with Con Doherty, told with such a wealth of circumstance and detail that the guileless young man could not but take it for truth. And as he had already begun to chafe under the restrictions of his home at the Grange, and the constant watch and guard put on each of his goings and comings, it only needed the other and much greater trial of Kitty's perfidy to send him out of the country altogether in a state of revulsion and disgust.

Once or twice the unworthy suspicion had come into Kitty's mind that one of the Lynches, Julia, or Mary Ann, or Maggie, might have intercepted the letter and kept it from ever reaching Dermot's hands, but she put the thought immediately away from her. Yet his neglect to answer that letter—she remembered every word of it, the pleading tenderness and humility of every line—seemed altogether unaccountable and unlike him, as she had known or thought she knew him. The memory of it all shamed and hurt her so much that she had never had the courage to speak to her father concerning the letter; he never knew that she had written it.

And so the long weary months of spring and summer went over whilst the girl grew quieter and sadder each day, with a pitiful thinness in her pale cheeks and a wistful smile that came less often, despite the dear old father's ever-increasing gentleness and tenderness towards her as the year sped on. One or two tentative suitors came hovering about the place, for John O'Neill's only child would one day—and that apparently not too far off—fall in for a snug little fortune of her own. But Kitty had sent them to the right about, — Con Doherty first of all,—one by one, with that decisive, determined little way of hers, which so often seemed to belie the childish prettiness of her face.

One day Kitty was sitting at the kitchen window, in just the same attitude as she had sat that evening six months before, the evening when her father had told her of Dermot Delany's going. There was a greater listlessness about the bent shoulders, a greater weariness in her blue eyes, for now she had not even the feeling of suspense, of expectation and hope deferred, which she had found it so hard to endure on that other occasion. That had been the springtime of hope; now was the autumn of withered thoughts and dreams and desires. It was a long time now

since she had dared to look through the window for a sight of a tall young figure striding eagerly up the hill.

A light footfall sounded outside, a hand rapped firmly on the kitchen door, and almost before she had time to say "Come in," with a queer, half-frightened little flutter at her heart,—for no one else came in like that, no one else had ever knocked in just the same way, —there he stood, in the flesh, before her, a little thinner and older and more sunbrowned perhaps, but just the same dear Dermot after all. And so glad was she to see him at last, that she had almost flown into the arms held open for her; but a sudden memory of her flouted letter came to restrain her, just in time.

"Dermot! You came back!" she said, feebly, at last.

"Yes, I've come back, and I've come to stay, too, if only you will let me. And now, my little girl, won't you give me my welcome? Sure, the moment I got your letter I came home to you as fast as mail-train and steamboat could carry me."

"My letter! Why, when did you get it?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I never got it till about three weeks ago, and then I thought I'd better come home at once and answer it in person, for indeed it deserved a kinder answer than I could put down on paper."

"But I wrote it and posted it, with my own hands, three whole days before you went away, Dermot"—

"I know you did, sweetheart, and God bless you for it." He had taken her little white hands in his and was holding them to his lips. "I saw that from the date and the postmark; and though it was hard to have to wait for it so long, I felt glad, after all, that my little girl wouldn't let me go without a kind word at the end. You see this is how it was —I only found out the clue to the mystery since I got back yesterday. That scoundrel, Larry Brogan, the post boy, lazy, good-for-nothing beggar that he is, didn't think it worth his while to walk up every day the length of the Killmacarden road unless when the Latouches of the castle were at home. It so happened—I remember it well—that a few days before your letter should have reached me the Latouches had departed for London and the big house was empty; so my bold Larry kept your poor, dear little letter lying in his dirty pocket for nearly a week, till he should have three or four more to deliver along with it. I was gone then, of course; and a month or more passed by before I was able to send the people at home my address. From the time I left Ireland I seemed to be possessed by a spirit of restlessness, which kept me ever on the move, going on from one place to another, seeking vainly for the peace and happiness which, if I only knew it, were waiting for me at home. And so your poor little letter was hustled about from one town in the States to another for more than four long months, until at last it reached my hands on the morning of the last day of August, as I sat at breakfast in a New York hotel. If you only knew what a very warm reception I gave it, Kitty, wishing it was you yourself all the time! But what did you think of my long silence, sweetheart? I expect you thought me a regular brute, didn't you?"

Kitty shook her head silently; her heart was too full for words.

"I hardly knew what to think, Dermot. For three whole evenings — it seemed like years—I used to sit at the window watching for you. I felt so sure you would come that I used to have cakes made for your tea,"—Dermot groaned, whether over the loss of the cakes or Kitty's anguish she was not sure,—"and then, when the time went by and you did not come, I felt sorry

and ashamed for having written to you."

"But you're not sorry now, little woman?"

"No, I'm not sorry now," she whispered, with her face against his heart. "But oh, Dermot, I fear I was very evil-minded, for I half-thought your cousins kept back the letter."

"No, it was Larry; quite a usual trick of his, I believe. They sent me on your letter. They also," drily, "said Con Doherty was 'hanging up his hat' here from the day I went away."

"I didn't want him," with a little toss of her shapely brown head.

"But you said you'd marry him"—

"If I liked," she corrected. "But I didn't like, you see. Father says girls will always be saying silly things as long as the world lasts. Why couldn't you be as wise? And oh, Dermot, father will be glad to see you, too!"

"Dear old man! I saw him as I came up the boreen, reaping away at the corn. He didn't see me, and I confess I was just as glad, for I felt that what I had to say to you wouldn't keep much longer."

"He is grown very old and very feeble," Kitty said, with a wistful little smile. "He works too hard for his years."

"Well, very soon he need not work any more, only just as much as he likes. Next month I come in for my own, Kitty. I don't know quite how much it is by now, but it's a good many hundred pounds, enough to make us all very comfortable, dear. So your father can take things easy for the rest of his days. Ah! here he comes!"

John O'Neill stepped over the threshold, peering with his short-sighted eyes in the gathering dusk of the autumn evening at the two figures sitting close together by the fire. "Who is it we have here, Kitty?" he asked. "Ah, Dermot, is it you, *asthore?* Good lad! I knew you'd come back!" he said, while a bright and pleasant smile spread itself over his ruddy, innocent-looking old face. It was a long time, Kitty thought, since he had looked so happy as he did at this moment.

But he looked a great deal happier one day, a year or so later, when he took Kitty's son in his arms for the first time and declared that it had the same fine, ruddy complexion and the same intelligent blue eyes as himself and his father before him! He would hardly give the little boy's father any share at all in its ownership; it was "a real O'Neill, out and out, and no mistake about it."

"Ould John O'Neill has taken a new lease of life, do you notice?" the country people would say of him about this time. "He's given over frettin' altogether for the son and the ould woman since the little new grandson came home to him. At the rate he's growing younger he'll see the best man amongst us down yet."

REV. FATHER UBACH (AT LEFT) CONDUCTING FUNERAL SERVICES OVER REMAINS OF CATHOLIC SAILORS KILLED IN EXPLOSION OF U. S. S. BENNINGTON IN SAN DIEGO HARBOR.

THE LATE REV. ANTHONY D. UBACH,

THE "FATHER GASPARA" OF "RAMONA," HELEN HUNT JACKSON'S FAMOUS NOVEL.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

"The fairer this beautiful land, the sadder to know it lost to the Church; alien hands reaping its fullness, establishing new customs, new laws." These are the words which Mrs. Jackson puts in the mouth of the aged Franciscan, Father Salvierderra, coming through the tall, wild mustard on foot, on his way from Santa Barbara to the Señora Moreno's, just before he caught the faint, sweet notes of Ramona's voice, "low and sweet as the twilight notes of the thrush," as she chanted the second stanza of St. Francis' inimitable lyric, "The Canticle of the Sun."

"'Ramona!' exclaimed the Father, his thin cheeks flushing with pleasure. 'The blessed child!' And as he spake, her face came into sight, set in a swaying frame of the blossoms as she parted them lightly with her hands and half crept, half danced, through the loophole openings made. Father Salvierderra was past eighty, but his blood was not too old to move quicker at sight of this picture."

This sudden and marked change in the feelings and expression of the devout and way-worn old Franciscan Father, from grave sadness over "the beautiful land being lost to the Church," to such gladness as to set "his thin cheeks flushing with pleasure," was no doubt fully in harmony with the situation as her

genius had created it. Yet had the good old Franciscan Father, or the artist herself, lived to see the more than mile-long funeral cortege of Rev. Anthony D. Ubach, in San Diego, on the 3d of April last, neither could have had serious forebodings of this beautiful land being lost to the Church. But, on the contrary, they would have seen everywhere unmistakable proofs of its vigorous and healthful and permanent growth.

Still it is no less obvious to a close student of the history of the time and

OLD CHURCH IN OLD TOWN WHERE FATHER GASPARA MARRIED RAMONA AND ALESSANDRO.

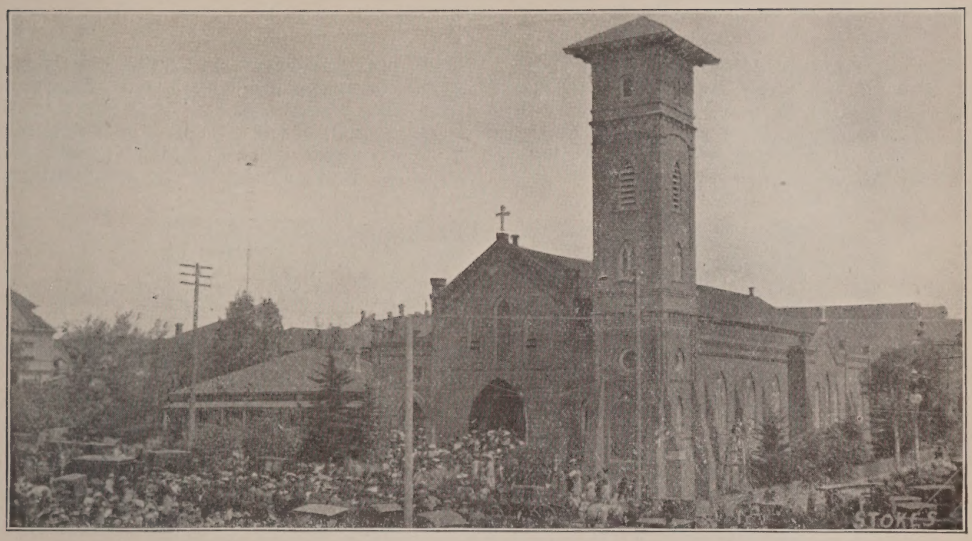
events of which Mrs. Jackson wrote, that the fears of Father Salvierderra, about the loss of the Church, were too well founded. For many years after Mrs. Jackson introduces Father Gaspara to her hosts of readers, the same truth frequently forces itself upon his sensitive and sympathetic nature.

No conception possible to the present writer's mind can so picturesquely and effectually present Father Gaspara and his quaint environment as does Mrs. Jackson herself on the eve of his marrying Ramona and Alessandro. The devoted young couple had traveled far. A complication of untoward circumstances had rendered it impossible for them to enjoy their hearts' desire of being wed by their beloved Father Salvierderra, the old Franciscan, so dear to the hearts of all who had known him. Ramona's foster-mother, the Señora Moreno, in her time, first lady of Alta Calif., would not listen to her beautiful girl marrying an Indian. The Señora knew, too, that her only and adored son, Felipe, was desperately in love with Ramona. Alessandro's father's property had all been taken from him by the whites, and the old man had died of grief. The son was penniless and homeless.

"The Americans are living in my father's house, *Majella*," he said to Ramona. *Majella*, the Spanish name of the wood dove, was the name he had agreed to call her by when they had finally decided to go to San Diego to be married.

"Know you the priest in San Diego?" asked Ramona.

"Not well," replied Alessandro. "He came seldom to Temecula when I was there, but



PROCESSION OF BISHOPS AND PRIESTS WITH REMAINS OF FATHER UBACH FROM CHURCH TO HEARSE.

he is a friend of the Indians. I know he came when there was fighting and the whites were in great terror, and they said except for Father Gaspara's words there would not have been a white man left alive in Pala."

The limit of space here precludes any quotation from the lovers' discourse during their long ride on horseback to San Diego. The way, leading through as beautiful and romantic a stretch of country as the earth anywhere holds, naturally revived all the endearing impressions and impulses of their hearts. Their fleet horses bore them so well that it was not late when they reached the town. Father Gaspara's house was at the end of a long, low adobe building, of note in *Presidio* days, but now fallen into decay, and uninhabited, except for the rooms occupied by the Father. On the opposite side of the way, in a neglected weedy open, stood his chapel, "a poverty-stricken little place, its walls imperfectly whitewashed, decorated by a few coarse pictures and by broken sconces of looking-glass rescued in their dilapidated condition from the Mission buildings, now gone utterly to ruin. In these had been put candle-holders of common tin, in which a few cheap candles dimly lighted the room."

Everything about it was in unison with the atmosphere of the place—the most profoundly melancholy in all southern California. It was here that Padre Junipero Serra began his work to reclaim the wilderness and its peoples to his country and his Church. "On this very beach he went up and down for those first terrible weeks, nursing the sick, praying with the dying, and burying the dead from the pestilence-stricken Mexican ships lying in the harbor." Here he had baptized his first Indian converts and founded his first mission. A pile of crumbling ruins, a few old olive trees and palms, alone remained to tell of his heroic labors. In less than a century even these would be gone, "returned into the keeping of their mother, the earth, who puts no headstones at the sacredest of her graves."

Father Gaspara had been for many years at San Diego. Although not a Franciscan, "having indeed no especial love for the Order," he had been from the first deeply impressed by the holy associations of the place.

He had a nature at once fiery and poetic; there were but three things he could have been—a soldier, a poet, or a priest. Circumstances had made him a priest, and the fire and poetry which would have wielded the sword or kindled the verse, had he found himself set either to fight or to sing, had all gathered into added force in his priestly vocation. The look of a soldier he had never quite lost, neither the look nor the tread, and his flashing dark eyes, heavy black hair and beard, and quick elastic step, seemed sometimes strangely out of harmony with his priest's gown. And it was the sensitive soul of the poet in him which made him withdraw within himself more and more, year after year, as he found himself comparatively powerless to do anything for the hundreds that he fain would have gathered once more, as of old, into the keeping of the Church. He had made frequent visits to them, in their shifting refuges, fol-

Ramona's meeting with Father Salvierderra.

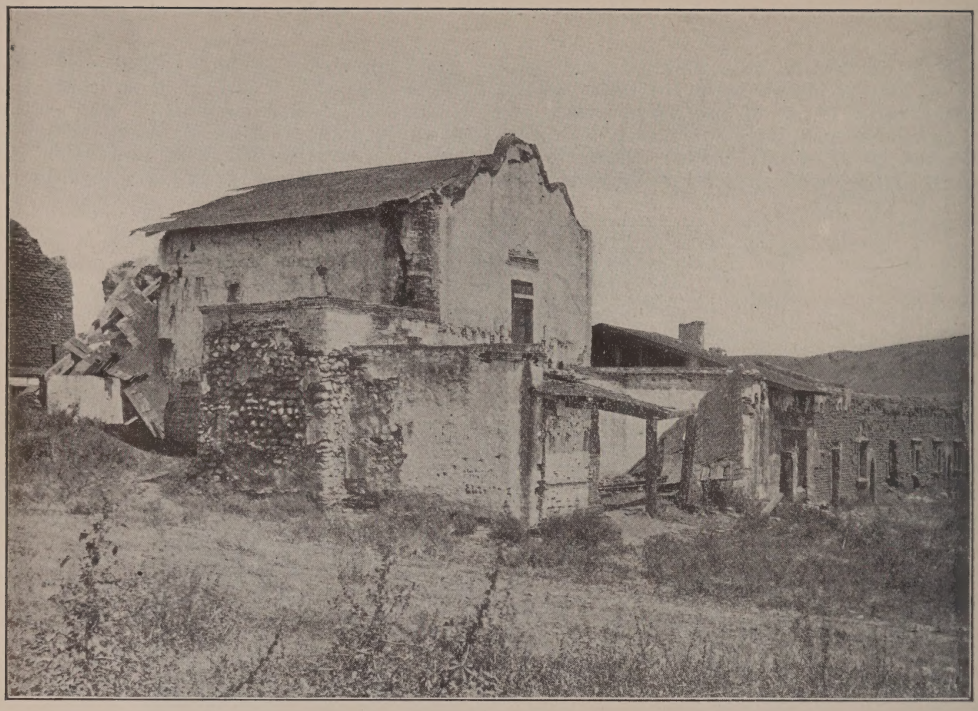
From illustrated edition of "Ramona," and published by courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

lowing up family after family, band after band, that he knew; he had written bootless letter after letter to the Government officials of one sort and another at Washington. He had made equally bootless efforts to win some justice, some protection for them from alone can feel, he had ceased—had said: "It is of no use, I will speak no word; I am done; I can bear no more." And settling down into the routine of his parochial duties to his little Mexican and Irish congregation of his charge in San Diego, he had

Photograph courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

ALESSANDRO PLAYING ON THE MORENO VERANDA.

officials nearer home; he had endeavored to stir the Church itself to greater efficiency in their behalf. Finally, weary, disheartened, and indignant with that suppressed indignation which the poetic temperament abandoned all efforts to do more for the Indians than visit their chief settlements once or twice a year to administer the sacraments. When fresh outrages were brought to his notice he paced the room, plucked



MISSION OF SAN DIEGO.

fiercely at his black beard, with ejaculations, it is to be feared, savoring more of the camp than the altar; but he made no effort to do anything. Lighting his pipe he would sit down on the old bench in his little paved veranda, and smoke by the hour, gazing out on the placid water of the deserted harbor, brooding, ever brooding over the wrongs he could not redress.

To build a fine brick church had been the dream of his heart—to see it completed and full of worshipers. The unfinished walls, a few paces from his door, showed that this, too, had failed. With San Diego's repeatedly vanishing hopes and dreams of prosperity had gone this hope and dream of Father Gaspara's. Sentiment, however sacred and loving towards the dead, must yield to the demands of the living. To build a church on the ground where Father Junipero first had labored, would be a work to which no Catholic could be indifferent, but there were other and more pressing claims to be met first. "This was right; yet the sight of these silent walls, only a few feet high, was a sore one to Father Gaspara, a daily cross, which he did not find grow lighter as he paced up and down his veranda, year in and year out, in the balmy winter and cool summer of that magic climate."

These brick walls still stand, just as they were at the time of which Mrs. Jackson writes. But the old chapel has meantime taken on the modernized effect of being rusticed outside the adobe walls, and it has a shingled roof. Otherwise, it, too, is unchanged.

The fresh charm one enjoys from every rereading of the description of our author's scenes, as well as of the characters of her story, accounts in measure for the distinctive power of her art. Those readers who were privileged, as I was, to know Father Ubach for nearly a score of years, and to hear him, on and off the altar, know how true is her portrayal of his character. The mystery of it all is how she could have acquired

such deep and accurate insight into his admirable personality, on so short an acquaintance. Yet this, too, may probably be accounted for as the peculiar gift and distinctive endowment of the poet.

"*Majella*, the chapel is lighted; but that is good!" exclaimed Alessandro, as they rode into the silent plaza. "Father Gaspara must be there," and jumping off his horse, he peered into the uncurtained window.

"A marriage, *Majella*—a marriage!" he cried, hastily returning. "This, too, is good fortune. We need not wait long."

When the sacristan whispered to Father Gaspara that an Indian couple had just come in, wishing to be married, the Father

Father Salvierderra.

From illustrated edition of "Ramona," and published by courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

frowned. His supper was waiting; he had been out all day. . . . The Father was vexed, tired, and hungry, and the expression with which he regarded Alessandro and Ramona, as they came towards him was one of the least prepossessing of which his dark face was capable. Ramona, who had never knelt to any priest save the gentle Father Salvierderra, and who had supposed that all priests must look at least friendly, was shocked at sight of the impatient visage confronting her. But as his first glance fell on Ramona Father Gaspara's expression changed.

Ramona.

From illustrated edition of "Ramona," and published by courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"What is all this!" he thought; and as quickly as he thought it he exclaimed in severe tone, looking at Ramona, "Woman, are you an Indian?"

"Yes, Father," answered Ramona, gently, "my mother was an Indian."

"Ah! Half breed!" thought Father Gaspara. "It is strange how sometimes one of the types will conquer, and sometimes another. But this is no common creature." And it was with a look of interest and sympathy on his face that he proceeded with the ceremony.

The young couple's answers to the Father's questions had given him an insight into their characters. "He speaks as a gentleman speaks to a lady," he mused. "What does it mean? Who are they?"

Ramona wore on her head the usual black shawl of the Mexican women. There was nothing distinctive to the Father's eye in her figure or face. In the dim light of the one candle the exquisite coloring of her skin and the deep blue of her eyes were not to be seen. Alessandro's tall figure and dignified bearing were not uncommon. The Father had seen as fine looking Indian men. But his voice was remarkable, and he spoke better Spanish than was wont to be heard from Indians.

Father Gaspara, being well born, and used to superior associations in his home in Spain, recognized the marks of training that set the young people apart from others of their race.

"Where are you from?" said the Father, as he held his pen poised in hand ready to write their names in the old rawhide bound book.

"Temecula, Father," replied Alessandro.

Father Gaspara dropped his pen. "The village the Americans drove out the other day?" he cried.

"Yes, Father."

Father Gaspara sprang from his chair, took refuge from his excitement as usual in pacing the floor.

"A burning shame! The most dastardly thing I have seen yet in this land forsaken of God!" cried the Father.

He railed with vehemence at the officials for their injustice to the Indians. Then, when he had recorded the customary answers to his questions, and Alessandro began to undo the knots of the handkerchief in which his gold was tied, the Father commanded: "Put up your money, son. Put up your money. I'll take no money from a Temecula Indian. I would the Church had money to give you. Where are you going now?"

A year and a half later, the time for Father Gaspara's journey to San Pasquale valley, to say Mass, had again arrived. He had on the day before sent messages thither to have all the newborn babes in the valley brought into the village for christening. Amongst them was Ramona's first-born, a girl with eyes of blue, like her own. Alessandro was heart-set upon having the baby named Majella, the name he had given Ramona when they had settled upon dropping her real name, for reasons of their own.

"Oh, no, no! Not that!" she cried. "It is ill-fated. . . . Let the name be the true one, then," said Ramona, and so it was settled; and when Father Gaspara took the little one in his arms and made the sign of the cross on her brow, he pronounced, with some difficulty, the syllables of the Indian name, which meant Blue Eyes or Eyes of the Sky.

Long before Father Gaspara visited San Pasquale again, Alessandro and Ramona were away, and strangers were living in their home.

Once again Alessandro met Father Gaspara. This was when they were again driven from their home, and Alessandro went down to San Diego to get the Father's advice as to what was best to be done with the couple of hundred dollars which he got for his cattle and sheep at "forced sale," so as to save them from being sold "by the Americans."

"Father," said Alessandro to Father Gaspara, as he came up to the priest, "I have sold my stock. I would not wait for the Americans to sell it for me and take the money. I have not got much, but it is bet-

ter than nothing. It will make that we do not starve for one year. Will you keep it for me, Father? I dare not have it in San Pasquale. San Pasquale will be like Temecula—it may be to-morrow. . . . "

And again the Father forgot to ask who his wife was. "I will look back at the record," he said, when Alessandro had gone. Taking down the old volume, he ran his eye back over the year. Marriages were not so many in Father Gaspara's parish that the list took long to read. The entry of Alessandro's marriage was blotted. The Father had been in haste that night. Alessandro Assis, Majella Fa — no more could be read. The name meant nothing to Father Gaspara.

"Clearly an Indian name," he said to himself, "yet she seemed superior in every way. I wonder where she got it."

The heart pangs which Ramona and her husband endured, seeing their all pass out of their hands into those of the stranger, make heartrending reading.

"Where are we going?" said the weeping Ramona.

"Where!" ejaculated Alessandro, so scornfully that it sounded like impatience with Ramona, and made her tears flow afresh. "Where. I know not, *Majella.* Into the mountains where the white men come not! At sunrise we will start."

Without a word of farewell to any one, they set off in the gray dawn, before a creature was stirring in the village, the wagon piled high, Ramona and her baby in her arms, in front, Alessandro walking.

"Where does this road lead to?" Ramona said with a sob.

"To San Jacinto," he said, "San Jacinto mountains. Do not look back, *Majella!* Do not look back!" he said, as he saw Ramona, with streaming eyes, gazing back towards San Pasquale. "Do not look back! It is gone! Pray to the saints now, *Majella!* Pray! Pray!"

On this long and perilous journey, taking them out of the reach of Father Gaspara, but not beyond the influence of his former ministrations, in a severe, cold storm in which they were unsheltered, the baby caught a cold, from which it never recovered. Its death, a few months later, cast a deep gloom over the parents' lives. Far as they went into the San Jacinto mountains, "where the white men come not," the white man found them there. This finally affected Alessandro's mind, so that he became irritable and forgetful at intervals, and in one of these spells, while on a journey, he took a horse, belonging to a white man, out of a corral, mistaking it for his own horse, which he had turned into the corral the night before. Ramona was first to notice her husband's mistake about the horse, after he got home. She was terribly worried that they would accuse Alessandro of horse stealing, and they were at their wits' ends how to get out of the dangerous dilemma, when the owner of the horse shot Alessandro dead on the spot. Ramona's heart, smote, though it was, almost to death by this blow, was saved from breaking by her profound sense of true Christian duty to their six months' old baby girl, their second child.

Shortly after the death of Ramona's foster-mother, the Señora Moreno, her son, Señor Felipe, who had loved Ramona and, in a manly way, Alessandro also, being now owner of the great Moreno estate, with ample means to do as his heart led him, started out in search of them. A long, weary, and sometimes almost disheartening quest he had.

He found Ramona at last, in the poor Cahuilla village, lying on a wretched pallet on the floor of Aunt Ri's cabin. In a moment Felipe was on his knees by Ramona's side,—Ramona, with hair dishevelled, eyes glittering, cheeks scarlet, hands playing meaningless, like the

hands of one crazed, with a rosary of gold beads.

But with Felipe's presence and the many comforting and consoling aids which it brought, Ramona revived and recovered.

The desire to quote Mrs. Jackson grows on one as one writes and reads. In the city of Mexico, on the day after their arrival, Ramona and Felipe were married in the cathedral. General Moreno's distinguished services to his country held his name fresh in the hearts of the people. So when it became known that the beautiful young Señora Moreno was the wife of the general's son, she "was the theme of the city."

"Sons and daughters came to bear his name. The daughters were all beautiful; but the most beautiful of them all, and, it was said, the most beloved by both father and mother was the oldest; the one who bore the mother's name, and was only stepdaughter to the Senor—Ramona, daughter of Alessandro the Indian."

How very different is this ending, artistic and delightful as it is, to that of Father Gaspara. Much as he contemned the selfish and too often dishonorable greed of some of the earlier incoming whites into southern California, in their relations with the Indians, it was still a great pleasure and satisfaction to him to have lived to see his faith in the ultimate success of the Church so fully rewarded. Nor did the fact of the reversal of Father Salvierderra's predictions or fears of her losses here in the least weaken that faith. He saw far enough into the future, even in the Church's darkest hours before the dawn, to realize that some day the tide must turn in her favor. That he was obviously accurate in foresight, could not be better manifested than it was by the crowds, of all nationalities and all creeds, come to pay respect to his memory at his funeral. But the greatest contrast was, perhaps, between the early Americans, coming in and despoiling the Indians of their lands and other belongings, as depicted in Ramona, and most of the many attending Father Gaspara's funeral. Our beloved Bishop Conaty's eloquent eulogy of the dead priest drew tears from every eye, and thirty-seven priests of the diocese chanted the responses at the Requiem Mass.

The southern California, the San Diego of Ramona's, time, is even more beautiful than it was in her day. And "the balmy winter and cool summer of that magic climate" is no less pleasant than it was when Father Gaspara "paced up and down his veranda," conjuring up ways and means of building a fine church, "on the ground where Father Junipero first trod and labored."

The foundation and walls of this church, which, in the troublous days of his earlier labors in San Diego, he had laid and partly built, would be finished in the near future, even though he had not made provision for it in his will. He also provided in his will for the building of another church in San Diego, for the Spanish-speaking people, thereby showing that almost his last thought was of the spiritual needs of the Indians whom he loved. The greater part of the rest of his property he left to the bishop of his diocese.

Father Ubach was still in the prime of his mature manhood during the first seven years that I was privileged to hear his Sunday sermons. In the pulpit he was probably seen at his best. The quiet devotional dignity with which he read the Epistles and Gospels was presently lost in the fervid enthusiasm of the orator. His gestures were naturally emphatic, and when coming to the climax of some great spiritual theme you saw the soldier in the commanding gesture of the uplifted arm and pointed finger,

and you heard the poet in the fine imagery clothing the noble thought. His sermons were mostly preached in English, that being the language of the greater part of his congregation. But he generally gave a brief discourse in his native language for the benefit of the Mexican, Indian, and few Spanish among his hearers. To one able to understand the substance of these brief Spanish sermons was given a clearer insight into the paternal affection with which he watched over the lives of the dark members of his flock. He seemed to feel their losses and disappointments, their wrongs and grievances, as if they were all his own. Sundays and holydays the porches and yard of the adobe residence adjoining the church were usually crowded before and after Mass, mostly with Indians, seeking aid of some sort, Mexicans after advice or consolation, and others again waiting for a kind word and handshake from their beloved padre. These simple and sincere manifestations of their reverence and respect, their confidence and faith in his fatherly affection, were among Father Ubach's greatest pleasures. He had seen and felt so much of the unjust and heartless deprivations of the aborigines by the earlier white settlers that, next to saving their souls, his chief purpose in life seemed to be to get them possession of their hereditary belongings. In his unshaken belief in the Indians' divine right to the possession of the land upon which God originally placed them, and where the white man first found them, Father Gaspara was a very Las Casas. He believed, too, that in God's own good time the Indians would "come to their own again."

In his Indian schools, over which he watched with such affectionate paternal care and spiritual solicitude, he had before him numerous examples of the red children's equality with, if not superiority to, the white children. Up to a certain age at least, he knew that his little red wards had the lead. Under the tuition of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, he saw them develop a modesty of mien and a simple and natural deportment in the presence of visiting tourists, which ever strengthened his belief in there being the making of other Ramonas and Alessandros amongst them.

"They have brains, they have brains, sir, and bodies, and hearts, and souls," he said to me, a bit testily one day, "and if we fail to educate and develop them as they should be developed, the fault is ours, not theirs." I of course evaded a sharper rebuke by remaining silent. He knew me to be at heart a friend of the Indians. The time I had spent amongst them in their reservations, sharing their simple fare and doing what little I might to show my good will towards them, convinced him of this. And so he was more tolerant of my ill-considered comment.

A hundred miles back in the mountain reservations, if you wished to see a really divine light illumine the Indian faces, you had only to mention the name of Padre Ubach. If to this you could, on their eager solicitation, add some little story of his good work down in the seaside city or elsewhere, you had safely secured yourself in their favor forever. Once it was my good fortune to meet twin sisters who, in point of natural comeliness of form and features, seemed to me to surpass any members of the darker races I had yet seen; they had never seen Padre Ubach, yet their faces glowed at hearing that I knew and had often listened to him. They confidently hoped to receive his blessing some day; and as they were then but sixteen, and that was in the summer of 1894, there is reason to hope that their wish was gratified.

Quite near where they lived was an Indian restaurant kept for the entertainment of white tourists. Ramona was the name of the courteous Indian landlady who served you with her appetizing mountain fare. Here, too, you soon learned, by means of a little pleasant discourse with your hostess, how much a part of the romantic landscape the memory of Padre Ubach would be — more, indeed, than that of "Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet," in the valley of the Pegnitz.

That the contempt and repelling cold shoulder of the whites, which these Indian children encounter from the day they leave school, drive them back to the aboriginal life of their ancestors, is no fault of theirs. Nothing could be more intolerably provoking to Father Gaspara than the hint or suggestion that the Indians were to blame. Yet it was the sort of grievance that came to him almost every day. When overwearied with the cares and anxieties of his parochial duties and responsibilities, it was nearly always to his Indian schools, five miles up the old mission valley, on the picturesque bluff, made more picturesque and historic by the ruins of the first of the Franciscan missions, that he retired for a few days rest. The big mission olive groves planted by the sainted Junipero Serra and his associates waved their silvery foliage a little way down the valley in front of him; tall date palms planted by the same holy hands, the massive hedges of wild cactus, the fragrance of wild flowers, and the songs of birds as sweet as any that ever St. Francis himself listened to—on every side evidence of the labor of the beneficent brotherhood that did so much to adorn this land as well as to raise the native race to a self-sustaining, self-respecting Christian civilization. Everywhere Father Gaspara turned, his eyes were met by palpable proofs of the Franciscan successes in what they undertook — the very ruins of their buildings were among the best proofs. And it is to these that the true Californian of to-day points with greatest pride when showing his back east friends the more attractive "landmarks" of his state.

Father Ubach had too clear a conception of what was best in material as well as in spiritual and educational things to allow himself to hold any dislike for the Franciscans. Loving all mankind, especially the Indian, as he did, it seems hardly possible for him to have felt such dislike out there at his haven of rest, amid such surroundings, and with the voices of so many Indian children sounding in his ears.

"A noisy, unprincipled demagogue that fellow, sir," said Father Ubach, handing back to me with unfeigned disgust the newspaper clipping which I had shown him, relating to the recent shooting of the Indian from whom Mrs. Jackson had drawn her character of Alessandro; "he lives mainly by falsehood and vice. Same fellow who some years ago plotted and led that futile filibustering expedition down into lower California. It's best to steer clear of all such characters. Unrest and a discomforting and demoralizing ambition for the possession of things to which we have no right or title is about the best we can expect from such associations, sir."

To the last his contempt of what was false and unjust found unrestrained expression in his face, as well as from his lips. This candor may perhaps have lost him the undesirable friendship of men whom his expressions hit too hard, but it brought to his deathbed the universal regret, respect and admiration of all classes, creeds, and condition of men.

Among the innumerable tributes of love, respect, and sorrow laid upon his

grave, none would have been more dear to the departed than the wreaths and symbols of wild flowers brought by the Indians from the far mountain or valley reservations. The sight of the tear-wet brown faces took one back to the wild scenes from which the wild flowers and the Indians came, for it was there—if you chanced to be so fortunate as to meet him—that you saw Father Gaspara as a poet. I know of no instance of his going on record as such in printed metrical lines. But out on the mesa foothills or mountains, when "God's country" had taken on its late-winter or early-spring charm, if you met him there you were soon made to feel the divine harmony of his whole being.

If on the city street of a brisk winter morning, before his step lost its spring, you saw him in his quite military cloak and broad-brimmed soft hat, and did not chance to know who he was, ten to one you would mistake him for a retired Spanish general. Yet he was first of all and above all a true priest. It was his inherent and effectual devotion to the faithful discharge of his priestly duties which, as Bishop Conaty so well said, made Father Ubach stand alone as a great character in these days.

Never in all its existence had San Diego seen such a gathering of people of all classes and creeds as that in attendance at Father Ubach's funeral. All the flags of the city flying at half mast were hardly needed to tell that a great man was dead. The heavy clouds darkening the face of the morning shed their own tears, as if they, too, wept at the loss which the old earth had sustained; but an hour before the obsequies commenced, the sky cleared, and the warm sun soon dispelled the damp chill in the April atmosphere. Every public carriage in the city had been engaged days before the funeral, so the streets on either side, leading to the dead priest's church, were for miles lined with people going afoot. Admission to the church was possible by ticket only—a necessary and prudent precaution.

The judges of the courts, city officials, headed by the mayor, Sisters of the different orders, and their pupils, Catholic societies, and organizations of other belief, were given seats in front. The Requiem Mass was sung by Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty. A choir of priests of the diocese, with Rev. Father Murphy as organist, chanted the responses.

In the unavoidable absence of Rev. Father Mestres of Monterey, whom the bishop had appointed to fill Father Ubach's vacant place, as well as to preach his funeral sermon, the bishop himself spoke on the character and life-work of the deceased, and his masterly discourse moved the congregation to tears.

When the bishop had finished his eulogy, Rev. A. Garriga of Ontario ascended to the pulpit and spoke eloquently in Spanish of his dead fellow-countryman. Before the solemn services were over, the dominant sentiment pervading the vast assemblage was admiration for the character and achievements of Father Ubach, and grief for his people's loss. This sentiment found ample expression from all classes of people while the cortege was *en route* to the cemetery of his own choice. It stands on a high *mesa* overlooking the city, the bay, island, and Pacific Ocean to the south, west, and northward, Old Town, the mission valley, and beyond and above, the mountains and valleys where he had ministered so often to the temporal and spiritual needs of the Indians. Their tributes of wild flowers on his grave showed that they had not forgotten.

God is Love.

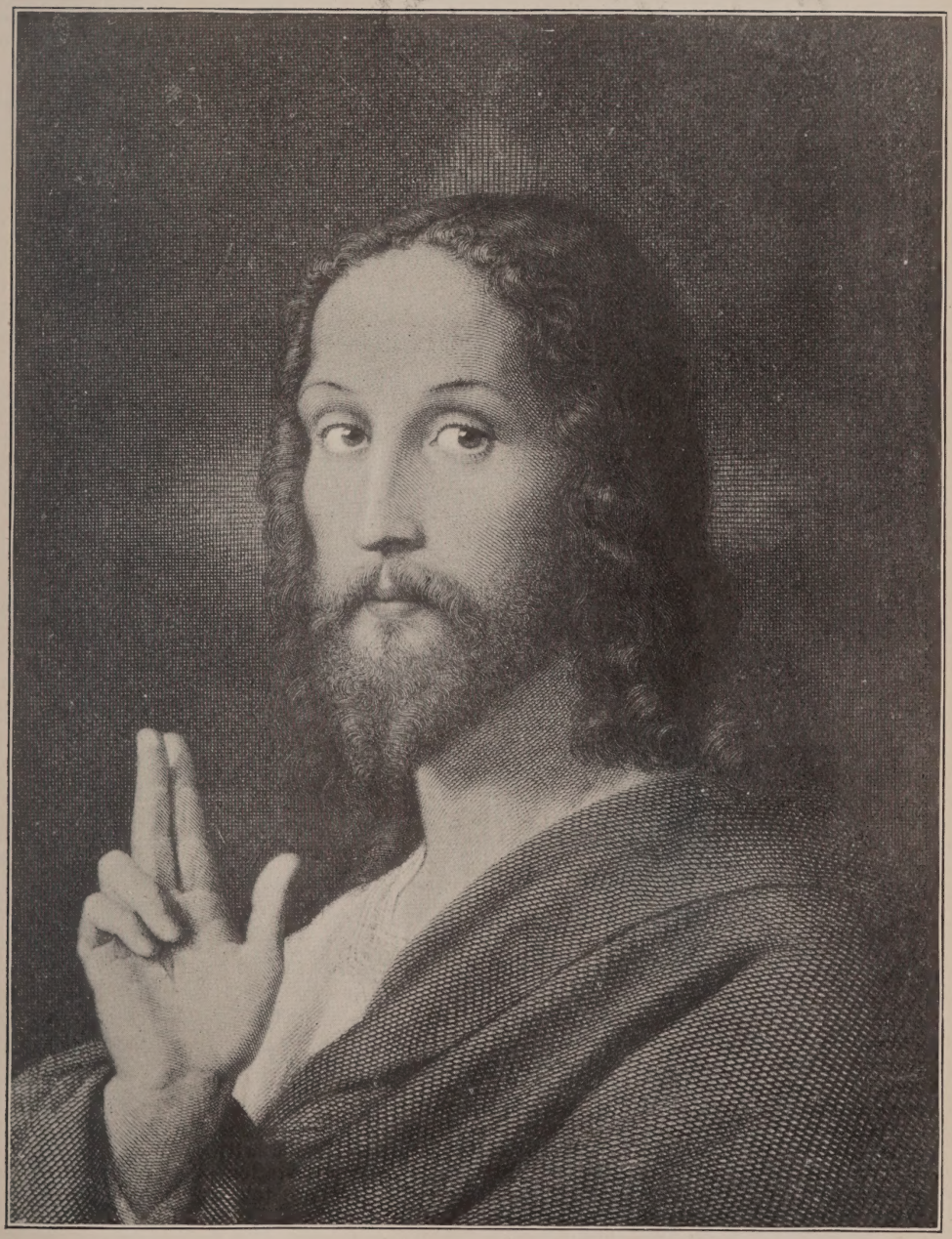
By Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J.

I.

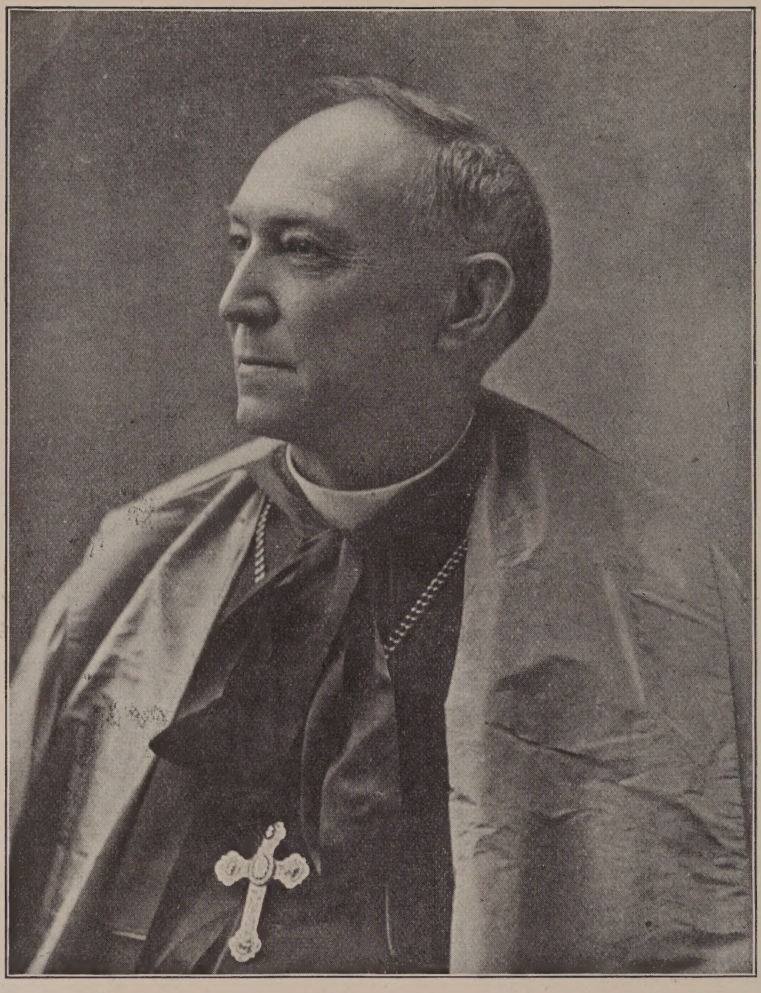
By the image of the Godhead
  Which was stamped on primal man;
By the promise made in Eden
  When the reign of sin began;
By the flaming sword that guarded
  The mystic tree of life;
By the hand that shielded Adam
  And sustained him in the strife;
By the ark that saved a remnant;
  By the bow that hung on high;
By the warnings of the prophets,
  Lest the erring people die;
By the half-a-score of just men
  Who were sought — but sought in vain —
Ere the brimstone fell from heaven
  On the cities of the plain;
By the parting of the waters
  And the humbling of the proud;
By the manna in the desert
  And the pillar of the cloud;
By the upraised hands of Moses
  And the fleeing of the foe;
By David's signal triumph
  And Goliath's overthrow;
By the sins of stiff-necked people
  And Israel's evil will:
We know that God was gracious
  And loved His people still.

II

O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
O meek and gentle Dove!
Pray, what hath led Thee earthward
from Thy home of bliss above?
And what hath lured Thee downward
from Thy chariot in the cloud?
Why doff Thy royal garments
And don a pauper's shroud?
And what hath brought Thee hither
To tread this vale of tears?
To exchange the hymns of angels
for human cries and jeers?
To dwell upon our altars
And be our mystic food?
To enter thankless bosoms,
Who repay Thee ill for good?
Why knock at human portals,
With dew upon Thy brow?
Why plead for man's affection
As Thou pleadest even now?
It was love that lured Thee earthward
To anguish and distress;
In sooth Thou lovest sinners,
And lovest to excess.
Despite our thankless natures,
Despite our stubborn will,
O Sacred Heart, be gracious
And love Thy people still.



"We know that God was gracious
And loved His people still."



RT. REV. NICHOLAS A. GALLAGHER, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The closing days of April were made memorable for the Catholics of Texas by the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the diocese and the silver jubilee of the beloved Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher, D.D.

Preparations to fittingly celebrate the double anniversary had been under way for months, under the energetic direction of the Rev. James M. Kirwin, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral. With the aid of the clergy and laity of the city a splendid demonstration of Catholic loyalty and unity marked the event, which will long be remembered as one of the most notable in the history of Texas.

The ceremonies began on Sunday with the dedication of the new marble altar in St. Mary's, followed by Solemn Pontifical Mass, which was attended by a congregation that filled the Cathedral to the doors.

On Monday a mass meeting, preceded by a parade, was held in the Grand Opera House, and addresses were delivered by a number of prominent representatives of the clergy and laity. The Bishop, in returning thanks, concluded with the words:

"This manifestation of devotion, love and loyalty I do not take to myself—I consider that as referred to God. I do not take it to myself individually, but to the office I hold and to the authority I represent. Your reverence and love are not for the man, but for what he represents, and in that spirit I accept this manifestation of love and loyalty."

On the actual anniversary of Bishop Gal-

lagher's consecration, April 30th, the culminating event took place. A Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the venerable jubilarian himself. One thousand children escorted the Bishops and clergy to the Church, and in the ecclesiastical procession one Archbishop, nine Bishops and over eighty priests were in line.

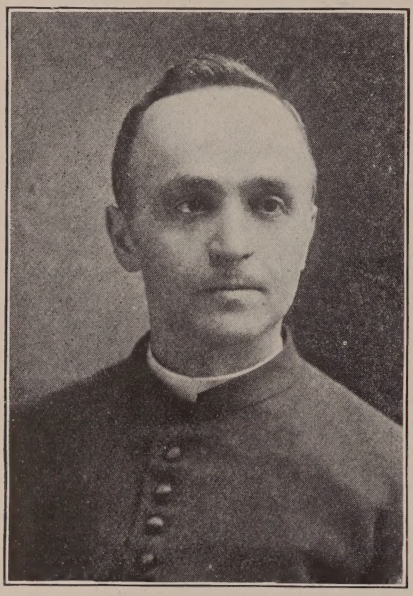
The Most Rev. James H. Blenk, D.D., Archbishop of New Orleans, preached an eloquent sermon, and in closing congratulated Bishop Gallagher,—in the name of the hierarchy, clergy, and laity,—upon the great spiritual and material advancement that had come to the diocese during the past twenty-five years. With deep feeling he invoked God's choicest blessings upon the venerable prelate, and expressed the hope that he would be spared for many years to administer the affairs of the see of Galveston —a wish that will be echoed by Catholics in all parts of the country.

The Rt. Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher was born in Temperanceville, Ohio, February 18, 1846. He was ordained on Christmas Day, 1868, and served as assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Columbus, Ohio, from 1869 to 1871, when he was appointed president of the Diocesan Seminary—a charge which he retained for five years. In 1876 he succeeded to the pastorate of St. Patrick's, and was made vicar-general of the diocese on the death of Bishop Rosecrans. Appointed administrator of the vacant diocese, he showed such executive ability that he was made Bishop of Galveston. At the time of his

REV. MORGAN SHEEDY.

elevation to this high office, he was the youngest member of the hierarchy.

For a quarter of a century, quietly and unostentatiously, Bishop Gallagher has labored to build up the diocese of Galveston. Out of his original diocese the northern portion was given to Dallas, and a new see was established in 1890. There are at the present time four times as many priests, three times the number of churches and more than triple the Catholic population in the territory of the two sees that there were when the young Columbus priest assumed its jurisdiction. The growth of hospitals, colleges, academies, and schools has been proportionately as great, and no section of



REV. JOHN MILO.

the United States has developed a greater growth from a Catholic viewpoint.

The Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, has made an indignant protest against the injustice of charging the "foreign element" with the majority of the homicides in this country. The protest was called forth by an editorial in the Altoona *Tribune*, which Father Sheedy denounced as unjust and prejudiced. He gave facts and figures to prove his assertion that the native population has showed more murderous tendencies, and although the *Tribune* attempted to lessen the strength of his statement, it could not minimize the truth, so plainly set forth.

The Rev. John Milo, of St. Roch's Church, New York, is an inventor, and in a little room adjoining the church, at 930 East 150th Street, which he has fitted up as a workshop, he spends what spare time he can get from his pastoral duties, hard at work on a mechanical contrivance from which he expects great results.

"How many patents have I taken out?" he said, in answer to a question. "Really, I can't remember. I have been inventing things ever since I came to this country, twenty years ago. As a boy I was of a mechanical turn of mind, and shortly before I left Italy I patented a mechanical mouse, which, when wound up would run about in a life-like manner. I sold it to a Frenchman for 2,000 lire. In five years he made a fortune out of it, but I was satisfied. It is not often that the inventor reaps the benefit of his invention, but this thing I am working on now I expect to make a lot of money out of. I will be more careful this time. I will get the patent myself."

Father Milo showed models and drawings of several inventions he has patented. One was a slot machine in the form of a pig. If its tail is pulled, it squeals, while at the same time a dial registers the strength of the pull. If a plunger on the pig's back is pushed, after putting a penny in the slot, the pig opens his mouth and out drops a piece of chewing gum. Press another plunger on his stomach and the pig is converted into a musician, and instead of squealing plays tunes. "I was offered $20,000 for that seven years ago by a pepsin chewing gum company," said Father Milo, "but I refused it."

Among other things Father Milo has invented are a self-winding watch, no larger than the ordinary watch that requires winding every night; a pedometer, which registers accurately the number of miles walked, from one to a thousand, and automatically resets itself; watchmaker's tools, which greatly simplify the art of watchmaking; a machine for binding pamphlets or loose sheets of any kind by the simple pressure of a handle, and numerous other devices of a mechanical nature.

In addition to being an inventor, Father Milo is an expert plumber and steamfitter. All the plumbing and steamfitting in St. Roch's Church, of which he is pastor, was done by him, and with the assistance of some of his parishioners, he put in the boilers and connected them. The church was completed a little over a year ago. Father Milo is proud of his church and parish, and would rather talk of them than of his inventions. In fact, he was reluctant to talk about the latter at all. He has patented a set of electric chimes, which he hopes to install shortly in the belfry of his church. He has also invented a new shaft for automobile engines, which he says has 50 per cent less waste of power than the one now in use.

THE FOUR GENERATIONS.

Prince Regent (seated), His Son, Prince Ludwig, Grandson, Prince Ruprecht, and Great-Grandson, Prince Luitpold.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

VIII.

The Regent of Bavaria and His Family.

BY BEN HURST.

Between the throne of Bavaria and its energetic and capable ruler there stands but the life of one poor afflicted scion of the great Wittelsbach House, most ancient of European dynasties. The cloud that obscures King Otto's mental vision has been long since pronounced ineffaceable, and only at his death will the right of heredity give to Prince Luitpold *de jure* that which he possesses *de facto*,—the sovereignty of the kingdom of Bavaria. Owing to his great age, he does not purpose to ascend the throne, and, therefore, the next king will be his son, the popular and clever politician, Prince Ludwig, who is himself father

of a numerous and healthily flourishing family. Here, then, is the descent well assured of the monarchy of the glorious land of Bavaria, a land of which Christendom may well be proud: Prince Ludwig, eldest son of the Prince-Regent (Luitpold) and married to Maria-Theresa, Archduchess of Austria-Este; satisfied that there will one day reign a King Luitpold of Bavaria!"

For they had naturally wished that a crown would one day encircle a brow it would become so well,—that of the indefatigable worker who had borne all the brunt of kingship without its insignia.

PRINCE LUDWIG, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF BAVARIA, AND HIS CONSORT, PRINCESS MARIA-THERESA OF AUSTRIA-ESTE.

Prince Ruprecht, eldest of ten children of this happy union, married to Duchess Gabriella, daughter of the scientist and philanthropist, Duke Karl-Theodor of Bavaria; little Prince Luitpold, Prince Ruprecht's eldest son, named after his great-grandfather, the hale old regent, who, dandling him on his knee one day, said to his ministers: "Now you may rest

It is a useful and touching lesson, the adherence to hereditary rights, which keeps a man, however incapable of directing the affairs of state, nominally in the place where Providence placed him, while imposing on those most closely connected with him the duty of supplying for his defects. King Otto is treated as would be any ruler, king or

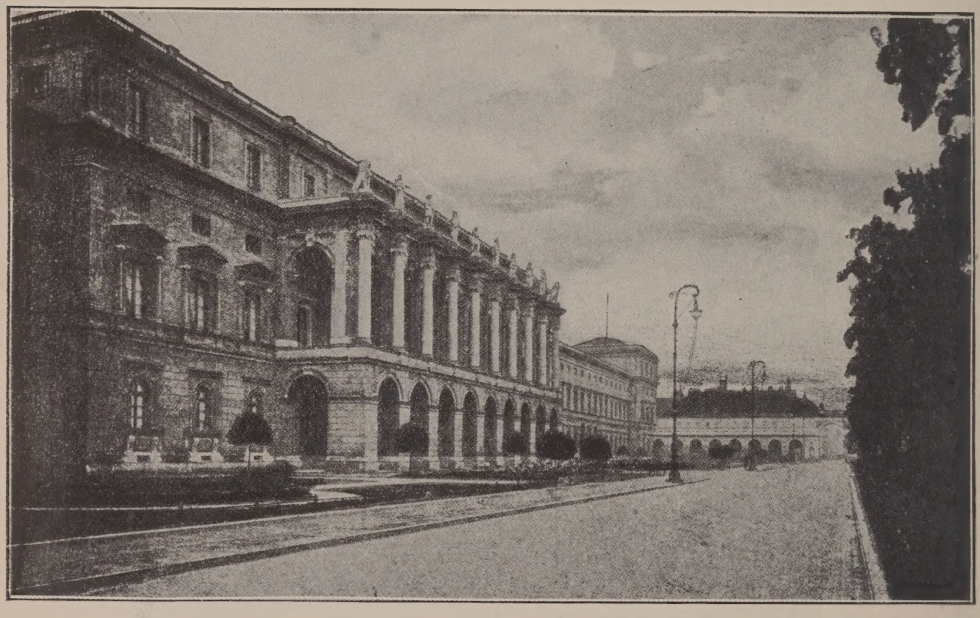
president, temporarily ill or otherwise incapacitated. He is tended with the most respectful and solicitous care. The form of insanity from which he suffers is harmless, and his dull days succeed each other in quiet monotony, scarcely broken by meaningless occupations or childish pastimes. Of the world outside, he knows little and understands less. In all the storm and stress of government the Prince-Regent has never neglected his personal supervision of efforts at alleviation that could be brought to bear on the secluded life of his unfortunate nephew,—a great responsibility and a heavy task, but one in which Prince Luitpold has earned the respect and admiration of Europe and of the world.

PRINCESS RUPRECHT OF BAVARIA AND CHILDREN.

It will be remembered that the late King of Bavaria, Ludwig II,—about whose extravagant fantasies a thousand more fantastical stories have been told,—reigned many years before the fact of his lunacy was established. He had en-

cumbered the finances and squandered his private property in the most reckless fashion. The peasants in the Harz mountains still recount the wonders of the sledge, in shape of a huge swan, with precious stones for eyes, a carbuncle beak and diamond-encrusted wings, flashing through the frosty night, like a magic apparition, bearing their sombre king to unknown regions.

"Exclusive," "true music-worshiper," "eclectic," was he styled when he had with the devoted doctor who had cared for him and now fell his victim, did not silence evil ignorance. But the tender, unremitting attention, the scrupulous care given to the prolongation of the life of his successor, have done so. There is to-day no man so base as to assert that the Regent of Bavaria covets a throne. While it is impossible to avoid referring to the infamous comments of a low section of the press in distant lands on the misfortune of the Royal



ROYAL PALACE, MUNICH, RESIDENCE OF THE REGENT.

Wagner's operas performed in the most luxurious of settings, while he sat enraptured,—sole audience. Was he not king and master of his own resources? Then came the violent outbursts, the fits of panic, that ended in his enforced seclusion. There were still some who refused to credit his insanity, and, since Otto was notoriously "irresponsible" from his birth, who whispered of the Regent's ambition. Even the tragic death of King Ludwig, in a struggle

House of Bavaria, we feel that we owe an apology for doing so to our enlightened and serious readers. In Bavaria itself Prince Luitpold is known.

A large share of the cares of government already devolves on Prince Ludwig, the active and unconventional man of the world, whose participation in internal and external politics has borne remarkable fruits. Not long ago he exercised his influence to get a project of electoral reform, almost equivalent to

the grant of universal suffrage, passed by the Upper House. His advanced liberal views are by no means shared by all Bavarian peers; but his masterful presentment of the country's evident desire, and his wise counsel that all projects of amendment should sink in deference thereto, secured the adoption of the law. Many years ago Prince Ludwig created a sensation and aroused much uneasiness in Berlin by voicing the feeling of a majority of his future subjects, that Bavaria was relegated to a too inferior position in the Germanic Empire.

At the coronation of the present Czar he asserted Bavaria's independence by claiming equal rank with the "King of Prussia," protesting that otherwise there might be an appearance of vassalage. In July last, however, he made an important speech, advocating thorough German union and fraternal loyalty to Austria. In the recent defeat of Socialism he did not remain silent, but once more proclaimed his belief that the triumph of sincere liberalism meant the welfare of the masses.

Prince Ludwig is, as beseems his birth, an enthusiastic patron of art in all its forms, and in this has fullest sympathy and assistance from his consort, the highly cultivated and benevolent Princess Maria-Theresa. Munich, the German Athens, has a marvelous gem of a theatre particularly devoted to Mozart, for whose delicate elaborate music, as well as for other eighteenth-century operas, it provides a suitable frame. The decorative scheme is due to Prince Ludwig's munificence. The royal box is connected with the palace by a corridor, and is rarely, if ever, empty. The most assiduous visitor is, however, Prince Ludwig-Ferdinand, himself an accomplished violinist, although this most versatile nephew of the Prince-Regent is better known as a practicing physician. One may safely say that every member of the Royal House of Bavaria is a music lover and that appreciation of Wagner was by no means confined to the "Mad King."

Even a superficial glance at the benevolent institutions fostered and supervised by Princess Maria-Theresa would make these pages exceed their limit. An admirable mother herself, noted for her common-sense method of bringing up her large family of daughters, she takes special interest in all charitable work that concerns itself with women.

Prince Ruprecht, a steady, conscientious worker in the domain where father and grandfather necessarily occupy the first place, is content to follow modestly in their wake, absorbing knowledge and experience for the day when he will require them for moulding the destinies of his future subjects. That day, in the natural order of things, cannot be very far distant. His father, already well in the sixties, is some years older than his cousin, King Otto; and, should the crown fall to him after he has entered his seventieth year, it is probable that he will follow the example of his own father, the Regent, and decline it, in favor of his son.

Prince Ruprecht has the sorrow of being rarely free from anxiety about his wife, the lovely Princess Gabriella, whose delicate health makes the only bar to their perfect happiness. As we write comes the latest bulletin of her convalescence after a protracted illness following on childbirth. Her eldest son, little Prince Luitpold, is a remarkably handsome boy, with golden locks. He is the darling of the people and the special delight of his great-grandfather, the Regent. Princess Gabriella, never robust, went with her husband for a long sea voyage after the birth of her second

child, a daughter, whom it was deemed advisable to keep at home until it was some months older. News of the baby's death, however, reached them in Japan and worked disastrously on the beneficial effects of the sea trip; so that the poor princess returned home, both weakened and depressed. She has never since consented to go anywhere without her children, and follows the medical advice given her to live as much as possible in the open air by joining in all their sports. Every year she visits her father at his residence of Possenhaufen, or in his hunting lodge in the mountains of Krenth. Here they are also joined by her sister, Elisabeth (Countess of Flanders, fourth of our "Catholic Royalties") and her family. The two princesses, with their children, undertake also short yachting excursions off the coast of Belgium, and invariably meet in summer at the same sea-bathing resort.

Princess Gabriella is said to be the cleverest living organizer of charity bazaars.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE.

THE NATURAL FUNCTIONS OF THE BODY MAY BE RESTORED WITHOUT RESORT TO "TONICS" OR OTHER DRUGS.

Persons who are addicted to the "medicine habit" will be surprised to learn how easily the natural functions of the body may be restored without resort to "tonics" or other drugs. The road to health and strength is through a natural food that combines in well-balanced proportions all the elements that are needed for the complete nourishment of the body prepared in a digestible form. Such a food is Shredded Wheat. It contains all the strength-giving elements in the whole wheat, made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It is the nurse's favorite—an ideal food for convalescents and those who are recuperating from wasting diseases.

Here is unsolicited testimony from far-away England showing that knowledge of the cleanliness and nutritive value of this food is not confined to this country where it is made, but that it has a world-wide fame as the best of all cereal foods:

135 New Kings Road, Fulham, S.W.,
London, England, Feb. 26, 1907.

TO THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY:

Gentlemen: — It gives me very great pleasure to say how very highly I esteem your Shredded Wheat Biscuits. I consider them to be an ideal and a perfect food. I have found them personally very valuable when suffering from indigestion and unable to digest starchy foods. I find them also excellent as a baby food—my youngest little daughter for some time ate nothing else; in fact, refused all other kinds of food, and we have now in our home a baby son, aged nine months, who is fed entirely on Shredded Wheat and milk—we call him the Shredded Wheat baby, and he is a particularly healthy and amiable child. Every one who sees him remarks what a very fine baby he is. I am sure all mothers would do well to bring up their babies on this splendid food. You are at liberty to use this in any way you wish.

Yours truly,
(*Signed*) A. F. WHITMORE.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit are sold by all grocers. The biscuit is delicious for breakfast or for any meal in combination with fruit. Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat wafer, used as a toast with butter or cheese. Triscuit is the favorite food for luncheon, for campers, for picnics, and for excursions on land or on sea.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Early Essays and Addresses. By Canon Sheehan, D.D., author of "Luke Delmege," etc. Longmans, Green & Co. New York and Bombay. 1907.

The "few well-wishers in Ireland and America," at whose solicitation Canon Sheehan tells us in his preface he disinterred the essays and lectures in this volume, deserve the gratitude of that world-wide host of friends, who would not have known of these buried treasures, but for their appearance in their present form. The pages have all the charm of style we have learned to expect from their gifted author. There is the familiar smoothness of period, choiceness of epithet and Celtic warmth of feeling. There are twelve essays in all, dated from 1881 to 1894, all from the pages of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, except the eleventh, which is from the *Dublin Review*, and the twelfth which is from the *Irish Monthly*. They deal with various topics in art, philosophy, literature and education. The three essays on German universities, which form an extensive appreciation of Père Didon's book on these institutions, would form pregnant reading for many of our American educators. The supporters of our American universities would be amazed to find the hold religious science had in the universities of Germany twenty years ago. And some of the American worshippers of Haeckel and his school would wonder at the little regard in which these protagonists of materialism were held even then. Things have not changed in this respect to-day.

The lectures number seven. They might be called, as a whole, exhortations on Catholic ideals, for the plea throughout is for the highest tastes in literature, the noblest elements in character, the loftiest aims in patriotism. The fourth lecture on "Our Personal and Social Responsibilities" may fairly be considered a summary of the rest. Self-education in its completeness will rid us of the first responsibility; this secured, the service of our fellows will help us rise to the second. True, the appeal is made directly to the youth of Ireland; but the message is for the youth of the world.

Perhaps the frequent direct allusion in both essays and lectures to contemporaneous conditions of life and phases of thought may minimize the influence of the essays and lectures at the present time. Canon Sheehan seems to have anticipated such a criticism in his preface, wherein he confesses that he might have used a different treatment were he writing now. But he wished to leave them, as he knew the well-wishers who urged their publication wanted them, as "a record of certain phases of thought on problems of great moment during a literary novitiate extending over many years." Does this convey a promise of a forthcoming record of later phases of thought on the same and kindred subjects? We hope so.

The Catholic Church and Modern Christianity. By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J., Prof. of Phil. in St. Louis Univ. Herder. St. Louis, Mo. 1907.

In this book of one hundred and eighty pages the reverend author has, in a most kindly way, disposed of a large number of objections against the Catholic Church. He has divided his book into two parts, the former of which he devotes to the answering of difficulties arising from the naturalistic tendencies of the day, while in the second part he is concerned with the more important charges brought against the Church by the Protestant world. As he states in his preface—and the reading of his book attests the truth of his statement—his object has been to avoid controversy, as far as was possible. Direct refutation of charges and the disagreeable duty of proving that non-Catholics are in the wrong have given way to the less offensive method of exposing and explaining what the Church holds and teaches.

In his first chapter on Naturalism, the Blight of the Age, Father Otten shows how the well-spring of Naturalism, the material progress of our day and the inability to value aught else than the things of sense, is working sad havoc with the fundamental tenet of Christianity; namely, that it, in its essence and its aims, is a purely supernatural religion. The next two chapters make clear that in religion, too, there is a real progress, brought about not by change or substitution of the new for the old, but consisting in a gradual unfolding of what was possessed from the beginning; that the change effected by the naturalizing tendency is a false religious progress, thoroughly subversive of the supernatural; and finally, that the advocates of Naturalism are not supported by the most eminent scientists in the contention that there exists a necessary opposition between the conservative forces of Faith and Supernatural Religion, and the onward march of Science.

Part second opens with a clear exposition of the meaning of religious prejudice and of its threefold source,—misapprehension of Catholic doctrine and practices, and calumny, on the part of non-Catholics, and among Catholics disagreement between their faith and their conduct. The chapters that follow treat of the principal points of doctrine and devotion around which Protestant preju-

dices center. We are given exact notions of the restraint the Church puts upon freedom of thought in relation to her deposit of faith. The nature of her intolerance towards other forms of worship is nicely defined, while her position towards the Bible and towards the Blessed Virgin shows this intolerance of the Church in the concrete as well in the domain of dogma as in that of devotional practices. A very instructive chapter on what the Church has done for education closes this clearly, thoughtfully and kindly written book.

Talks with the Little Ones about the Apostles' Creed. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1906. 60 cents.

Not only the "little ones" of Christ's flock, but the "big ones" also, will find these talks very interesting and instructive. The book is characterized by great clearness and accuracy. In the introductory chapter the meaning of the word "creed" is explained, and incidentally the difference between natural and supernatural faith. In chapter second is set forth the origin of and reason for the different creeds, the Apostles', the Nicene, the Athanasian and the Creed of Pius IV. A nice explanation is to be found in this chapter of what is meant by the development of doctrine. Then the different articles of the creed are taken up and expounded in order. The explanations are made with fullness, and yet are surprisingly brief. The meaning of each word is made clear, and the dogmas of the Church implied in each article are explained. The work becomes, thereby, practically an explanation of the catechism. For example, Chapter XII, which is devoted to the Ninth Article of the Creed, is subdivided, under the following heads: I. The Church and her Pastors. II. The Marks of the Church. III. The Communion of Saints. Under the first heading the divine foundation of the Church, the apostolic succession of the Popes, and the meaning of the doctrine of the infallibility of the Supreme Pontiff is explained. Under the second heading is explained the meaning and authority of general councils, and a word is added on the development of doctrine. And under the third heading the dogma of Purgatory is unfolded very beautifully. In the last chapter of the book all the principal devotions of the Church are explained as arising from, or connected with, the Creed.

A feature of the book is an allegorical picture, accompanying the explanation of each article. The meaning of the picture is indicated on the back of each. These add not a little to the value of the volume as well as to its attractiveness. We would like to see this book read by every Catholic child in the English-speaking world. Sunday-school teachers and even priests could learn from it how to make their instructions to young children full of living interest. The price of the book is low and it is substantially bound and well printed. We recommend it warmly, and congratulate the pious author, who has already given us four volumes on kindred subjects, and express the hope that we may have many more books similar in kind from the same able pen.

The Christian School. By the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907.

A second edition of this pastoral letter, issued early in February, shows the deep interest taken in the question of Christian Education, treated so fully by the Bishop of Trenton. Beginning with a review of the history and progress of education, the Bishop takes up briefly the Greek, Roman, and Jewish ideas of education, and then considers the Christian schools from the time of the Catechumenal classes down to the present parish schools. The end of education, the right to educate, the injustice of the public school system, the Catholic position, the point of view of non-Catholics, and the condition of the public schools, are some of the subjects presented.

The Children's New Mission Book of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. St. Louis, Mo. B. Herder.

The zealous Redemptorist Fathers have brought out this small manual of instructions and prayers for the benefit of children who have made the Mission or their First Communion. After the ordinary tables of Feasts and Fasts and the common prayers for morning and night, there is an excellent Summary of Christian Doctrine followed by a series of spiritual readings on such subjects as the Duty of Children to their Parents, their Superiors and their equals, on Purity, Heaven, etc. These readings are short, and the anecdotes told therein, while they will hold the attention of the children, illustrate the true principles of conduct our growing young Catholics must be taught to lay hold of.

It is expedient, however, as has been done, to point out explicitly, yet briefly, as well the dangers, the snares and the occasions whereby the young are led into sin, as also the helps and opportunities to further their progress in the way of virtue.

The second part of the manual is taken up with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and with the great and well-known devotions—to the Sacred Heart, to Jesus Crucified, to the

Blessed Sacrament, to our Blessed Lady, to the Rosary, etc.

Throughout the entire manual, in the spiritual readings as in the prayers, the object has been to keep before the minds of the children the examples of saints, who, like themselves, were young. Most of the illustrations, consequently, are drawn from the lives of our young saints, Stanislaus, Aloysius, Gerard, Agnes, Lucy. To them, too, are the children directed to address their petitions.

Our Blessed Lord, above all, is, as the Divine Child, to be their especial model. To help them realize in their own lives the sweetness of the life of the Child Jesus, simple considerations on the mysteries of the Childhood of Jesus are proposed.

The Book of the Children of Mary. Compiled and arranged by Father Elder Mullan, S.J. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. 1907.

This manual was compiled to supply Children of Mary with directions and aids for living up to their position as sodalists of Our Lady. The book centers about the rules, which are the result of much care and consultation. Before treating of the rules the compiler presents the information necessary to understand the nature of the sodality, and sets forth its privileges. The part following the rules deals first with the "Ceremonial" and other public functions, and then the devotions and practices for private use.

Cardinal Gibbons warmly recommends this work, and expresses his pleasure that so much space has been given to the Immaculate Conception; and the Archbishop of New York says of it, "there is indeed little of real value and practical interest for the organization and management of these Sodalities, or for the individual formation and edification of the Sodalists which will not be found in your valuable guide."

The Queen's Festivals. By a Religious of The Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907. 60 cts.

Under this attractive title the zealous author gives an explanation of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, written in a simple style to suit the needs of the little ones for whom it is intended. The range of the contents is indicated by the heads, into which each part is divided. There are four parts—The Introduction—The Queen's Anniversaries—Festivals of the Queen's Titles—The Queen's Sundays—and a concluding chapter on "The Queen's Month." All children of Our Lady, —little and grown-up,—will be grateful to the author for yielding to the demand for more stories about the festivals. "The only thing to be done under the circumstances," she says, "is to give them a little book to themselves, and therein tell the children who love their Mother in Heaven as much as we can about those Festivals—and the stories, too."

Sunday-School Hymn-Book, compiled by the Sisters of Notre Dame. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass. 1907. 75 cents. Postpaid.

These carefully selected hymns are so written that they can be sung in two parts, while the piano part for the left hand completes the harmony and forms a suitable accompaniment. The book is printed from engraved plates, and is handsomely bound in cloth. The work bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Boston. There are more than seventy titles in the list of contents, and the wide range afforded makes the collection of special value for home, school, and choir purposes.

The publishers make an introduction offer to Sunday-schools, churches, and convents, forty cents a copy, good until the first of August. An edition, with words and melody only, and without pianoforte accompaniment, may be had in papers covers for twenty cents a copy.

Memoriale Rituum. A Reminder of the Rites for carrying out in small parochial churches some of the principal functions of the year. Published by order of Pope Benedict XIII. Translated by Rev. David Dunford. New York. Benziger Bros. 1907.

Chaplains of religious communities and rectors of minor parishes will find a valuable aid for the ceremonies in this translation of the regulations made by Benedict XIV. for small churches. Many incongruities sometimes observable in country districts would be entirely avoided by a close adherence to the lines laid down for the proper management of ecclesiastical functions by this illustrious Pontiff. The book is neatly printed and it is inexpensive in price.

Bridget, Or What's In a Name? By Will W. Whalen. Mayhew Publishing Company, Ruggles Street, Boston, Mass.

In this case the girl who bears it proves worthy of the name of the Irish saint. She is a brave, true character, and remains steadfast in principle through all the vicissitudes which the author visits upon her. The story has for its background the mining regions of Pennsylvania, and the author is at his best when he describes the scenes at the mines and the men who take part in them. The book has the defects that usually mark the first book of a young writer, and the imagination is at times rather severely taxed, but through all the digressions—to intro-

duce other stories and to explain their connection with the chief narrative—the reader is never permitted to lose sight of the heroine, or to grow weary of her many experiences.

In this age of much book production, of all sorts, the man or woman who gives time and effort to the creation of a wholesome novel, affording glimpses of clean, upright lives, and respecting the claims of religion and the home, is a benefactor of society.

Mr. Whalen has made a good beginning, and no doubt, his next book will show an advance in literary craftsmanship.

Cameron of Lochiel. By Charles G. D. Roberts. L. C. Page & Co. Boston. $1.50.

Charles G. D. Roberts, a popular novelist of celebrity, has made an essay in a new field by a translation of the Canadian romance of Philippe de Gaspé. The book is the tale of a young Scottish Highlander who, an exile in Canada, finds a home in the household of a French-Canadian family of nobility and conceives a warm attachment for the daughter of the house.

The hero is forced, in the ensuing struggle between England and France in America, to take side against his benefactors, and, even at the voice of duty, to head a devastating expedition against the people who had fostered him. The book is replete with scenes of the country life as well as with the customs and folk-lore of the Canadians, and the description of the fighting about Quebec from the Canadian point of view gives it newness and interest.

The "sprawling looseness" in the structure of the work, to which the translator himself refers in his preface, we cannot but acknowledge and emphasize, while we can hardly subscribe to his declaration of its "great merits" as a romance. One will glean, with difficulty, passages of high literary value in the descriptions, interesting and instructing though they be, the pathos does not rise above the commonplace, and the dénoûment is rather disappointing.

The real merit of the book as an historical romance is that it calls attention and sympathy to the loyal devoted struggle of the Canadians against the English invaders, as well as sets forth sympathetically the nationality and patriotic traditions of a people about whom too little is known and thought.

Under the Sun, or the Passing of the Incas. By Charles W. Buck. Sheltman & Co. Louisville, Ky.

Charles W. Buck, ex-minister to Peru, has given us in the above work a romance of some literary and historical value.

"Under the Sun" is the story of a young Peruvian royal page and of his affection for an Incas princess in the days just before the invasion of Spain and the overthrow of the ancient and magnificent dynasty of the Incas.

The interest throughout the story is sufficiently well-sustained and thrilling and the descriptions are not without impressiveness and beauty. The only serious defect in the work is the over profuse and ponderous character of the style, which makes the descriptions decidedly trailing at times, while the dialogue becomes a succession of speeches, treading grandly one on the heels of the other.

If the author's account of the customs and traditions, as well as the economic systems of the Peruvians be accurate and authentic, his book is also a collection of highly valuable facts concerning a mysterious and vanished people. Some of the descriptions are almost too highly colored to satisfy the demands of the canons of Christian literary art.

The Rescue of the Princess. By Daniel J. Donahoe. The Stewart Printing Company, Middletown, Conn. 1907.

The purpose of this modest little volume is revealed in the dedication:

"To them whose eyes prophetic look upon
The breaking of God's light above the dawn,
And them that toil, heart-weary with the strife,
Amid the dark, against the ills of life,
These words are sent, in love and hope, by one,
Who waits with faith, to hail the rising sun."

The rescue of the Princess is an allegory, with a valuable lesson for the oppressor as well as for all "bowed with great burdens." The songs, of Love, of Freedom, of Triumph, point the way to the only true solution of the problems created by modern conditions, while the song of Promise calls to action.

Rise, Brothers, and grasp the ripe moment;
The firm hand shall force the reward;
In union is strength; but remember
That "Vengeance is Mine," saith the Lord.
Though wronged, and defamed, and defrauded,
No stain shall dishonor your brand;
The square deal shall come by stern manhood,
But love shall be lord of the land.

In the less than one hundred pages there are many striking thoughts presented in musical words that will linger in the memory—as the closing lines:

Hark to the message, while the morn is young.
Lift up your souls to the sunny clouds,
And learn the living wisdom of God's love.

Patron Saints for Catholic Youth, Volume II. By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907. 60 cents.

The collection of sketches and stories comprising this second volume will hold the attention of many readers, though the subject matter is very familiar to Catholics. St. Bernard, St. Martin of Tours, St. Blase, St. Michael, St. Cecilia, St. Helena, St. Monica, and St. Bridget, so lived their lives that through all the years the stories of their deeds have come down to the present day, and yet there is no lessening of interest. Mrs. Mannix will have many to listen to her, as she tells their history anew.

The History of Ireland—From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Rev. E. A. D'Alton. Vol. I, (second edition) Vol. II. 1447-1782. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907.

Commending Father D'Alton's style as "easy and limpid," Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, says in his preface to the first volume "in description as well as in narration, he is vivid and frequently picturesque; he possesses the critical faculty in a high degree, and holds the scales of historical justice with an even hand. Moreover he is a painstaking writer in verifying his authorities; he has the great advantage of a good knowledge of the Gaelic tongue, which enables him to consult for himself the original sources of our earlier history; and he has not failed to utilize all the State papers and other official documents, which the nineteenth century has produced in such profusion."

The twenty-nine chapters of Volume I. trace the history of Ireland from the earliest time down to the Reformation in Ireland. Every event and movement of importance is carefully reviewed, and the social conditions of each period considered in relation to the country's development.

Kings and princes and peasants, warriors, saints, bards, druids, priests of the Church, statesmen—all have part in this narrative, and through the strife, the losses, conquests, defeats, and victories the work of the Church goes on, rearing cathedrals, monasteries and convents to tell of the faith of Catholic Ireland.

The second volume deals with a period of storm and suffering, strife of race, and strife of religion, for while Ireland clung to the Faith, England had become a champion of Protestantism. Neither justice nor mercy was accorded to the Irish, and, hence, the plantation of Ulster, the savageries of Cromwell, and the horrors of the penal laws. It is not easy to deal impartially with these events, but the present historian has sought the truth and told it regardless of parties or persons. His aim was to make the work accurate, impartial, and readable, and that he has succeeded admirably will be conceded by all who profit by the results of his research.

The history is brought down to 1782, covering the reign of Edward VI, and of Mary, the quarrels among the chiefs—and such quarrels! the O'Neills of Tyrone, the attempted "Plantation," the rebellion of Desmond, the flight of the earls, the confederation of Kilkenny, Cromwell's Campaign, the Restoration, the reign of King James, the struggle for the crown, and many other issues that help to make a story of absorbing interest, as well as a work of reference for students seeking authoritative information on the history, literature, language and antiquities of Ireland.

The Missions of California and the Old South West. By Jesse S. Hildrup. With thirty-five illustrations from photographs. A. C. McClurg & Company. Chicago. 1907.

The story of the Missions has been told repeatedly, but the world can never learn too much about the labors of the padres and the magnificent results they obtained. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we note another addition to the list of books treating of the founding of the Missions, and paying tribute to the influence of the padres in promoting the welfare,—spiritual and temporal,—of the Indians of California and the Southwest.

The illustrations in themselves are educational, telling more effectively than words what the Franciscans accomplished in building, and in tilling vast tracts of land.

A "Festus" Treasury. By Philip James Bailey. The Broadbent Press. Phila. 1906. Ten cents.

These dainty booklets make a pleasing addition to the Broadbent Treasuries of Poets. They contain many lofty thoughts, as well as homely counsel and encouragement.

When We Meet on the Beautiful Shore. Words and music by Samuel H. Speck.

This song is especially adapted to the home, and is arranged also as a quartette for mixed voices.

The regular retail price is fifty cents. Our readers will receive a copy post-paid by sending 10 cents in silver or postage stamps to The Globe Music Co., No. 17 West 28th St., New York.

"France Fighting Christ." By W. Poland (issued by The Truth Society, Chicago, 5 cents); and "The True View of the Present Persecution in France," a lecture by the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S.J. (for free distribution), 22 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal., are valuable pamphlets to have at hand when the

French question is brought up in office, club, or home.

Other pamphlets received are: "The Question of Anglican Ordinations," by Abbot Gasquet, Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. (15 cents); "The Christian Family Life in Pre-Reformation Days," by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., Catholic Truth Society, Chicago; "Discrimination Against Japanese in California," by Herbert Johnson, D.D.; "On Gregorian Rhythm," from *The Messenger*, New York; "Trying a Fall With Obesity," by the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C., Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.; and "Commemoration of the Stations of the Passion," compiled from the "Stations" of St. Liguori, by Brother Benedict of the Crucifix.

ADDRESS WANTED.

Marion L. Evans, who wrote "The Race of the Special," will oblige by sending her address to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

QUESTION BOX.

Please explain the following text:

"Let women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted to them to speak, but to be subject, as also the law saith. But if they would learn anything let them ask their husbands at home." I Corinthians XIV, 34-35.

This text is complementary to that in the eleventh chapter of the same epistle, verse 10, which contains the prohibition against women appearing in the churches with uncovered heads. The reasons for both prohibitions are the same. They are the reasons for the apostolic tradition regarding these actions, which the Church holds to-day, and has held through the ages. The custom of all the churches is against this mode of acting on the part of the Corinthian women. It is contrary, too, to the law of subjection expressed in Genesis III, 16. Among the Greeks, as among other ancient peoples, the woman wore the veil over her head in token of subjection to her husband, or, if she were unmarried, in token of maidenly modesty and humility. To remove the veil at all was, for a wife, to reject her husband's authority; for a maiden, it was a sign of disgrace. To preach in the assembly of the faithful, was for the woman to assume authority over the man. Woman was not capable under the Law of prelacy or jurisdiction. Christ had not called women to the ministry of the word. In Chapter XI, verse 13, the apostle shows how contrary these actions are to womanly modesty and decorum.

The severity shown by the apostle in this passage was called for. At the time there were bitter dissensions in the Church of Corinth. The women abused the new liberty granted them under the Gospel, mistaking the equality of grace for social equality, so as to almost unsex themselves. They did not hesitate to consider themselves in every respect the equals of men. They helped to foment discord and increase party feelings at Corinth. The Corinthian women were, besides, more forward than other women, and had acted in independence of St. Paul's apostolic authority. So the apostle thought, doubtless, that a somewhat severe rebuke was justified. This he softens in verse 39, where he addresses the Corinthians again as "brethren." He is careful, too, in verse 37, to let it be known that "the things that I write to you are the commandments of the Lord."

Are there irresistible temptations?

There are not, for God gives sufficient grace to all men to enable them to preserve themselves from falling into mortal sin. If it lay not in our power to overcome the enemies of our salvation, how could Scripture bid us keep God's Commandments and assure us that they were not heavy! "This is the Charity of God that we keep His Commandments; and His Commandments are not heavy." I John, Ch. 5. v. 3. If the sinner of necessity was obliged to sin, if he was forced to turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of an all-just and all-merciful God, what a mockery to exhort him to repentance —"As I live, saith the Lord God, I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live." Ezech. Ch. 33. v. 11. What an injustice to upbraid him for not hearkening to the Call of God—"Knowest thou not that the benignity of the Lord leadeth thee to penance? But according to thy hardness and impenitent heart, thou treasurest up to thyself wrath, against the day of wrath, and revelation of the just judgment of God." Rom. Ch. 2. vv. 4, 5.

Besides, is it not St. Paul who tells us explicitly that God is faithful who will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able, but will make also with temptation issue, that we may be able to bear it?

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